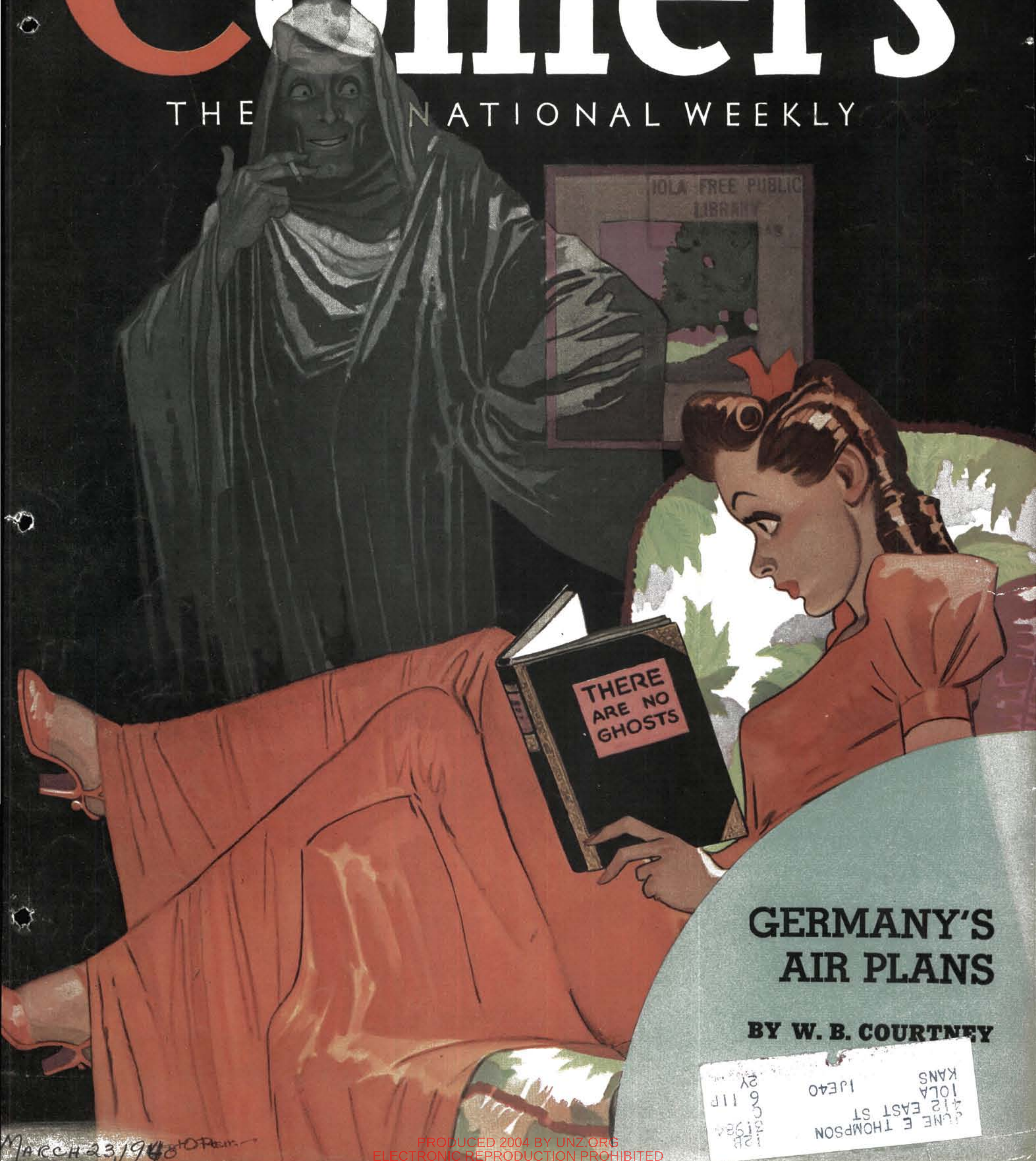
March 23, 1940 5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY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THERE ARE NO GHOSTS

GERMANY'S AIR PLANS

BY W. B. COURTNEY

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MARCH 23, 1940

Unless it's SHEAFFER'S *it isn't a* ***Lifetime***** - Know the Pen by this White Dot*

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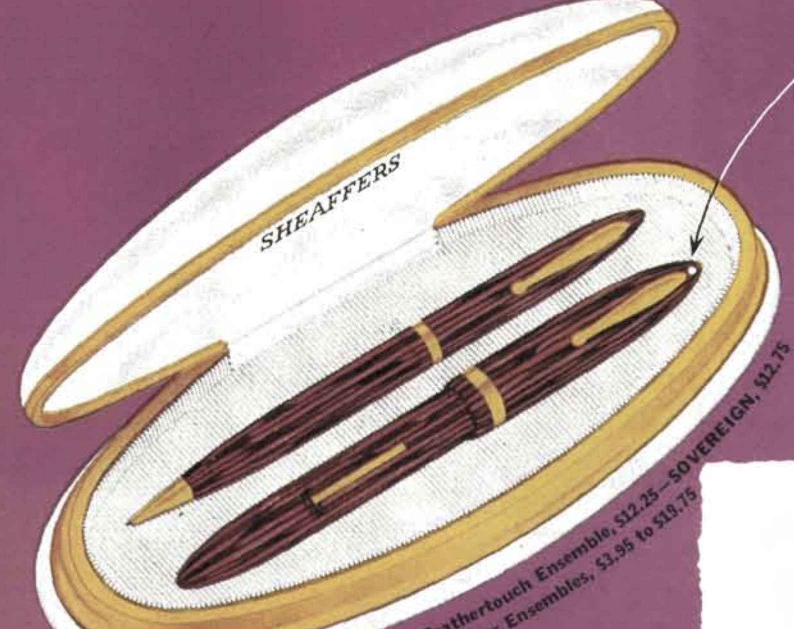
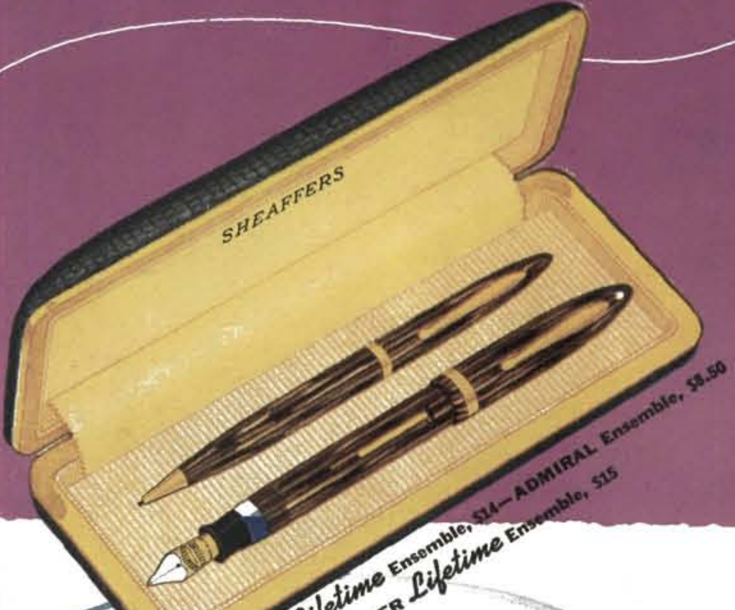
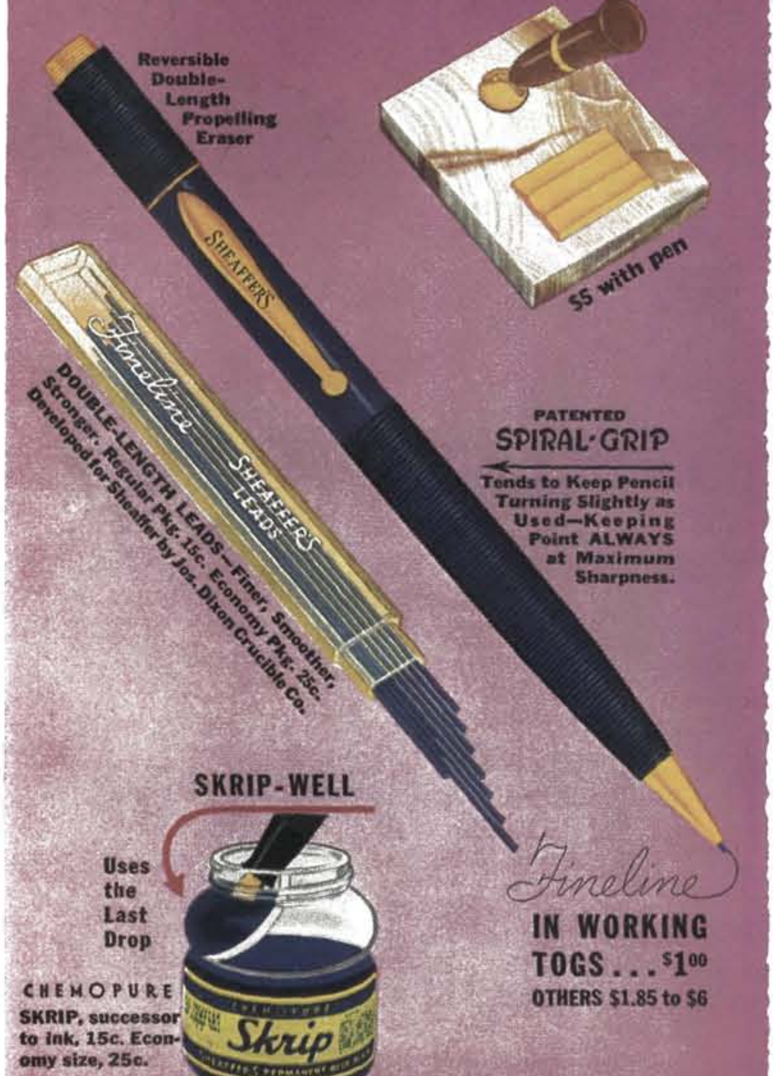


LADY SHEAFFER *Lifetime* Feathertouch Ensemble, $12.25—SOVEREIGN, $12.75
MILADY, $8.50—Other Ensembles, $3.95 to $19.75



STATESMAN *Lifetime* Ensemble, $14—ADMIRAL Ensemble, $8.50
PREMIER *Lifetime* Ensemble, $15



Reversible Double-Length Propelling Eraser

$5 with pen

DOUBLE-LENGTH LEADS—Finer, Smoother, Stronger. Regular Pkg. 15c. Economy Pkg. 25c. Developed for Sheaffer by Jos. Dixon Crucible Co.

PATENTED
SPIRAL-GRIP

Tends to Keep Pencil Turning Slightly as Used—Keeping Point ALWAYS at Maximum Sharpness.

SKRIP-WELL

Uses the Last Drop

CHEMOPURE
SKRIP, successor to ink, 15c. Economy size, 25c.

Fineline
IN WORKING TOGS . . . $1.00
OTHERS $1.85 to $6

YOUR *Lifetime** GIFTS WILL KEEP THIS EASTER LASTINGLY FRESH in MEMORY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

. . . Give Sheaffer's for Easter, Weddings, Birthdays, Anniversaries, Graduation and all other Gift Occasions . . .

This joyous Easter will mark only the beginning of enjoyment your *Lifetime* pen gifts will bring. Remember that *Lifetime* on an ensemble means that it is Sheaffer's and stands for quality materials and workmanship and long life. And the famous White Dot identifies the *Lifetime* pen which is guaranteed for the life° of its owner. Proudly exposed on the pen cap as the owner wears it, the White Dot shows he possesses the finest in writing equipment. Serving continuously through life, it becomes a daily reminder of you. Two-way writing (fine or regular) made perfect by platinum IN the pen point slit, increases the pen's usefulness. Forceful ONE-stroke filling and flushing action keeps your gift operating like new. *Lifetime* Feathertouch pens, matched with Sheaffer's permanently sharp Fineline pencils, are not expensive gifts.

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IOWA • TORONTO, ONT., CAN.

°All **LIFETIME** pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

***ONLY SHEAFFER PENS CAN CARRY THE TRADE-MARK "*Lifetime*"**

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W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

Which Gives You Most in Size, Style, Comfort?

TWO EASY STEPS SHOW YOU THE BIGGEST VALUE

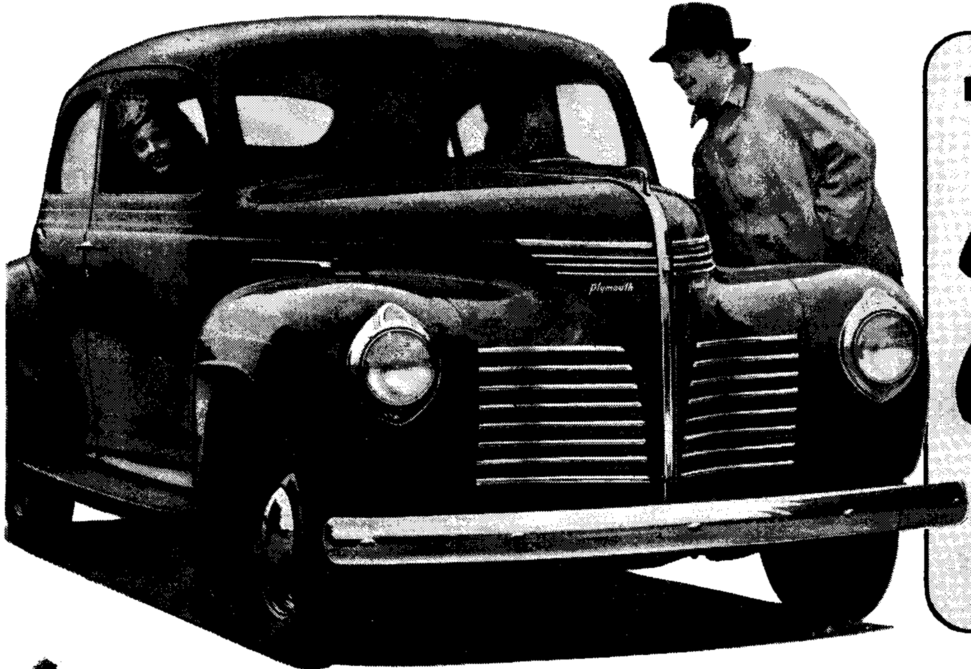
FIRST See the 1940 Quality Chart. You'll quickly discover how "All Three" low-priced cars stack up on size, comfort, safety, luxury, long life.

Of 22 important features found in high-priced cars—

Plymouth has 21—
Car "2" has 11—Car "3" has 8

SECOND Take Plymouth's Luxury Ride and discover how finer quality contributes to your riding pleasure!

THE 1940 QUALITY CHART
A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High ... Features
YES
NO
IS MOS



DISCOVER YOUR BEST BUY THIS EASY "ONE-TWO" WAY

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART

2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE

THE MORE *quality features* a car gives you, *the better the car*...and that's why the 1940 Plymouth is so tremendously popular!

And it's a fact that the 1940 Plymouth is the only one of "All Three" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of the 22 important quality features found in this year's *high-priced* cars!

Only Plymouth gives you the riding smoothness of a 117-inch wheelbase...the comfort of independent front coil springs on *all models*...the thrill of a big, 84-h.p. Floating Power engine!

The 1940 Quality Chart tells the big story. See it at your Plymouth dealer's. Then take Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride. Remember, the 1940 Plymouth is *easy to buy!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Don't miss the low-priced 1940 Plymouth Commercial Cars!

1940 PLYMOUTH

COUPES START AT $645 | SEDANS START AT $699

—Delivered in Detroit, Mich. Prices include Federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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Collier's

March 23, 1940

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI France
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WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

AS CATHEDRAL bells throughout the world intone the mellifluous message of Easter this year, three men stand together as the last barrier to the anticipated madness known as "the war that is to come this spring." They are Pope Pius XII, Mussolini and President Roosevelt. The pope's task as peacemaker is the most difficult. He has no army of bayonets, no army of dollars with their potential punitive power and he can appeal only to men's reason at a time when reason seems to have given way wholly to passion. From his Collier's post in Europe, Frank Gervasi radios an intensely illuminating story of Pius XII and "The Pope's Fight Against Time."

A MAN can't drown in Bushwhacker sorghum beer. Some folks explain it by sayin' thet sorghum beer jest natchelly sustains a man, whilst others hold thet a feller swallows enough sorghum beer in the process of drownin' thet life seems so wuth while he struggles with a superhooman cunning. Take Cully McDavitt. Cully went down three times when Cunningham Yackey threw him in thet sorghum beer vat. Then he come up. On his face was the purtiest smile ever seed. He was "The Happiest Man in the World." Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, in collaboration with old Doc Fraser, Bushwhacker's distinguished man of science, tells you this story.

THE United States Army has finally, after a hundred and sixty years, put Frederick the Great on the retirement list. Since 1777 the ghost of Old Fritz has commanded our armies, even since Baron von Steuben, one of his soldiers, came out of Prussia to coach George Washington's demoralized troops. That meant close-order drills and mass formations. But that's all over now. The Army has reorganized and the tendency is back to Indian formations and tactics—but on wheels. "Our Army Goes Blitzkrieg" with machine guns, tanks, airplanes and all the instrumentalities of war, modern version. Walter Davenport is your reporter.

SHEPARD BARCLAY announces his 1940 selections of the first ten in contract bridge. Arthur Forester and A. J. Russell delve into the history of the days "When New York Blacked Out. Richard H. Watkins contributes a thrilling wartime story of how an old sea dog made "A Gift to the Nation." And you'll find, also, Price Day, George Bradshaw, Frank Condon and other favorites. All tops.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

C. S. FORESTER
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●

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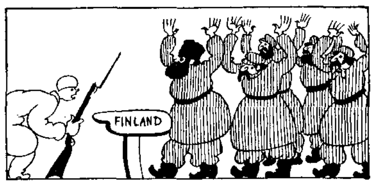
Okay, Eleanor.
Look at the Other Side. Page 86

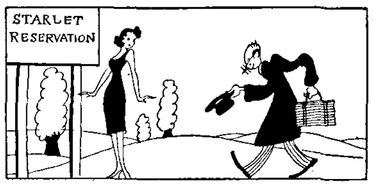
COVER ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

WE'VE discovered, doubtless belatedly, that there's something about flying that makes men warlike. Once in the air, soaring over towns and cities, the most peaceable of us find ourselves dropping imaginary bombs, working up nasty visions of the destruction we've wrought. Of course you always feel mean about it afterward, solacing yourself that the damage you've done was visited upon an enemy who jolly well deserved it, being as all enemies are of course, barbarian, cruel, ruthless and deserving of extermination. Anyway, recently, while flying west, we found a seat neighbor dropping bombs on Pittsburgh. We chided him a bit, saying that we knew a number of deserving people in Pittsburgh and wished that he'd be more careful. "Anyway," said he, "if I had the bad luck to be Stalin, I'd have avoided all that Finnish bloodshed. With millions of men at my command I'd have taken Finland long ago. I'd have merely ordered ten thousand soldiers to surrender every day and presently I'd have had more Bolshies than Finns in Finland. Then we'd have either eaten them out of house and home or we'd have swamped them internally with sheer numbers. Maybe it's the war that makes me think this way. I'm in the garden seed and lawnmower business."



THEN there was a geneticist who thinks that only a few generations of superfolk can save the United States from a fate worse than that which the Republican presidential aspirants are predicting if we fail to nominate and elect them—all of them. This fellow thinks that we might achieve these necessary generations by setting aside some place in the country—say the great redwood forest district of northern California, the splendor of which would inspire the new colonists to magnificent deeds—and there bring Hollywood's picture starlets together with the many young New Deal starlets who are now idle in Washington wondering what's happened. "If Mr. Roosevelt does not seek reelection," mourned our geneticist, "hundreds of these brilliant but idle young minds will be hopelessly scattered, impossible perhaps to round up again. Why not set up a Hollywood-Washington Starlet Reservation under government subsidy and scientific direction? The present crop ought to be good for at least two generations of brains and beauty, producing beautiful bodies and beautiful thoughts. Or have you something better to offer?"



AND Mr. Joseph B. Van Nostrand who teaches English in Los Angeles, California, an occupation, he says, that is almost pioneering and certainly largely missionary, engaged us in a discussion of war correspondents. "I would like," said Mr. Van Nostrand, "to distinguish between war corresponding and war reporting. I find a certain vaunting or even pomposity in the former—what I read in Collier's being excepted, of course. The conventional war correspondent invests his pieces with a mock authority by studding it with frequent italicized German, French, Italian or Russian words. I'm not condemning the practice. But I'm wondering why you journalists who stay at home writing about the American scene don't adapt yourselves to it. Why, for example, not throw an occasional bit of English into the stuff you write about Washington, New York, Chicago, Topeka and so on?"

HERE'S a lady in Boston who can't be accused of not trying. Not long ago she wrote to the Honorable Ham Fish, representative from New York, setting forth a plan to counteract the "abominable effects of red radical broadcasts upon the young." We, for one, would like to see her plan tried out, believing that it's good for the country to be stirred up. We're very fond of a little occasional chaos. Anyway, this Boston lady would mobilize a choir of five thousand school children. And every time Mr. Browder's Communists or even when such liberals as Mr. Ickes, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. La Guardia or even Madam Perkins let go into a microphone, the children from another broadcasting station, but on the same wave length, would open up with The Star-Spangled Banner, keeping at it until the speakers were either discouraged or had finished in confusion. Mr. Fish politely pointed out to the lady the impracticability of her plan.

SWELL idea, though . . . W. D.

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"IT'S MY FAVORITE BARGAIN"

"A bargain," says the dictionary, "is an advantageous transaction."

Telephone service is like that.

Advantageous to you because it saves time, steps and trouble. Stands guard over the security of your home. Helps you to keep in touch with relatives and friends.

And does all of this as a real bargain should—at low cost. Pennies buy wings when you reach for the telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"AND TO THINK...

I might have lost you!"

"I DON'T KNOW how I could ever have been such a fool, Betsy . . . such a careless, unthinking idiot . . ."

"Don't say that, darling. It was partly my fault, too. I should have told you . . . said something. But it's such an embarrassing subject to talk about—a person's breath! I didn't know how to tell you."

"It'll never happen again, dearest. I've learned my lesson—plenty. Thank heaven Bill saw the way things were going with us. And did he give me the devil about it, too! . . . Told me point-blank what the trouble was, and asked me how I expected any girl to stay in love with a man who constantly offended that way."*

Many Offend Without Realizing It

What else can ruin romance so quickly as halitosis* (bad breath)? And the worst of it is that if you yourself have this insidious condition you may not even know it . . . or even realize that you are offending.

In some cases halitosis is due to systemic conditions which call for treatment by your doctor. But usually . . . and fortunately . . . bad breath is due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces.

Sweetens the Breath

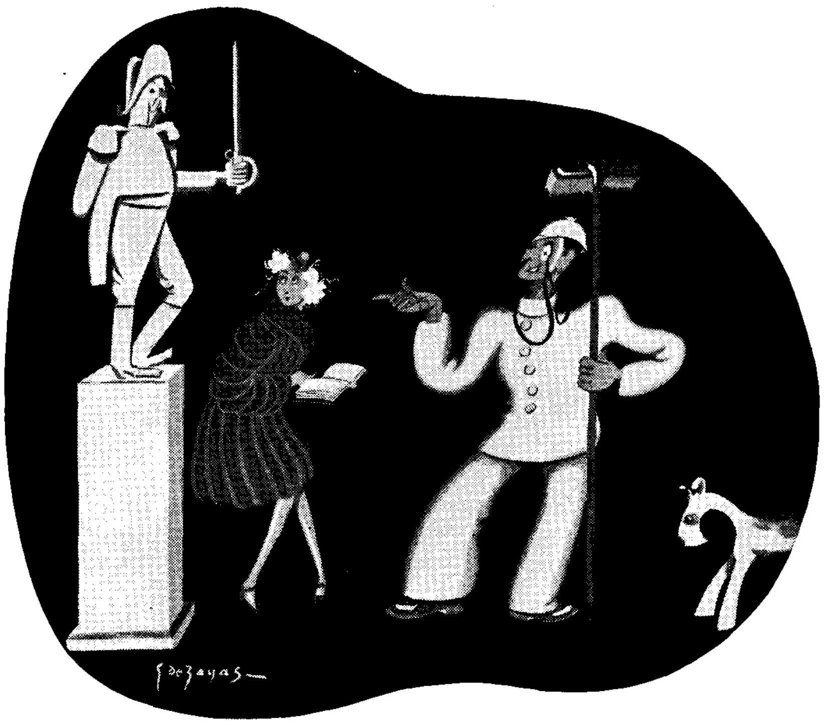
Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, and then overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, fresher, more agreeable—less likely to offend.

If you are a heavy smoker you'll find Listerine Antiseptic almost invaluable. It does such a grand job of combating tobacco odors and ridding the mouth of that stale, musty taste caused by excessive smoking.

In any case, if you want people to like you . . . if you want to be at your best . . . make a habit of using Listerine Antiseptic before all important engagements. It may pay you real dividends in social and business success.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... for a sweeter breath



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The men who are engaged daily in cleaning London's 240 public statues require three years to learn the job because, among other things, they have to be able to answer any questions about the history of the statues put to them by passers-by.

Of the 95,000 square miles of water surface of the Great Lakes, 34,000 square miles, or nearly thirty-six per cent, belong to Canada.

Flat River, Missouri (population 6,000), has never had a place that sells liquor because, when its lots were sold some years ago, the deeds contained a clause prohibiting the purchasers and their heirs and assigns from ever using the premises as a "dram shop," under penalty of having the property revert to the original owner.—*By George W. De Gonia, Berryman, Missouri.*

Complete, detailed audits of the books and other records of companies with extensive branches are rarely ever undertaken, because of the work and expense. For example, one recent examination of a large corporation's accounts, although it was far from thorough, cost nearly $300,000.—*By Allyn Chapman, Bruce, Wisconsin.*

For more than 250 years, Finland has required both men and women to be able to read and write before they are married.

The most powerful permanent magnet of its size in existence is a piece of sintered alnico, made recently in a General Electric laboratory. This bit of alloy, which is smaller than a thimble and weighs less than three quarters of an ounce, can lift and hold two hundred pounds, or 4,450 times its own weight.

Fines imposed on Americans for driving while intoxicated amount to about $60,000 a week.

Since September, 1939, at least 15,000 of the 20,000 amateur radio stations outside of the United States have been closed down by their respective governments.—*By Gilbert B. Devey, East McKeesport, Pennsylvania.*

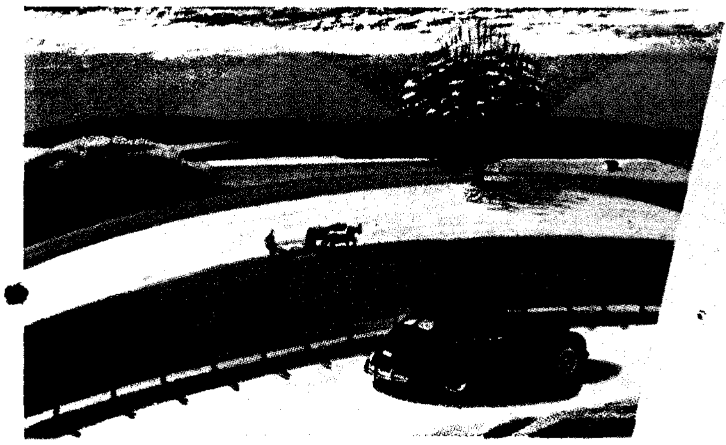
Not only do some felled trees lose half of their weight through the evaporation of their sap and other moisture, but they lose half of their wood in slash, tops, chips, sawdust and shavings when lumber is the sole product.

Twenty-three years after the volcanic island, Krakatao, erupted in 1883 and destroyed every vestige of life upon it, scientists discovered growing there ninety species of flowering plants and fifteen kinds of ferns. There was also an abundance of mosquitoes, ants, wasps, birds, fruit bats and a number of lizards, one a three-foot monitor. All this plant and animal life had come from the mainland, twenty-five miles away, without any known human help.

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the audience visualize them by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a room, he steps over an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, at a fixed distance, while he follows, pretending to row with an oar.

El Piton Peak on Tenerife, the largest of the Canary Islands, rises abruptly 12,200 feet above the Atlantic Ocean and, at sunrise and sunset, casts a shadow nearly 150 miles.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



23.76 MILES to the gallon was the record set by the Nash Lafayette, when it beat all others in its class in the 1940 Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run. With it, you also get flashing pick-up from 15 to 50 MPH in 12.9 seconds, in *high* gear! Go to your dealer and try it!

SEE AMERICA, and sleep in your own bed. Double-size Convertible bed in sedans saves money, time, discomfort. Nash service everywhere at 1800 dealers. Product of a company with $45,000,000 resources. See your dealer.

You've Had that Longing Long Enough

DOES THIS THING called Spring do funny things to you?

Is there something you want—and you don't know what it is?

Go out now and catch hold of a long, low, racy green Nash—and you'll find out!

Slip behind the wheel before 99 frisky colts break loose in a breath-taking dash.

Then look—and listen. There's a click . . . and you're suddenly in a speed so smooth you wonder where your wheels went . . . so quiet you wonder what's happened to the engine . . . so utterly swift you can't imagine what's holding the others back.

(Now you know, with Nash's Fourth Speed Forward, how small the world is!)

See that car ahead? Just toot the horn . . . tap the throttle . . . and *watch* how your Automatic Overtake leaves him dawdling in the distance.

Lightly, blithely you skim over hills that are bursting into green. Sure, there are ruts, but *you* don't feel them in the lullaby-glide of this Arrow-Flight Ride.

There's a flash of light . . . the rumble of thunder . . . and a sudden April shower sends your windows up.

But not even the weather can spoil your day in a Nash. Just turn that magical "Weather Eye" dial and rain and cold and dust are out of motoring forever!

Darkness falls, your Sealed Beam lights go on . . . but you won't stop 'til it's time for your Nash convertible bed.

Then turn in—knowing how different the rest of your life is going to be!

• • •

If you *like* a Nash—it's practically yours *right now.*

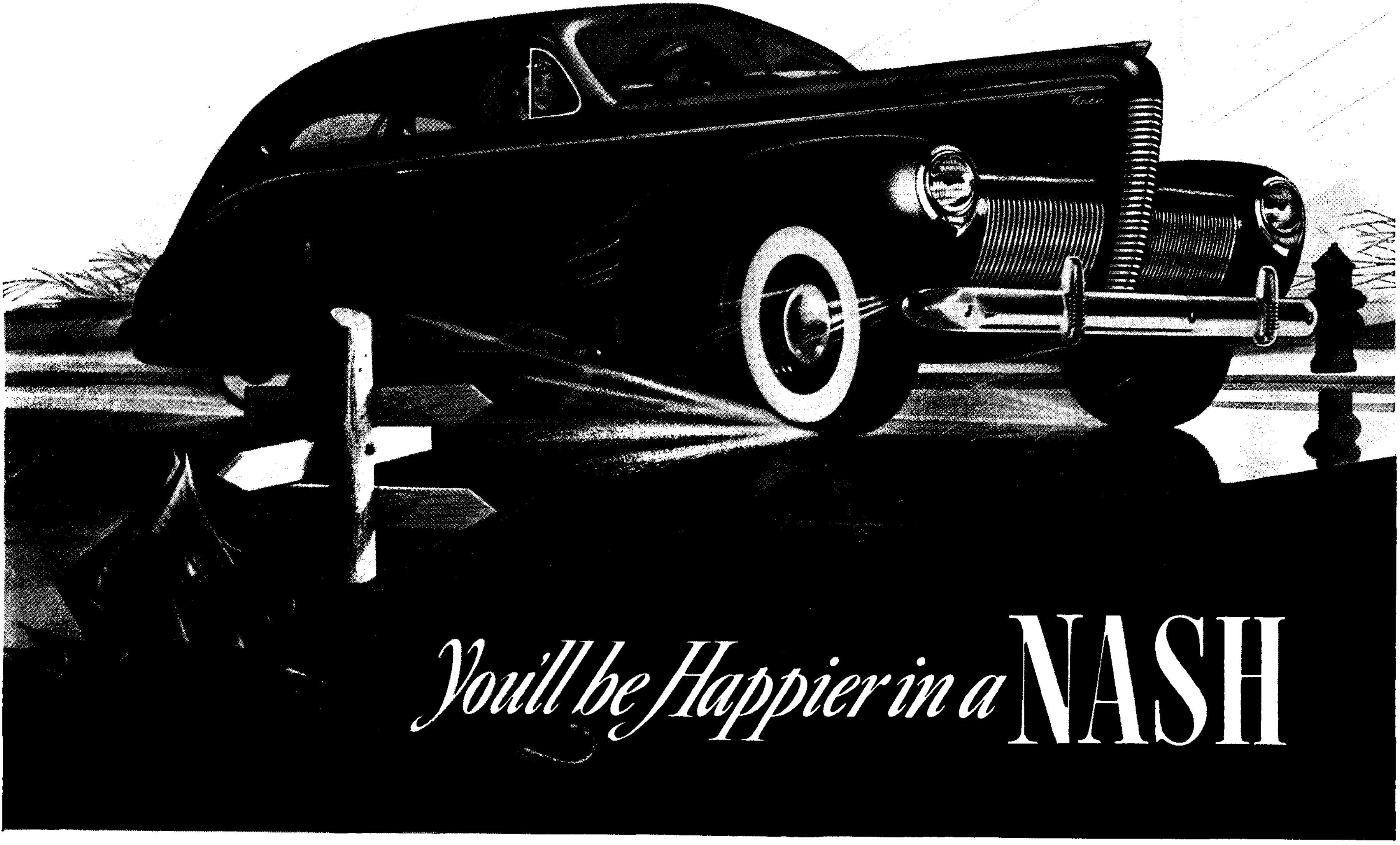
It costs so little more than you'd pay for a small car—and resale value is so high—that you'll actually be money ahead. That is—if you ever want to give it up.

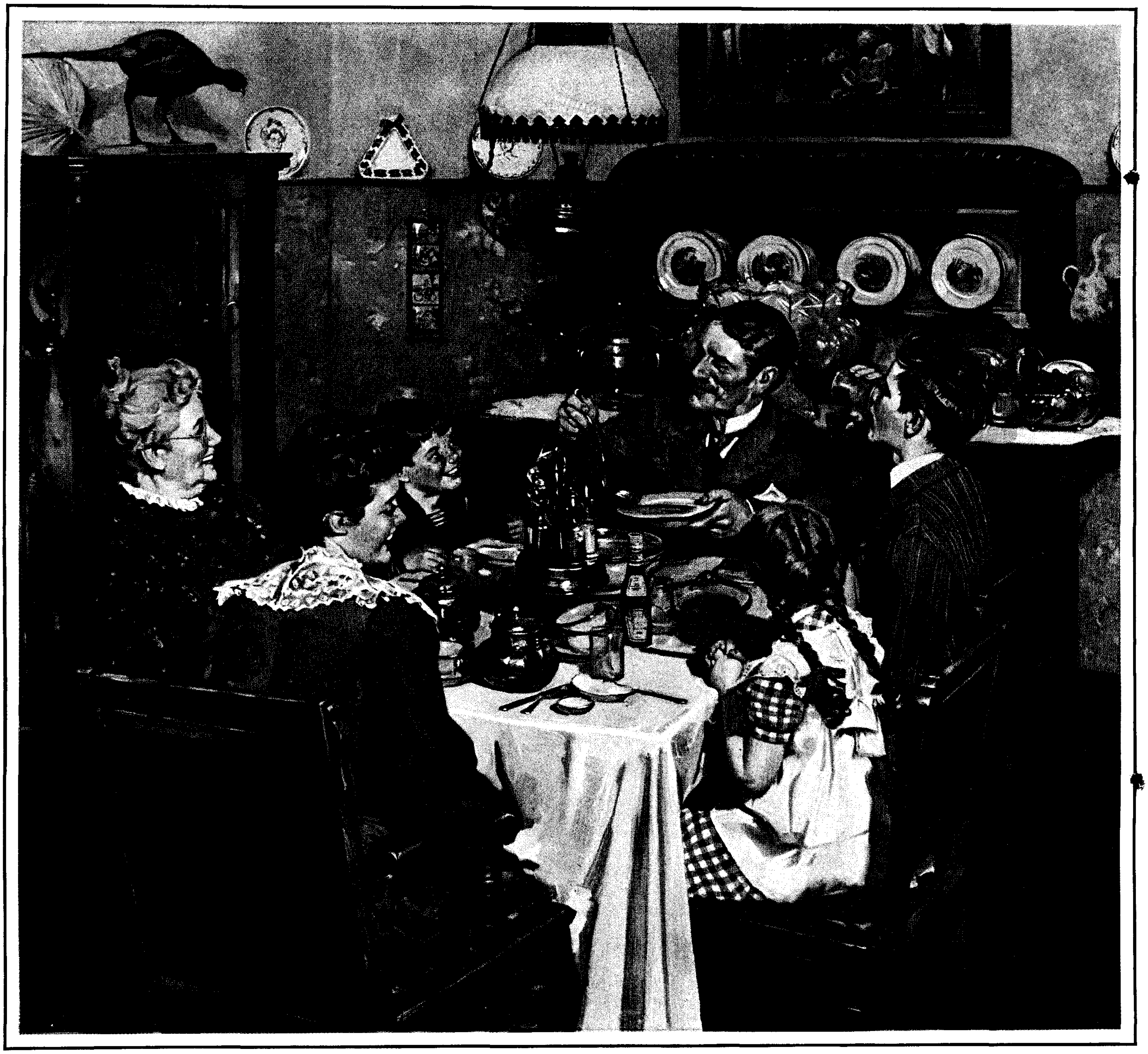
That big double frame, 7 and 9-bearing crankshafts, Manifold-Sealed engine—make your fun a long-life investment.

This magazine can wait, but a Nash can't. Go to your dealer, and get out of town!

LOWER PRICES: from $795 delivered at Factory! 2-door Sedan (below) $845, includes Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes. White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel-Shields, Fourth Speed are optional extras.

$795


You'll be Happier in a NASH



A Good Table Is An American Tradition

AMERICA has always set the best table! In your grandfather's time and now—whether it be in the little cottage on Maple Street or the mansion on the hill, there is no greater contrast between this and other nations than our table, for there the superiority of the American standard is most clearly defined.

If you would know the secret of American drive, love of action and zest for doing things—just look at the good American table.

Varied soils and friendly climates bring to our kitchens an assortment of fine foods unequalled in any other country. Not only do we draw on these native riches—tender meats, garden-fresh vegetables and luscious fruits—but we reach out for the best of other lands . . . the puddings of England, oils of Spain and spices of the Orient.

Scores of traditional American dishes are unsurpassed for hearty goodness and rich simplicity . . . blushing cream of tomato soup; crisp, tangy green pickles; mince pie, with its treasure of currants, candied peels and fragrant, subtle spices; old-fashioned chicken soup with golden pools of richness floating on top; and glorious, munchy oven-baked beans drenched with the kind of pungent molasses sauce that made the Pilgrims hurry home to dinner.

For seventy years the House of Heinz has helped the American housewife set a good table. Where good things grow best is where you'll find Heinz Kitchens . . . capturing the fresh flavors that the good green earth, benign sun and friendly rains bestow. Heinz never forgets that in this land of homes, folks want their food to taste homemade. So neither pressure of time nor demand for quantity ever induces Heinz to cook in any but the good, old-fashioned way . . . in moderate sized batches, with unending patience.

We're proud of the important part we've played in establishing and carrying on the traditional high standard of American food. We're proud, also, that we've been a welcome guest at the American table for seventy years.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.
TORONTO, CANADA (57) LONDON, ENGLAND

HORNBLOWER AND HIS MAJESTY

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

By C. S. Forester

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Introducing the gallant hero of "Beat to Quarters," Captain Hornblower, in the first of a series of grand adventures. This time, the fighting sea dog runs away—but not to fight another day

MIND you, Sir Horatio," said Dr. Manifold, "I think this treatment of His Majesty is unwise, very unwise."

"Indeed, Doctor?" said Hornblower politely.

"At the last consultation of His Majesty's physicians," said Dr. Manifold, "those of my opinion were just outvoted, but I venture to say, Sir Horatio, that although mere numbers were against me—and it was only a trifling majority, you must remember—all that are most distinguished in the world of medical science were on my side."

"Naturally," said Captain Hornblower.

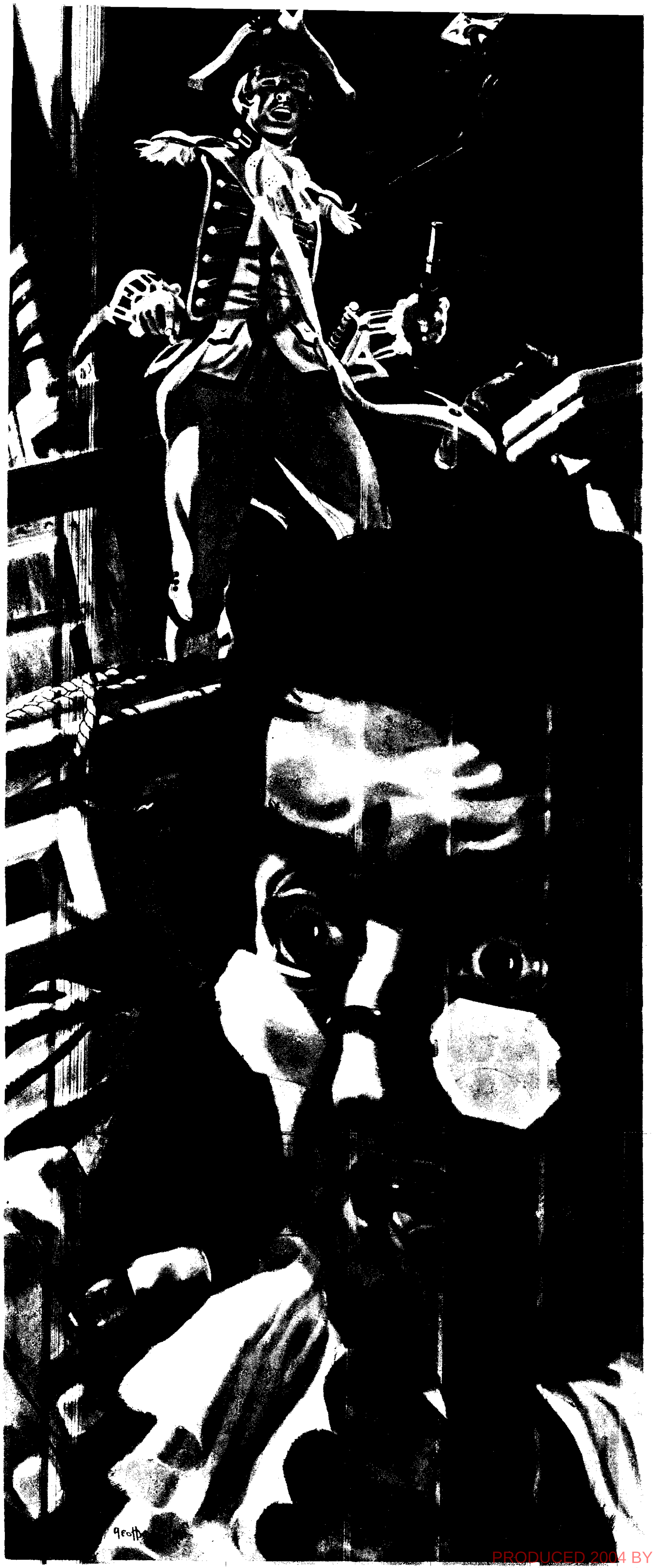
"In the matter of accumulated knowledge we were overwhelmingly superior. But the question of His Majesty's health was left to a mere counting of heads. Mark my words, Sir Horatio, this business of voting by numbers, without regard to position in the world, will be the curse of humanity for centuries to come, unless something is done about it."

"That seems only too likely," said Hornblower. One of his guiltiest secrets was the fact that he fancied himself a democrat and radical, but in the exalted circles in which he moved nowadays he had little difficulty in concealing it, because everyone he met took it for granted that he was the opposite.

"A sea voyage for His Majesty!" exclaimed Dr. Manifold contemptuously. "Build up his strength! Distract him from his troubles! Fiddlesticks! A patient in His Majesty's unfortunate condition of mind should be kept low. It stands to reason. Bleeding, Sir Horatio—some ounces twice a week. A thorough course of purgatives with a low diet. Gentle confinement in the dark. That would give His Majesty's unhappy brain a chance to clear itself of its humors and to start again anew—with a *tabula rasa,* a clean sheet, sir."

"There is much in what you say, Doctor."

Hornblower was not lying when he said that; it seemed quite a logical treatment of insanity in the year 1812. But at the same time he was moved with pity at the thought of his poor mad king exposed to that sort of brutality. His instincts revolted against it, and his reason told him that as the treatment had been tried



Dr. Manifold cut his speech short. He bolted down the companion as nearly like a rabbit as his portly dignity permitted

unsuccessfully for two years now, it might be as well to experiment with the reverse.

What he was more concerned with, if the truth must be told, was the responsibility of his own position. This was his first command since his triumphant escape from captivity in France, and since he had received the accolade of the Bath at the hands of the prince regent. The command of the royal yacht during His Majesty's madness might have been a sinecure had not this decision been taken to give His Majesty a course of fresh air and change of scene. Sailing about the Channel with His Majesty on board while the sea swarmed with French and American privateers meant a grave responsibility for the captain—for him.

Hornblower looked round the decks of the Augusta, at the four stumpy six-pounders, and the two long nine-pounders fore and aft. He would not be able to make much of a defense against one of those heavily sparred, heavily gunned New England privateers. Doctor Manifold seemed to be echoing his thoughts.

"Of course," he was saying, "there is no need for me to point out to you, Captain, the need for the utmost precautions against any shock to His Majesty. You have received orders, I fancy, against firing any salute?"

Hornblower nodded.

"And there must be no bustle and no excitement. Everything must be done more quietly than is usually the case on shipboard. And you must be careful not to run into any storms."

"I shall do my best, Doctor," said Hornblower.

A midshipman who had been perched up at the main-topmast crosstrees came sliding down the backstay, touched his hat to the captain and moved hastily forward. The crew assumed an attitude of expectancy.

"Here comes the king!" exclaimed Dr. Manifold suddenly.

Hornblower merely nodded.

A little group of men on foot came slowly down the slope to the jetty against which lay the Augusta; it was not until they were no more than fifty yards away that Hornblower blew a single short note on his whistle and woke the ship to life. The side boys, in spotless white gloves and frocks, ran to their positions at the gilded gangplank. The pipes of the boatswain's notes twittered loudly. The six men and the sergeant of the marine detachment appeared miraculously upon the quarter-deck, pipe clay and buttons gleaming, the two drummers with their sticks poised beneath their noses. The crew fell in by divisions, the officers in their cocked hats and silk stockings, sword hilts and epaulets shining in the sun, in front of them. The whole of the little ship was ready and welcoming at the moment when the party reached the shore end of the gangplank, not a moment too early, not a moment too late—it was a neat piece of work.

THERE was a brief delay at the gangplank. His Majesty was reluctant to come on board. Hornblower saw the hesitation; he saw the plump, white hands cling to the handrails, and saw them forced free again, unobtrusively, by two of the attendants. There was a burly lord in waiting, immediately behind His Majesty, wearing a fine plum-colored coat with a laced waistcoat in a contrasting shade, crossed by the narrow ribbon of the Thistle—the bearer, presumably, of some historic name from beyond the border. He closed up behind His Majesty, closer and closer. The hands caught and clung again, and again were forced free, and the lord in waiting's ponderous stomach was planted firmly in His Majesty's back and propelled him almost unnoticeably but irresistibly along the gangplank, so that His Majesty arrived on the deck with just a shade of haste.

Every officer's hand came to the salute; the boatswain's mates set their pipes twittering loudly; the drums of the marines beat a long roll. Up to the main truck soared the royal standard, where its opulent folds flapped slowly open in the gentle wind. His Majesty had come aboard.

"Chickens and chimes. What? What?" said His Majesty. His clouded blue eyes caught sight of a sea gull wheeling against the sky, and followed it in its flight. "What? What? Ducks and Dutchmen. What? What? What?"

The little group of courtiers and attendants pressing along the gangplank gradually edged him farther onto the deck. Then his wandering glance caught sight of Hornblower standing at attention before him.

"Hillo!" said the king. A kindly smile illuminated his face. "Lessons going all right?"

"Yes, thank you, Your Majesty," said Hornblower.

The king reached up and took off Hornblower's cocked hat with its gold lace and buttons, and with his other hand he ruffled Hornblower's sparse hair.

"Don't let 'em beat you too hard," he said. "What? Don't let 'em. What? Good boys get guineas."

DR. MANIFOLD had approached, and was standing behind Hornblower's shoulder. The king saw him, and cowered away suddenly in fear.

"Your Majesty!" said the doctor, bowing low, but his humble tone and demeanor did nothing to reassure the frightened being before him. The little court closed up round the king and herded him slowly away as before. Hornblower caught up his cocked hat from the deck where it had fallen from the king's trembling hand, and turned away to his duties.

"Fore and main-tops'ls, there!" he called. "Cast off those warps, Mr. White!"

He felt he needed distraction after seeing the abject terror that had convulsed the face of his king at sight of the doctor who had tormented him. The air of the sea would feel cleaner than that he was breathing now.

With the royal standard at the main, and the white ensign at the peak, the Augusta nosed her way out of Newhaven Harbor to where her escort, the twenty-gun corvette Cormorant, awaited her coming. Hornblower, looking through his glass at her, thought what a vivid comment it was on the strain to which the British navy was being subjected, that His Majesty, King George III, King of Great Britain and Ireland, could be escorted to sea only by a twenty-gun corvette at a time when one hundred and twenty ships of the line and two hundred frigates flew his flag.

Times were changing. The royal standard at the main no longer sported the lilies of France—they had been quietly dropped a little while ago in favor of the harp of Ireland. And in the past six months the British navy had suffered a succession of minor reverses such as could not be paralleled in the history of the last fifty years. The reverses could hardly continue; now that England had learned the fighting power of the United States Navy, she would certainly smother the infant sea power with a relentless blockade. But blockade could never prevent the escape of

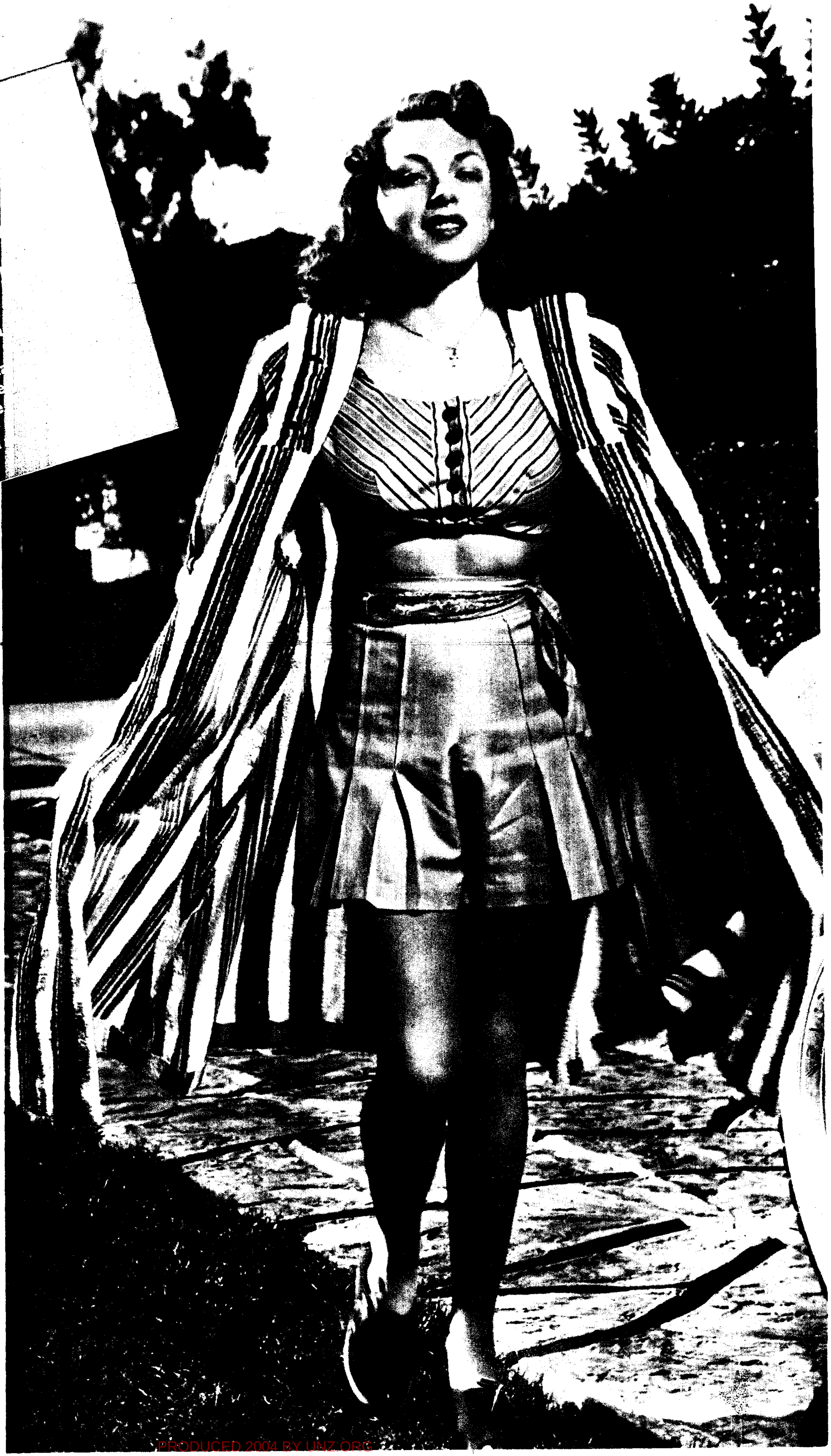
(Continued on page 42)

CAMPUS SWEETHEA

BY KYLE CRICHTO

It's Lana Turner, to whom
college youth of America
out their hearts. But Lan
wrapped up in her caree
anyway, there's Artie

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAM



IF THE parents of this country knew what their sons in college were doing there would be a scandal that would stink up the nation. Are they drinking? Are they carousing? Are they carrying on? No! Are they studying? Also, no! What they are doing, the young whippersnappers, is writing letters to Lana Turner.

Instead of struggling with their differential calculus, they sit grimly at a desk and bite the end of a pen and write sappy words to a young lady they have never even met socially.

"Dear Miss Turner (they write, the simpletons): We fellows of the Phi Goofa Gamma house saw you in Glamor Girls and you were certainly swell; then we saw you in Dancing Co-Ed and we thought you were the berries. We are having a dance on May 15th and last night we held a meeting of the chapter and decided it would be swell if you could be Queen of the Ball or something. You could also be Sweetheart of Phi Goofa Gamma. Just tell us when you're coming and we'll meet the train and every Goofa Gamma who can walk will be right down there. Enclosed find twenty-five cents in stamps for your picture. If you could sign it 'To Dear Jake,' it would make all the other fellows jealous and it would make me feel swell. Ha-ha-ha! JAKE BLOTZ, '42."

What this proves about the younger generation is not clear, but it definitely means that Lana Turner is now a screen personality. The letters come from such widely diversified locations as Wabash College and Harvard, and the writing and sentiments vary only slightly.

The effect of all this upon little Lana is probably slight, because the letters are answered by her mother, who thinks they are quite cute. In any event, it is the price one must pay for fame.

Fame, in the instance of Lana, came almost too easily for any use. The story has been told three million times by now, but by some coincidence it happens to be true. She was a student at Hollywood High, she went across the street to a drugstore for a soda, Billy Wilkerson of the Hollywood Reporter saw her and asked her if she wanted a screen test. She said she saw no objection but would call her mother, who was working in a beauty parlor.

(*Continued on page* 58)

Best Man's Gift

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The smartest thing you can do for some women is to open their eyes to a realization of what they've got

ORRIN ABBOTT, tall, easygoing, slouched idly in the narrow doorway of the camp, watching the northwest wind sweep across the bay. He had bet with himself the last shot of whisky left in the pint bottle that the motorboat he had heard out there was his partner's. If he lost, he would have to look at that bottle until Grant Foster returned. If he won—he could kill it now.

When the bow of the fast boat cleared Strout Island, a quarter mile down the bay, Orrin smiled and started to turn into the camp to collect. But at that moment he noticed that there was somebody else in the boat beside Grant. At that distance it looked like a woman. But that was imagination—or wishful thinking. Grant would never bring a woman to the camp.

The idea that it might be a woman stirred him. For five days now he had been alone on the Point, waiting for Grant to return from town. Five silent days, working in the early fall sun—hauling his lobster traps when he felt like it—digging clams if he was hungry—loafing in the long twilight—and wishing he had saved enough money to go to Bangor on a real bust. For the moment he forgot the whisky and stood there watching the figure in the boat.

He let the sun soak into his long-boned body. He thought, feeling the heat of noon on him, smelling the baked sweetness of spruce needles, that it would be pretty good if Grant did have a woman with him. Or at least another bottle of whisky.

ORRIN hooked the thumbs of his big-fingered hands into his belt. He was very tall, and his muscles were long—the flesh of his forearm valleyed between long ridges. He wore an old pair of moccasin slippers, washed blue denim pants and a clean, tight-fitting undershirt which cut into the tan skin of his shoulders. He was twenty-five, looked thirty, and moved like an old man until you saw him in a boat—or on Hancock Street in Bangor on Saturday night. His expression was easygoing, and you'd think of him as good old Orrin; but young women saw something else in his slow-lifting eyes, felt another tone in his low, hoarse voice.

The motorboat had already left Halftide Ledge and was skimming over the middle grounds—wide open.

"Now, who in hell's he got with him?" Orrin spoke aloud, as men do who are alone a good deal of the time.

Then he saw that it was a woman. She stood close to Grant, holding his yellow slicker coat across her shoulders. She kept glancing up toward the camp.

Orrin stepped from the doorway onto the peat path which led to the landing. The girl must have seen him then, for she waved, her arm held high—her hand bent at the wrist, the way women wave.

He smiled at the gesture and walked several feet down the path. Then he looked at the girl standing there beside Grant Foster.

As the engine idled and the boat glided up to the mooring, the girl pressed against the gunwale and studied the camp. There was something vaguely familiar about her, the way her slick-shaped body moved—so smoothly and yet so fully aware of itself. When she slid off the yellow coat and turned her face into the sun, he knew who she was.

She was Anza Cole from Upson Bay. Anza Cole, one of the few good girls of the town, who had something more to her than just being good. She had a pretty, broad face, with wide-set brown eyes. She walked as if she knew what she was made of. You had to admire her—the way she danced, the way her body swung to the music in Upson District Hall.

Orrin wondered what the hell Anza Cole was doing down here at the fishing camp with Grant Foster.

Then, as he watched Grant's quick, catlike scampering, as he stowed away his stuff, covered the engine and transferred the grub box and a shiny new suitcase to the skiff—the answer came, positively, accurately:

Grant Foster had married Anza Cole. Nothing else would have brought her here. Grant, a good catch in these days when so many men were out of work, had been caught by the best-looking girl in the township. Grant had gone to Upson Bay to get grub, coal oil and new fishing gear. He had come back with a wife.

ORRIN hitched his belt, stuck his hands into his pockets. He watched every move the girl made. He saw her climb over the boat's side and drop lightly into the skiff. He saw her smooth her skirt under her as she sat down on the stern thwart. Then he turned quickly and walked back to the camp.

The clock was ticking loudly on the shelf above the bunk. The stove was dead. Two flies droned sadly in the hot air of the little room. Sun spotlighted the pint whisky bottle on the window ledge.

He looked at it. He decided then to save it—a toast to the bride.

For a year now he and Grant had shared that camp, as they shared their fishing gear, their grub, their luck. Lobstering wasn't what it used to be, but it was still a solid business and paid a living if you were willing to work at it. Always, little, quick-witted Grant led the way—with better ideas, with smarter tactics, with a faster boat, with more money. Orrin followed, rowing his old slab-sided pea pot, standing up, facing the bow, moving slowly from trap buoy to trap buoy—easing into the new ways, never hurrying, seldom keeping up—but always accepting Grant's barking orders as a tall ship accepts the noisy way of a puffing tug.

Orrin looked around the place, shrugged his shoulders and went to work. He smoothed out the gray blankets on the bunk, awkwardly, as a man makes a bed. He kicked aside rope, cigarette stubs, a ball of tarred twine and a clam hoe. From the shelf on the wall he removed two battered detective-story magazines and tenderly laid them on a backless chair. He took down his clothes from the hooks in the corner, and piled them on a chair. These, his boots, a pipe, two cans of tobacco and a sailor's sea bag, he carried through a door in the rear of the camp into a built-on, shed-roofed room. He dumped his load onto a spring cot, and stood there regarding that room, which from then on would be his, with an ironical, amused smile.

(Continued on page 50)

Anza turned to him. "What are you going to do this winter, Orrin? Are you just going to cruise around?"

GERMANY'S AIR PLANS

By W. B. Courtney

Can Germany win the war? She believes she can. And, against the coming of spring, she is welding her air, sea and land forces into what she hopes will be an irresistible weapon. Here is the complete picture of German hopes, gathered in Germany under the frankest possible conditions from authoritative sources

MONTHS ago the lights of Europe went out, and human life there became furtive. But not one of the major disasters predicted to ride in with the Second World War of the twentieth century has come to pass—yet.

This is the inside story of the three very good and sound reasons why all winter long the expected air blows have not fallen, and why the greatest modern question mark, the value of air power, apparently has not been put to a test—three principal reasons that have validity in expert German opinion, at least. One is political, one moral and one is technical.

The first reason, political, may be summed up in a single wistful phrase: A hard-dying hope for peace.

The second reason, moral, is that Europe's leaders, basing their views upon available equipment and thoroughly surveyed opportunities, are mortally afraid to pull off the lid for "all out" air warfare.

The last reason, an important technical factor with regard to aviation, can be told in a word—icing.

Even if the first and second points did not exist to help stay the bloody hand, Germany's war flyers agree that the third one still would have prevented a complete showdown and that in itself it comprises a full answer to the mystery of the stalled war, although it has never been told outside the inner circles of European military aviation.

With respect, however, to the first reason: Politically, in sharp contrast to the military stalemate, there has been furious and unremitting action all winter. A great air raid, by either side, would have irrevocably cast the die for war.

With respect to the moral scruples that have helped to delay the air war, German flyers believe these will dissolve in the heat and the hatreds and the desperation that real fighting will bring. Air power is still the great *threat*—as you may have gathered from Churchill's and Goering's speeches. But destruction from the air is a game both sides can play. Air power is primarily an adjunct of land power—a part of a nation's military strength to be used in co-operation with its other components, such as infantry, artillery and navy, toward a common purpose of victory.

No sane and responsible airman believes his first missions would be to strafe civilian populations for the mere sake of terrorism. Military success could not be achieved that way. I have watched many bombings, in which helpless and innocent civilians have been killed, but I have not seen one in which such killings seemed the obvious intention.

Propaganda has cried against "indiscriminate" bombings in China, Spain, Afghanistan, Ethiopia and now Finland. There is not one proved case, to my knowledge, in which terrorism was the sole purpose. You have heard of diplomats' homes struck in Poland and hospitals or tenements hit in Finland, but the communiqués have omitted to tell of military barracks a few doors away, or railheads adjacent. Civilians have been killed—because they were unfortunate enough to be near or because the bombers' aim was bad. Here is an illustration: In the East Forties in New York City is a large apartment community with several thousand families. Next door is the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled. All around are poorer homes. On the edge of this neighborhood is one of the great main plants of the city's light and power supply, one of the units that would be listed by enemy aviation as a key objective. If this plant were bombed from 30,000 feet, you can imagine the toll among innocents, unless all the shots were bull's-eyes.

Another example: Park Avenue, New York City, is lined by apartments and business houses occupied by thousands of civilians. Yet Park Avenue would be a legitimate air-raid mark because underneath it is one of our great railroads.

All the major cities of the European belligerents—London, Hamburg, Manchester, Paris, Bordeaux—present similar instances, and under the accepted rules of war are fair prey.

What Europe's modern leaders are really afraid of is the knowledge that air force, unlike its companion forces in the composition of total military power, is not restricted to its purely military function. Herein is the real threat of air power. Its mobility and speed would enable it, in hands of desperation and despair, to step out of role. We have been told that poison gas is overrated; moreover, that all the major powers have signed agreements not to employ it. Yet every nation in this war has provided all its people with gas masks, and with gasproof shelters! And every war ministry knows of thermite—the most dangerous of all air missiles, and the one you hear least about.

Thermite bombs are simple to make, easy to handle. Thermite is a mixture of powdered aluminum and iron oxide or some other metallic oxide. A German, Dr. Hans Goldschmidt, discovered thermite and invented a welding process for blending its ingredients without danger. But when they are mixed directly, and not by a controlled kindling process such as Dr. Goldschmidt's, the powders ignite with terrific force and instantaneous heat of almost 3,000° Centigrade. This is the mysterious package of incendiarism of which you have read hints. In burning it spits off drops, each of which can lance clothing, flesh and bone, and cause horrible suffering. For starting fires, it is the most inflammable compound available to airmen. One bomber might carry several thousand pound packages and sow them broadcast over a city. One would be sufficient to start a disastrous fire. The thermite missile is usually made up of a thin outer shell, containing two frail inner compartments—one holding powdered aluminum, the other fine iron dust. This small "bomb" or packet breaks upon striking an object, the ingredients mix—and bang goes your fire!

An Appalling Possibility

If 500 bombers made a mass attack on England, say, and only ten per cent of them penetrated the air-raid defenses—those could still drop enough thermite to burn up all her great cities. This is not an airman's fantastic dream but a definite factor in modern air war possibilities. Bombing accuracy is not possible with these light missiles, but it is not necessary if your object is to burn a city. You merely fly at the greatest height of which your planes are capable, beyond reach of antiaircraft or quick pursuit interception, and rain down the fire packets. To burn merchant ships, marksmanship would be required. Thermite was known in the last World War but all the nations refrained from using it. The Germans debated using it when the tide finally turned against them, late

Smart Dogs

By Robert McCormick

Buying a dog may not always be a haphazard affair. They're conducting experiments at Beltsville with dogs of outstanding intelligence, and if these are successful they'll be able to breed dogs with traits you want

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DR. DAWSON whistled, and the little black mop stood up. It stood up on four stubby legs, shook itself and ran with a rocking-horse gait to Dr. Dawson's feet and rolled over.

At this point it developed that the mop was Sis, a dog—a dog completely surrounded by hair. Groping through the silky fur, Dawson found a collar, snapped on a leash and led Sis into a two-room frame building near the kennels. One room contained a worm-eaten desk, a rickety table and antiquated filing cabinets. The other was almost entirely filled by a wire cage a yard high and some ten feet square. At one side of the cage was a wire vestibule entrance, at the other were four vestibule exits.

Dr. Dawson put the mop into the entrance, placed a dish of raw meat just outside the cage, went into the other room and sat at the table, behind a screen of cheesecloth. Pulling a piece of clothesline, which ran over pulleys into the other room, he lifted a sliding door separating Sis

PIX

German bomber pilots drink tea before a raid. Pilots are as vitally important as planes and Germany probably has the edge in reserves. Below, a German patrol on the quiet Western Front meets shellfire

PIX

in 1918, but did not, because they figured it was too late to save their lost cause and it would only make the terms of peace from the enraged Allies much tougher. These considerations might, or might not, apply again.

The real factor, however, that has prevented wholesale application of air power in this war up to now is icing.

The airfoil, or wing, of a modern airplane is one of the most exquisitely designed structures known to engineering. In modern practice, to gain the ultimate drop of efficiency for airfoils, even the rivet heads are countersunk and then lacquered over until the surface of the wing is absolutely smooth and presents the sheerest and finest possible skin to the air. Also, the weight of an airplane, and its balance, or center of gravity, is a matter of the most precise calculation.

Icing not only changes the curvature of the wing with regard to its aerodynamic efficiency, but roughens it, causing a further loss. By thickening the surfaces presented to the air—wing edges, wires, struts—it makes it harder for the airplane to move through the air. Icing adds to the weight and destroys the fine balance of the airplane. By altering the distribution of stress, it causes vibration.

The Weather Decided It

Ice usually forms first on the leading, or front, edges of airplane wings and upon the propellers. Under certain very bad freezing-rain conditions it may coat the entire surfaces.

There are various conditions in which icing is encountered—moist snow, glaze or sleet. Icing most generally comes, however, from flying through heavily saturated clouds in which the temperature is below the freezing point of water.

The Baltic, or south front of polar air masses, conditions the weather of all North Europe. The meeting of warm air currents from the Gulf Stream with cold air currents from the Arctic breeds heavily saturated clouds and fogs. In winter it is consistently the worst flying weather to be found in any region of the civilized, populated earth. Every traveler knows how difficult it has been to use commercial air lines in North Europe, except in summer; each year, from autumn to spring, many schedules, even important key ones, have been abandoned, with only mail services operated and those infrequently.

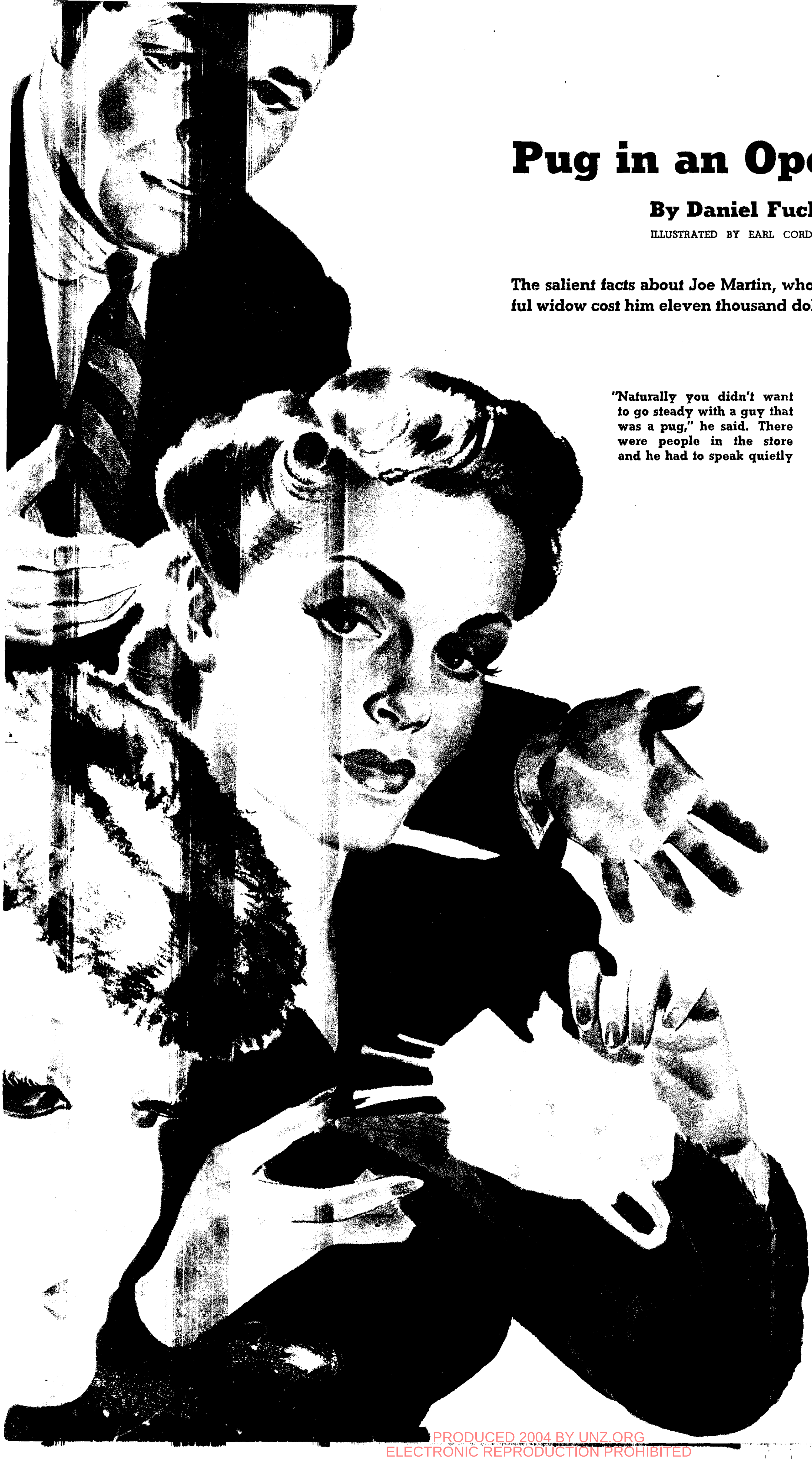
The United States, farther south and without the same weather-breeding conditions, has infinitely fewer winter flight problems. Over much of our terrain, icing is practically unknown. Nevertheless our practice and equipment includes preheating of lubricants in the hangars, heating devices to prevent frost in carburetion systems, and deicers for the external surfaces of the wings. The latter are usually a means of heating the wing's leading edge, or a rubber covering, which can be "pulsed" from the cockpit, thus cracking off the ice as it forms. These lessen but do not banish icing hazards.

But the problem of the commercial flyer, whether in Europe or in the United States, is quite different from that of the war bird.

The captain of a scheduled air liner, if he meets icing which is too potent for his deicing equipment, can ascend or descend to different flight levels where he might find warmer temperatures. Or, if he picks up only enough ice to cut down his maneuverability just a little, it does not matter, while if he ices badly he can land.

The fighting pilot is hampered in all these respects. He cannot land except in friendly territory. He is restricted, by antiaircraft and other defense measures against him, to certain altitudes. And

(Continued on page 62)



"Naturally you didn't want to go steady with a guy that was a pug," he said. There were people in the store and he had to speak quietly

Pug in an Opera Hat

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The salient facts about Joe Martin, whose love for a beautiful widow cost him eleven thousand dollars and a black eye

THE barber had finished shaving Joe and began to rub tonic into his hair when Blackie walked into the hotel room.

"Well?" Joe asked, half rising. "What did she say?" He had touched the barber's elbow to make him stop.

"Okay," Blackie said. "She said if you're in town, okay, she'll meet you like you want."

"Blackie, listen . . . how did she sound over the phone?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, did she sound sorelike?"

"No," Blackie said. "Why should she be sore?"

Joe didn't answer. He gave the barber a quick look and then settled in the chair again.

"Be careful with that tonic, Johnny," he said. "I want it to smell nice around me but nothing too loud, nothing common. If you put on too much of that stuff, it's no good. It's in bad taste."

"Sure, Mr. Martin. Just the way you say." The barber was ingratiating. He tried to get intimate and talk about the times he had seen Joe fight or listened to the radio broadcasts, but Joe stopped him whenever he began. That was why he had had them send a man up to his room instead of going down to the shop in the lobby. All that fuss and backslapping didn't mean anything. They were really making fun of you. Joe remembered the days when he used to stick his belly out at some gathering and let perfect strangers take a poke at him just so they could go home and tell their wives about it. He used to get a kick out of it but that was before he had caught on they were only laughing at him and having a good time at his expense. That was no way to get people to show you a proper kind of respect.

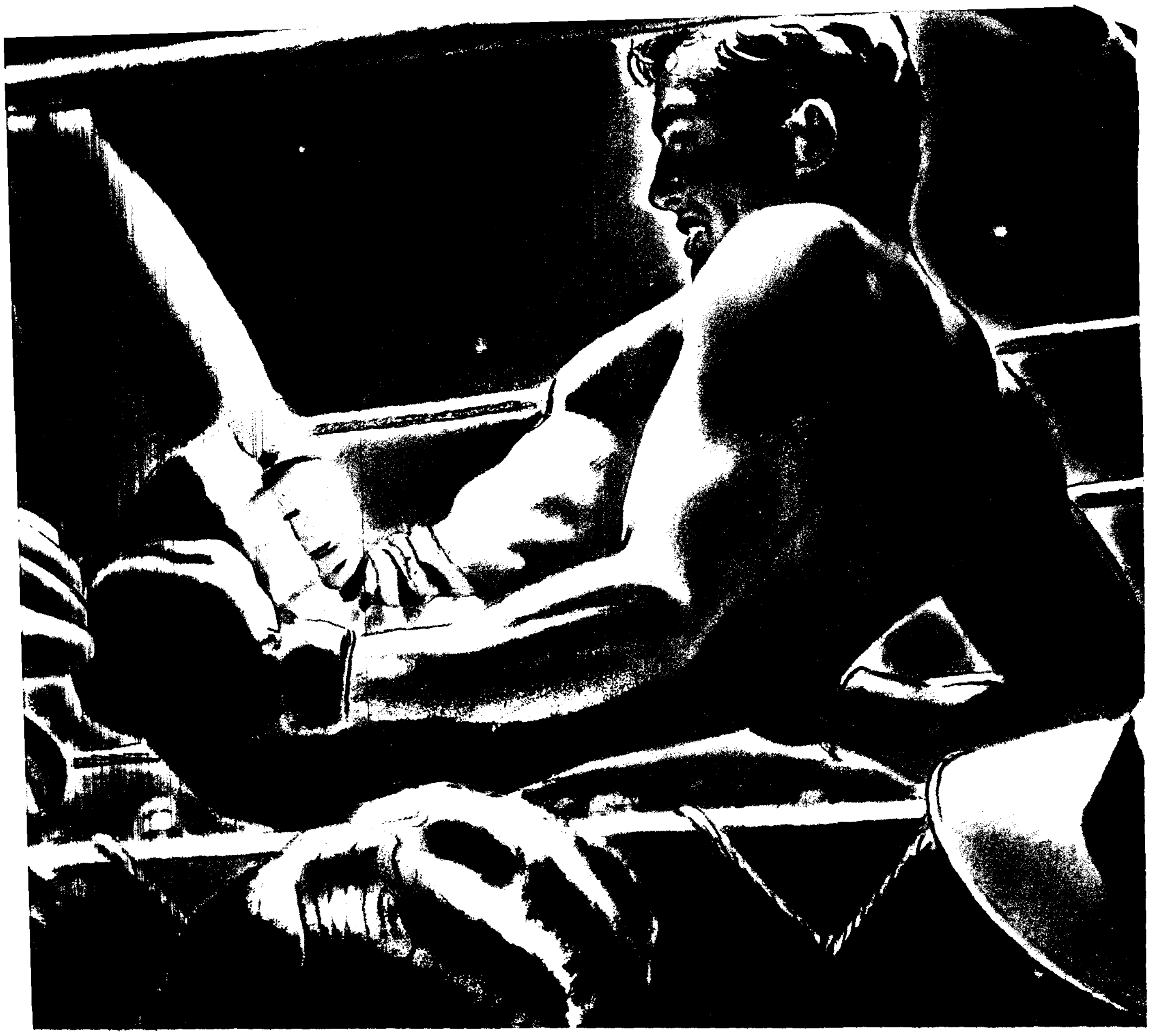
Blackie had taken a seat in the corner, his hands in his pockets now as he sat. He was still wearing his hat and he frowned. The barber had to finish up in silence. As he put his things back into the satchel, Joe handed a dollar tip to him.

"Now don't get the wrong impression, Johnny," he said. "I don't ordinarily throw my money around like that. I'm no dummy."

"Sure, Mr. Martin, thanks," the barber said and hurried out, grinning. Joe saw the grin on his face but didn't take time to worry over it. He went to the closet, took out a tie that had cost him six dollars, and put it on carefully. The shirt he was wearing was tailor-made, his yellow shoes had come to sixteen dollars and the suit he had on had been made to order for him. Joe put the double-breasted coat on and then stood in front of Blackie.

"What do you think?" he asked.

He stood erect and wooden, on inspection, and it was somehow peculiar to see him. He was five feet eight but he weighed well over two hundred



ed as he went down. Lying on the floor, he heard their smug yowls of satisfaction

, fine restaurants, the right
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"What's he so angry

angry," Joe said anx-
't want anything to go
wrong. "He just don't know better, that's all. Listen, how's Jimmie?"

"Fine. He's a real big fellow now."

"Let's see," Joe said. "He must be nine years old, every bit of it. Time certainly flies, don't it?"

"Sure," she said. "Where did you keep yourself all this time? At first, when Blackie got me on the phone, I didn't even know what he was talking about."

SHE was real friendly, Joe thought. She looked glad to see him, as if she kind of liked him. She wasn't sore at all. "Well, how it come about I got in touch with you," he said, embarrassed and feeling foolish, "well, here I'm in town for this fight with Danny Bisco and naturally my thoughts revert to the old days and I think of you and feel like it might be a good thing if we got together. Well, to be frank about it, Martha, I didn't know how you would take it, me calling you up out of the blue, so that's the reason I got Blackie to do the dirty work." He couldn't help laughing uncertainly as he finished and Martha joined in with him. Then the waiter came up to take their orders for cocktails and they grew quiet again.

"I think about the old days a lot lately," Joe said after the waiter went away. "For instance, now and then, I get the yearning to go back to P. S. 8 and see the old teachers. It must be a sign of old age, I guess."

"You're not so old," Martha said. She had turned serious and seemed to be studying his face as she spoke. "You're changed. I can see that, Joe, but you're not an old man."

"Well, that's not the point. It's not the years alone exactly. Only, the older a guy gets, he gets more philosophical-like. He gets dissatisfied with what he does and the way he lives and he begins to look around for something better and different."

"What is it?" she asked softly. "You getting tired of the fight game?"

"In a way, yes, I suppose, but, of course, it's a good living to me."

"The papers beginning to bother you with the things they say? You getting tired of those names they think up to call you? Is that it, Joe?"

"No. I don't mind it." He looked down at the tablecloth and felt his cheeks grow flushed. "I know what the public opinion of me is but what of it? I'm the last guy to have a kick coming."

It was clear it pained him to hear her talk like that but she wouldn't stop. "They all think you're some kind of clown," she went on. "They say you're no fighter. They say the people just come to watch and laugh at you." She waited, her eyes fixed on him.

"I don't mind it," he said, becoming stubborn and angry in spite of himself. "Let them laugh. Let them think up the crazy names. But I win, don't I? I draw. Listen. Everything I do, they think I'm nutty. Everything I say, the minute it comes out of my mouth, they think it's dopey or cute like I'm some kid six years old. All right," he said, and his voice rose as he emphasized the words, "maybe I'm a whack like they say but if those wise guys just looked inside the bank books I got, they'd soon see how whacky I am."

He stopped and tried to control himself. He didn't mean to get angry and argue with her. That wasn't why he had wanted so much to see her. Now her eyes weren't on him any longer. She was fumbling with the clasp on her bag

(Continued on page 25)

VOICE WITH EXPERIENCE

BY SAM MERWIN, JR.

The dramatic story of "Pinky" Perelmuth, from Orchard Street, who became Jan Peerce, tenor at Radio City's Music Hall

THE man with the high-brow wife, stuffed uncomfortably into a cardboard shirt in the name of his wife's culture, failed for once to fidget in his seat in the New York Town Hall, snootiest of American concert auditoriums. He listened attentively to difficult German Lieder, to skyscraping Italian arias. And once in a while he eyed his high-brow wife surreptitiously, smiling a trifle at her evident rapt enjoyment.

"An American tenor!" she gasped at the conclusion of the first set. "An American tenor who can sing!"

"Sure," said the low-brow husband with pardonable superiority. "That's Jan Peerce. If you'd kept your hair down once in a while and come with me to Radio City Music Hall, you'd know all about him. He's terrific."

And Jan Peerce is terrific—even in the non-Hollywood sense of the word. Marked at the age of thirty-five for what may be the greatest singing career of any native-born American, he is the product of no planned education, no careful musical environment, no European or even American conservatory training. Like Topsy, he just growed.

He didn't grow very tall—short-legged and barrel-chested, he's well under six feet—nor, more important, did he develop any swelling above the spectacles he wears off stage. Jan Peerce is as nice a guy as you'd want to meet. He's been around too long and overcome too many handicaps to let success throw him off stride.

In the first place, he was born Jacob Pincus Perelmuth on Orchard Street—far down in Manhattan's Lower East Side. His parents, orthodox Jews both, were Russian emigrants.

Three other children, two boys and a girl, followed Jan into the world, and Papa Perelmuth supported them by opening a catering establishment on near-by Ludlow Street—Jewish weddings a specialty. Profits grew modestly, but so did the children and, while there was never actual want, it was a pretty tight squeeze most of the time.

Jacob, who acquired the tag of "Pinky" early in life despite a mane of coal-black hair, was pointed for the medical profession as befitted the eldest son. He even got around to taking a few premedical courses at Columbia. As a matter of fact, the family is still a little sore because the fiddle lessons they hoped would keep him out of mischief backfired him into musical success. Music, they feel, is all right for a hobby, but lacks both the dignity and solidity of the man in white.

The fiddle lessons commenced when he was nine, chiefly, as mentioned, to keep him occupied at that dangerous age. A year later, though he wasn't exactly aware of it, he commenced his professional singing career. An older friend, now a famous brain specialist, dragged him to the cantor of the local synagogue on Attorney Street to try out for the choir.

"Make him pay you forty bucks for the holiday services," said Pinky's friend. "Hold out, and you'll get it."

Forty bucks looked like a lot of money to Pinky, who had never seen much real cash, but unfortunately the cantor had pretty much the same idea.

"You might be worth it next year," said that worthy, blasting the Perelmuth hopes. "Come back after the holidays."

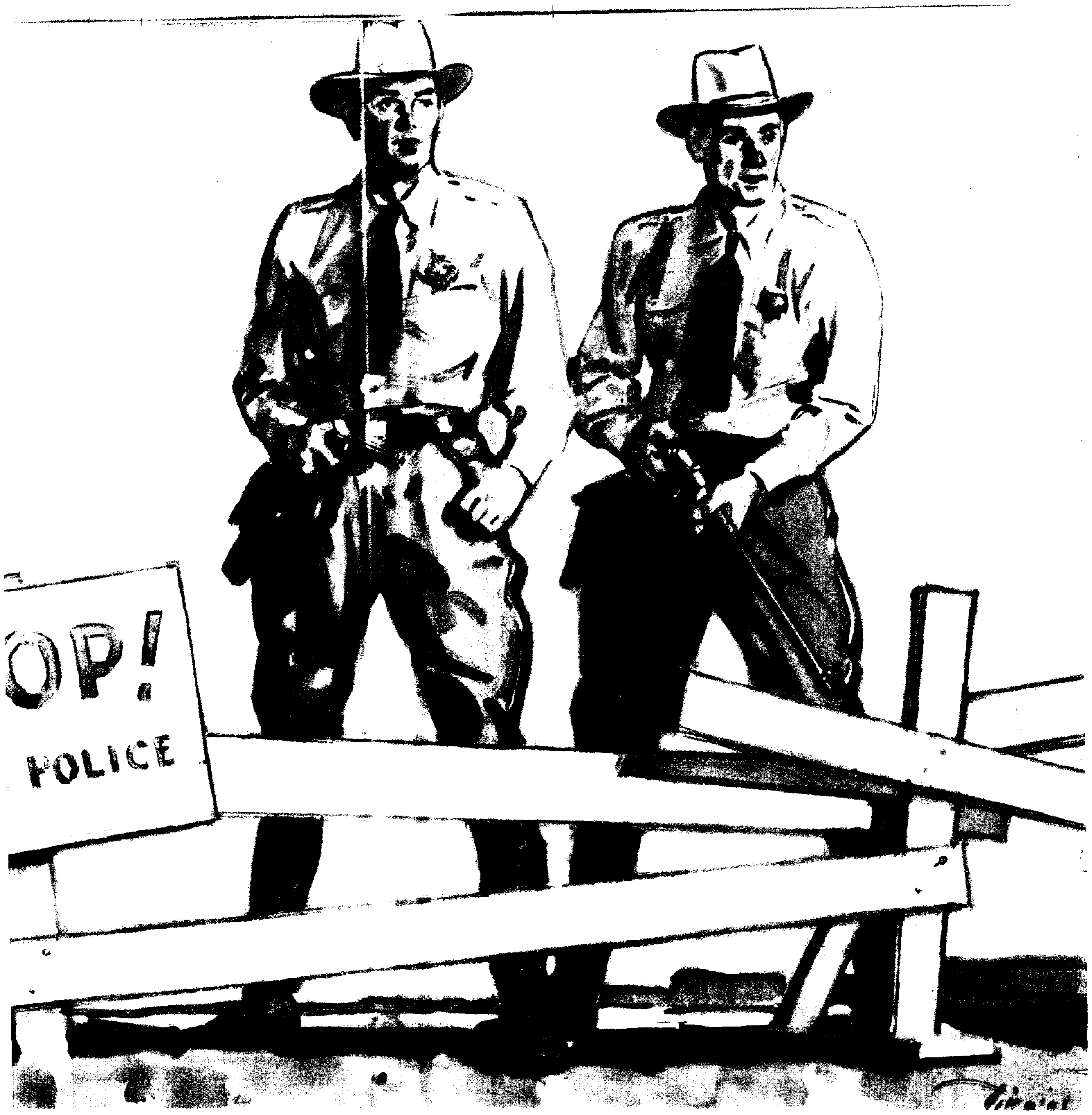
Being a persistent little cuss, young Pinky did so and was overwhelmed when the cantor signed him at the stipulated fee. However, his joy faded somewhat when he learned that the money was for the entire year, not just the holiday season.

Bowed but not bloody, he piped alto notes in the synagogue. He even practiced being a cantor at home in front of the kitchen mirror, holding a towel over his head in lieu of a praying shawl. This went on for three years, when his voice began to take dips and tremolos not written in the music.

Then, providentially, he discovered that his violin could do *more* than keep him from playing in the streets. With a drummer and a pianist, he played for a dance at the old Madison Street Settlement. The pay was fifty cents per man

(*Continued on page* 49)

THOMAS



The shotgun was heavy in Gaslow's hand as he watched the coupé roll toward them

them. Dave Johnson used
radio telephone to report,
tled deeper in his seat.
et," he said. "We sit."
e know these guys?" Gas-

l the flash, didn't you?"
said Gaslow. "Sure. Four
ark clothes. They held up
ey Bank and got away in a
So what does that mean?
k clothes—hell, that could

e car," Johnson pointed out.
tch that if they're smart."
akes you think they're

worried a limp cigarette
ackage. Come to think of
play looked dumb. There
r roads out of Day Valley,
een blocked ten minutes
e. There was no way four
n sedan—or any sedan—
r. Nor could they hope to
in a country where every
is neighbor. It looked

d gone and the shadow of
black on the desert floor
lumbered toward them.
old—they could see that
ance. Half the windshield
there were a couple of
es strapped to the front

naled. The truck ground
alt. A man and woman rode in the cab—a middle-aged couple, thin-faced, dark, as worn as the truck they drove.

Gaslow said, "Just a minute, folks."

He stepped back to look at the truck's load. "Dust-bowlers," he thought, for the high truck bed was crammed with household stuff. There was a crate of chickens lashed to the tail gate, a lantern swung below.

"Where're you from?" Gaslow asked.

"Up Indian Lake way—that's north." There was the whine and twang of the Midwest in the driver's voice. "We starved out—too damn' dry. We're headed for the coast to work in the hops an' apples. . . ."

"Your driver's license, please."

Routine again. Gaslow let the shotgun sag in his hand as Johnson walked back out of sight on the opposite side of the truck. The driver dug a grimy card from his pocket. Gaslow had finished with it when Johnson came back to stand beside the woman's door.

"Is it okay to go now?" asked the driver.

Johnson said, "From Indian Lake, huh?"

The driver said, "We left this morning. We—"

And then Johnson moved, yanking the truck door open, saying, "Come out of there, sister," in a flat, curiously detached voice. Gaslow saw the woman strike at Johnson's face with one hand, saw the ugly shine of a gun in the other.

Gaslow shouted: "Hold it, you two!"

The driver's face was a twisted white. He was trying to push an automatic over the window ledge when Gaslow smashed the shotgun barrel down upon his wrist. The driver screamed, "Damn' cops!" and then Gaslow had him out of the truck on the ground, pinned under one knee.

Gaslow straightened in time to hear Johnson say, "Take it easy, sister. . . ." Then, loudly, "You guys in the truck! Come out with your hands up or we start shooting!"

"Yeah," Gaslow echoed. "Come on out!"

WHEN it was over there were four men and the woman handcuffed to the truck bumper. Gaslow watched them from a distance, the shotgun balanced at his hip.

"You took a fool chance, Johnson," he said. "What if you'd been wrong? The sergeant'd have had your neck for yanking a woman out of—"

"I jumped them because I knew they were lying," Johnson growled. "Indian Lake is seventy miles north. Okay. We saw rain hit Deadman Butte—the only rain this country's had in six weeks. So when I saw that everything the truck carried was wet and rain-spotted I knew they'd doubled back from the south. So I moved in."

Gaslow grinned. "That's kind of smart."

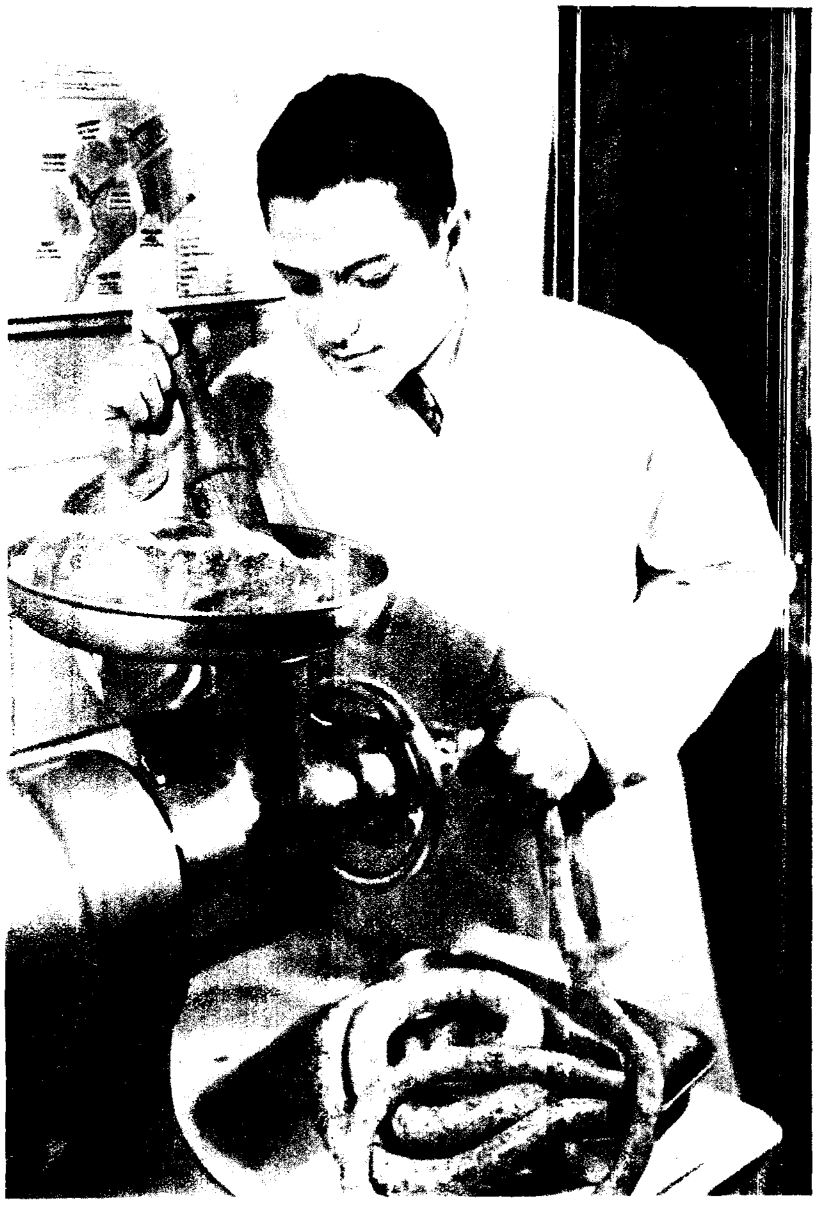
"Sure," said Johnson. "Will you watch 'em till the boys get here. I'm going to sit down. My feet are killing me. . . ."

ETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Food in the Bank

By J. D. Ratcliff

Here's a new kind of savings bank. Its assets are beefsteaks, blueberries and broccoli, all frozen. Deposit strawberries in summer for wintertime shortcake. Feel like corn on the cob? Draw it from the quick-freeze bank, new boon to housewives



Sausage meat is ground and stuffed into casings at the Lancaster, Pa., freezing and storage plant, to be stored in the customer's cold-locker

THOMAS

Below, expert butchers supervise the killing and cutting of beef for a locker-plant customer. The meat is cut into convenient sizes and stored at zero temperature until required

WHEN he sits down to dinner today William Pickering, Iowa corn and hog farmer, will find steak, asparagus, green peas and strawberry shortcake. Fancy victuals for this season. A few years ago he would have settled for beef canned by his old lady and tasting something like boiled saddle, and perhaps a few rubbery vegetables salvaged from the root cellar. The fact that his diet has changed is due to the new frozen-foods industry.

Farmer Pickering rents a locker in the new building, the talk of the county seat. His locker, like several hundred others, is in a room where temperature is held constantly at zero. In summer, when fruits and vegetables are going begging, he puts them away, freezes them rock hard and eats them months later. He does the same thing with his chickens, turkeys, hogs; his cows, sheep and calves.

This brand-new industry has grown with astonishing speed. Three to four years ago it was virtually nonexistent. No one—not even the new national association of locker owners—knows how many plants there are today.

A Department of Agriculture survey last summer, which covered 38 states, counted 1,861. Since they were being built at the rate of over fifty a month, the survey was out of date before it was even published. Good guessers say that there are probably 3,000 of them today, and that about a million families are participating in benefits.

Quick-frozen foods must not be confused with slow-frozen foods. Slow freezing is what happens to fruits and vegetables left on the vine after frost comes. Generally speaking, they turn black and get watery and tasteless, because slow freezing creates large ice crystals in individual cells. These crystals puncture cell walls and vital juices leak away. But when peas, beans and pork are frozen quickly by temperatures down to 30 or 40 degrees below zero, only minute crystals form and these leave cell walls intact. After being thus frozen, and stored at zero temperature, they keep perfectly fresh for months. Even the most exacting tastes are unable to distinguish between fresh and frozen foods.

No one is sure where this new business, which is the country cousin of the city's quick-frozen foods industry, got started. Most people think that it originated on the Pacific Coast, and that it began when farmers started asking ice plants to let them rent space to store meat, eggs and poultry. As knowledge increased about handling quick-frozen foods, plants devoted solely to lockers began to spring up. Date the beginning of the industry with 1935 and you won't be far wrong.

Just Freeze It and Leave It

As they stand today the plants represent the first significant change in recent times in the handling and storage of farm foods. Benefits, of course, can be enormous. The farm wife escapes the drudgery of canning vegetables, preserving fruits and cold-packing meats. And the family escapes eating the products of her toil. Butchering of cows and hogs, once limited to the winter, can now take place at any time. The farmer has a new variety of foods to eat the year round, and most of these foods are far richer in vitamins than his usual diet.

Figures of savings that accrue to locker users vary widely. A retail butcher can put up a convincing story that there is no saving, and a locker-plant operator can busy his pencil to prove that the average family gets ahead at the rate of $100 per year. One unbiased survey indicated $30.

One of the really elegant plants will be fancied up with glazed tile, enameled lockers and comfortable waiting rooms. It will have a thousand or more food compartments, each leased by the year. To get some notion of how it operates, let's start with Farmer Pickering renting one of these lockers.

Last July, when pork prices were low, he decided to butcher a hog and lay in a supply of reasonably priced meat for his family. By butchering then instead of waiting for the cold weather, he saved a nice feed bill. Since he was busy with his crops he decided to turn the whole job over to the locker plant.

In his own truck, he delivered the hog. The butcher in attendance took charge. For a fee of $1 he slaughtered the animal and hung it in the "chill" room. Body heat was dissipated over the course of two or three days in this room where temperature is held at 34 degrees. Then the hog was hauled down and taken to the cutting room. An expert butcher—far better qualified for the work than Pickering—cut the animal up. He ground scrap into sausage (and would even have stuffed it into casing if desired), rendered lard, sliced off chops, and so forth.

Chunks of meat were *(Continued on page 78)*

Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

GREGG STUART, a young architect, saves the life of a girl—Lynn Harrison, whom he has never seen before—when a man to whom she later refers as "Rick" tries to shoot her on a street in New York City. Then, to protect her from her assailant, he takes her and another girl—her friend Toby Fuller—to his old Southern home town, Karnak.

Among Gregg's friends in Karnak are the Andrewses—Wally Andrews and his wife, Madge. Meeting Lynn Harrison, they note a remarkable resemblance between her and the "moll" of a bandit who, a short time before, had robbed them on Long Island. They mention the coincidence to Gregg, who in turn speaks of it to Lynn. Whereupon, Lynn tells him that the Andrews bandit had been Rick, and that she had been with him at the time. She insists, however, that she has been guilty of no wrongdoing; and Gregg, hopelessly in love with her by this time, believes her.

On a Karnak street, Gregg catches a glimpse of Rick, and startling developments follow rapidly. Madge Andrews is murdered, shot to death in Lynn's bedroom. And when Lynn produces some jewels (those taken from Madge in the holdup) she is arrested, charged with murder. Alone with Gregg, she tells him that, while searching for the jewels, Rick must have encountered Madge and killed her. She says that, at the time of the killing, she had been with Toby Fuller. Unfortunately, Toby cannot be found—she has (so Lynn says) gone away with Rick!

The trial begins. Lee Winthrop, the district attorney, directs the prosecution. Jason Marsh, noted criminal lawyer from New York, and Carey Marshal, a local attorney, are in charge of the defense. Reporters from all over the country are present. Karnak is in a frenzy of excitement.

All the evidence points to Lynn Harrison's guilt. Lee Winthrop brings out these damning facts, among others: That *Rick Norton,* accompanied by a girl, had attacked and robbed someone in Ohio; that he had been caught and sent to the Ohio State Penitentiary; that he had escaped; and that his accomplice in the robbery had been—*Lynn Harrison!* . . . One Norman Bailey is put on the stand. He testifies that his son has been kidnaped; that he has sent the kidnaper five thousand dollars—gave that sum to a young woman who had called for it. Then he says quietly, "That's the woman—sitting right there," and points to Lynn Harrison!

VIII

FRENZY GILLINGS finished his evening chores and gazed apprehensively at Fauna. He asked, "Whaffo' you waitin' there?"

"Ise waitin' fo' you, Frenzy," she retorted coyly. "You can 'scawt me home."

Mr. Gillings jerked his head toward the darkness outside. "With that big ape waitin' out yonder? Fauna Jones, what you ain't got is no sense."

Miss Jones was pleased by the thought that Joe Herring was lurking in the shadows. His devotion was flattering. If only, she reflected, her ambition to become a New Yorker were not so overwhelming, or even if Joe Herring had a good, steady job at an adequate wage. She said as much to Frenzy and Mr. Gillings snorted:

"How come he don't git hisse'f a good job then?"

"He don't seem to have no luck."

"But if he did . . . ?"

"Frenzy, that ain't no way to talk to the gal you is engaged to commit matrimony with."

"Fumadiddles! I ain't gwine commit nothin' with you, less'n it's manslaughter."

He started mournfully out the back way, Fauna hanging affectionately on his arm. And then the night disgorged a huge, hulking figure, and Mr. Herring's deep voice beat against Frenzy's eardrums. "Feller," rumbled Joe, "I crave to make talk with you."

"Oh, lawsy," thought Mr. Gillings, "Ise about to happen to a terrible accident."

But there was nothing he could do about it inasmuch as Joe Herring had wrapped incredibly powerful fingers around his meager biceps and was propelling him to a lonely spot under the oaks. Fauna tripped lightly away, making matters considerably worse by calling, "See you at my house later, Frenzy."

ALONE in the night with his nemesis, Mr. Gillings started to protest. He said, "Now look, Joe—all this talk 'bout me an' Fauna bein' engaged ain't nothin' but a lot of foolishment."

"No . . ." Joe's voice was filled with self-sacrifice. "'Tain't nothin' on'y the truth. Ise just a po', mis'able cullud boy which ain't got no job nor nothin', an' she don't crave no part of me. So, Frenzy—Ise turnin' her over to you."

"Says which?" gasped Mr. Gillings.

"She's your'n. It busts my heart wide open—but Ise givin' her to you. An', Brother Gillings—if you don't treat her good Ise gwine bust you so hard it'll shake yo' grampaw's back teeth."

"But Joe—'tain't me she's crazy about, it's you."

"Ise made up my mind. Ise a po', wuthless—"

"I know. You done said that befo'. I bet if you had a job she'd ma'y you so fast . . ."

"I aim to see she gits what she wants. So you take good care of her, Frenzy—else Ise gwine take good care of you."

Joe stumbled away, choked with his own magnificent misery, and Frenzy stood there in abject horror. Marriage with Fauna being forced upon him! Dawg-gone Joe Herring's nobility, anyway. Joe an' Fauna crazy 'bout each other . . . an' now he—Frenzy Gillings—was gwine have to wed her. Mr. Gillings' brain was racing. He was desperate—and abysmally unhappy.

He saw Gregg Stuart's car turn into the driveway, and ambled forward to greet his boss. Gregg got out, looked at Frenzy and said, "What gives? You look unhappy."

"Tha's the most thing I is, Mistuh Gregg." A new thought came to Frenzy—an idea that approximated the inspirational. He said, "Mistuh Gregg—ain't there some sort of a good job heahabouts that would give a man enough money to marry on?"

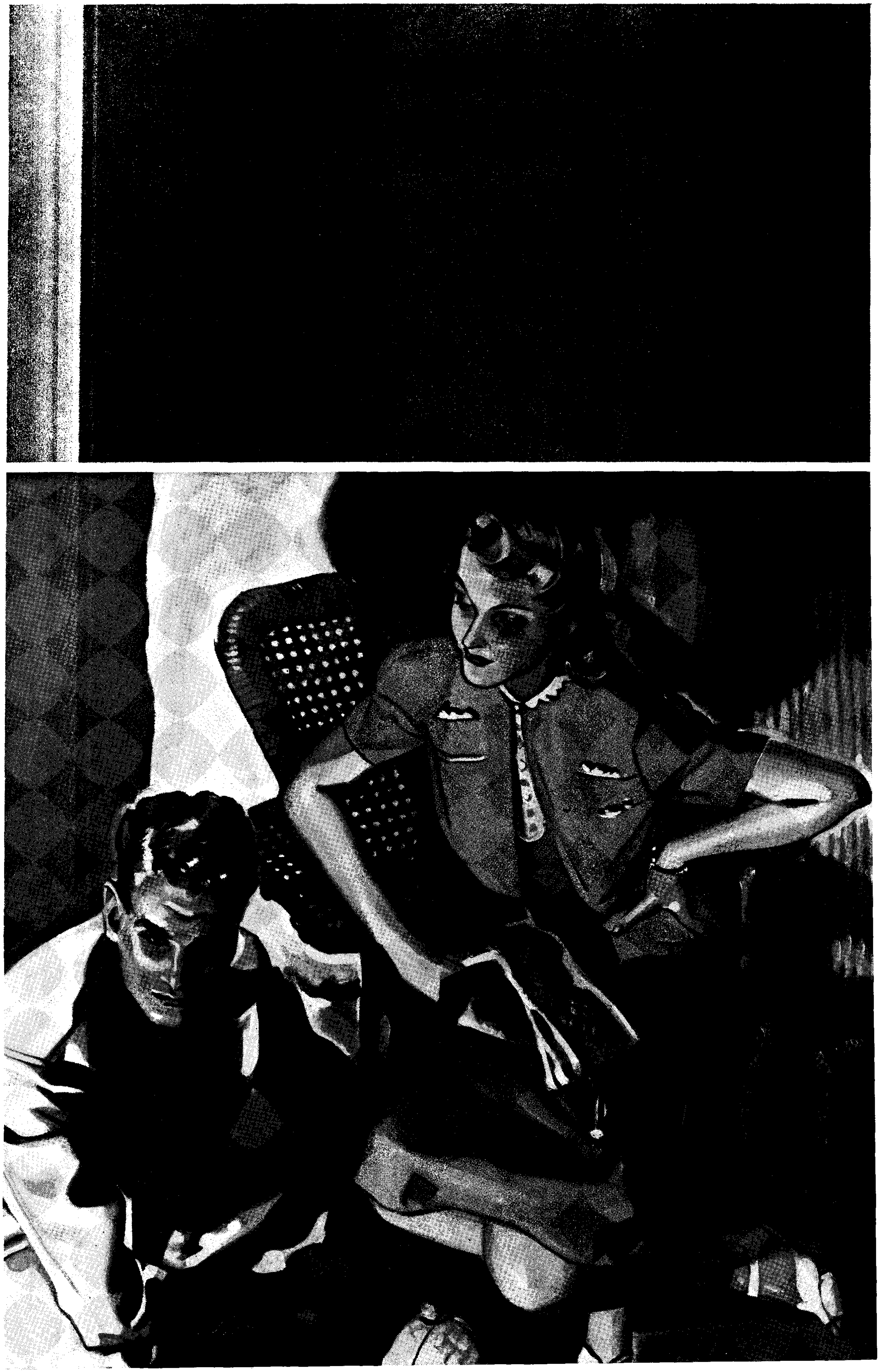
"You, Frenzy?"

"Nossuh. 'Tain't me. It's a frien' of mine. You know: big Joe Herring."

"I see. . . . You're trying to help him, eh?" Gregg asked.

(Continued on page 79)

"Your Honor," Lynn said, "may I ask a question?" Jason protested: "This is highly irregular"



"I don't stand for anything," he told her. "That's the great advantage of my philosophy"

II

FRED OAKS walked along the beach with such long, rapid strides that the man who materialized from the shadows of the Curring bungalow as Fred came down the stairs had difficulty in following him.

When he reached the curious Victorian façade of Seaside House, several hundred yards farther along the shore, he stopped, hesitated as though pondering the advisability of entering, and the man who was following almost caught up with him. But Fred, remembering the cartridges on Rhoda Curring's bed, decided against stopping at the hotel. He turned right into the narrow, squirming, swarming streets of the bazaar, determined to intercept Rhoda. He did not know where she had gone, but he suspected it was one of four or five places. One of them was Virginia Hatton's.

He did not think there was any connection between the cartridges and Rhoda's jealousy of Virginia. Although that seemed genuine enough at the time, the business of Rhoda's abrupt flight put an entirely new complexion on the matter. After all, Virginia Hatton was indeed involved, however innocently, in the grim climax to his mission, which would end in a few days now. He was sure that Virginia was not aware of the fact; he was not so sure about Rhoda, after tonight. So he plodded on toward the river, toward the Temple of Shiva, and the green compound of the district officer beyond—the bungalow of Reginald Hatton, Virginia's brother.

The man who was following him was an elderly Hindu, whose voluminous white dhoti impeded the progress of his short, swarthy, bare legs. On his head was a faded blue turban and around one shoulder was the sacred double thread of the Twice Born. His wrinkled brown forehead was emblazoned with a scarlet lozenge and triple white lines—the caste marks of a Shiva worshiper. The beggars he passed greeted him with cringing salaams, for he was a Brahman.

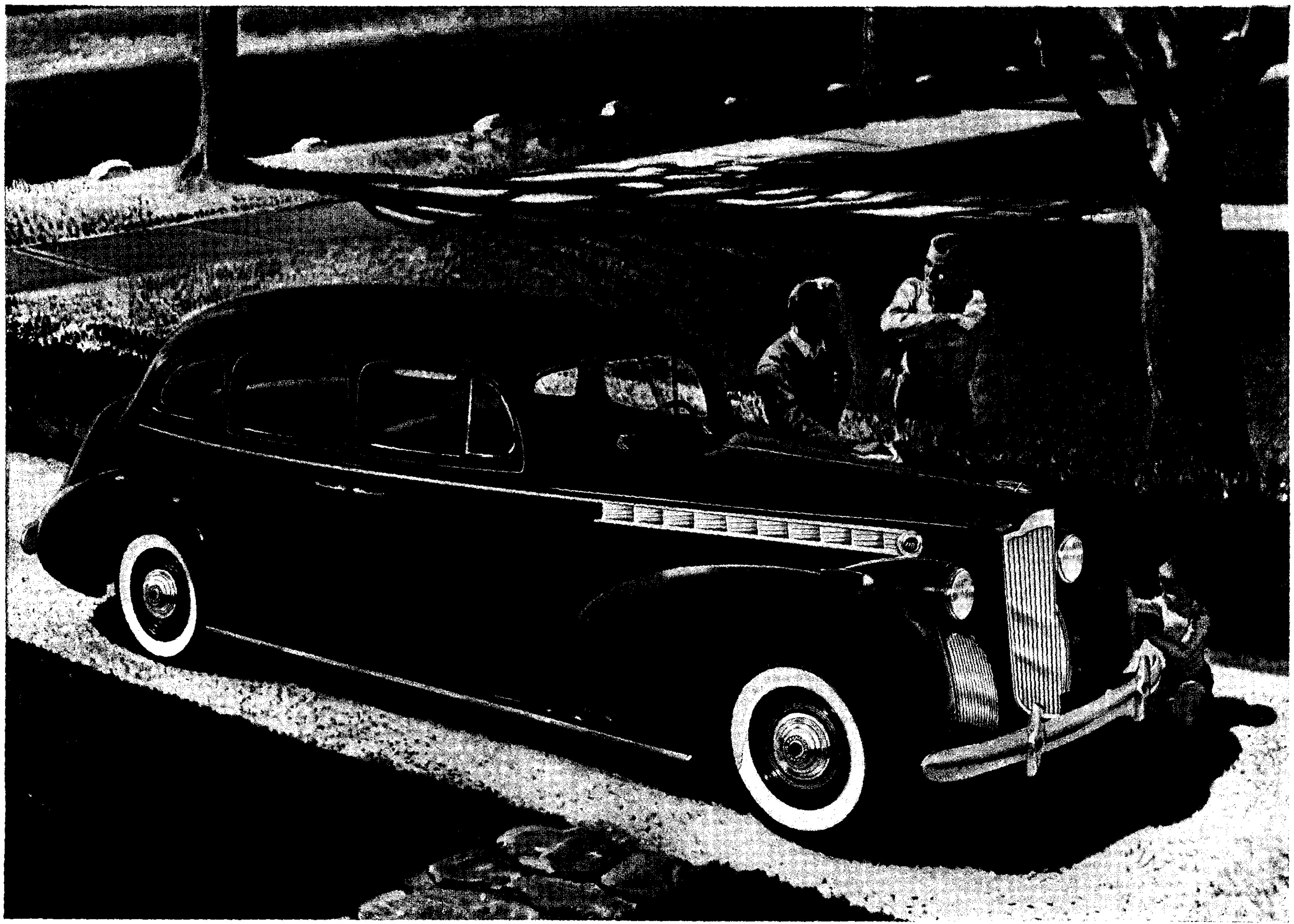
As Fred elbowed his way through the congested streets of the bazaar, the Brahman shortened his handicap to a mere twenty paces. It was slow going, because the bazaar was choked with pilgrims come to Shakkarpur for the Festival of Shivarat. Under the striped awnings of open-front shops, plump brown merchants were doing a thriving business in palm-leaf fans, Hindu rosaries of carved sandalwood beads, ghee-soaked sweetmeats and wreaths of jasmine blossoms. Then, as the crowds grew thicker and the traffic was complicated by an occasional sacred cow, its painted horns bedecked with flowers, Fred at last became aware that he was being followed.

HE DID not see the Brahman for several minutes, but he knew someone was following, partly by the eyes of the shopkeepers he passed—the covert glances of a Bunya money-changer or other street merchant that slipped instantly from Fred's own face to someone behind him.

Fred slackened his pace. He could do so naturally, because he was approaching the main gate of the temple, and the surging crowd of pilgrims was packed solid, watching some minor preliminary rites to the celebration of Shivarat. The light from fifty torches sent bizarre shadows wavering up over the great, sweeping gate tower until they died in the night. The glittering howdah of a ceremonial elephant swayed above the mosaic of bobbing turbans. Suddenly Fred stopped, turned, reached back to grab the Brahman by one shoulder.

The Brahman drew back in a movement of retreat, but his knees refused him. He recovered himself quickly.

(Continued on page 68)



Illustrated: 1940 Packard One-Ten Touring Sedan, $990 (white sidewall tires extra)*

"Doesn't a big car like that cost a lot to run?"

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, Packard owners are being asked this question.

And their answers are selling still more Packards! For, out of their own experience, they have found that this stunning and distinctive Packard, big and roomy as it is, costs little or no more to operate than many of the so-called "economy cars."

Ask any recent owner, yourself. He'll tell you, happily, that he can hardly believe his own figures on the high mileage he gets from his gasoline. And oil? He'll tell you he can hardly remember when he last had to "add a quart."

He'll tell you, too, that this year's Packard is the finest ever built. Because this is true, a 1940 Packard requires even less servicing than its famous predecessor—which set an enviable reputation for service-free operation. The meticulous way in which the 1940 Packard is made, and the extreme simplicity of its design, account for this.

But when, at long last, your Packard requires any one of the smaller service jobs which every car falls heir to in time, you will get one of the pleasantest surprises of your life!

As evidence, we submit the table below. This table compares Packard charges for the commonest service operations, not with other cars in Packard's price class, but with averaged charges for the country's popular "lowest-priced three." These figures are taken from an impartial flat-rate manual used by over 30,000 garages, coast to coast, and are the latest published figures available.

COMPARISON OF SERVICE CHARGES

Type of Service Operation	Average charge Packard 110	"Lowest-priced three"
Service brakes, adjust complete	$2.70	$2.53
Re-line and adjust brakes, 4 wheels	13.65	12.81
Clean and adjust carburetor	2.40	2.43
Tune engine	4.75	4.07
Piston rings—re-new all, align rods	23.65	24.12
Carbon and valve job	13.00	13.98
Front wheel toe-in, check and adjust	1.25	1.02
Clutch, pedal clearance, adjust	.50	.53
Fan belt, renew	1.90	1.57

Special Note: These prices, being *average* costs, may be somewhat higher or lower in your city because of local conditions, but they do illustrate the small difference in upkeep expense between Packard and much smaller cars.

All these figures represent *complete* costs. And when you consider that this Packard is a larger . . . heavier . . . huskier car than *any* of the cars it is compared with here, you'll agree that Packard operating charges are *amazingly* low. So—with Packard upkeep so modest, and the 1940 car at a new high in quality (Ask the man who's bought one!), why put off owning the proudest name in motoring?

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

$867

AND UP. *Packard 110, $867 and up. Packard 120, $1038 and up. Packard Super-8 160, $1524 and up. Packard Custom Super-8 180, $2228 to $6300. *All prices delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra.*

Firestone CHAMPIONS

WINNERS IN EVERY 1939 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AUTOMOBILE RACE

Firestone
CHAMPION
SAFETY-LOCK CORD
G-R

[illegible] Lock [illegible]. And only Firestone Champion Tires give you this safety feature. That's why I use them exclusively.

Winner, 500-mile Indianapolis Race, 1937 and 1939.

I use Firestone tires because I want longest mileage as well as greatest safety. I have driven them more than 1,500,000 miles without an accident and broke 290 speed and endurance records.

Ab Jenkins

Mayor of Salt Lake City, Utah, and World's Safest Driver. Holds *more records than any other driver*

I wouldn't drive in a Pike's Peak Climb without Firestone Champion Tires on my car. That Gear-Grip tread *always* holds the road. They are the *only* tires I'll trust with my life.

Louis Unser

Only man ever to win the annual Pike's Peak Climb five times

It takes *the strongest tires made* to withstand the terrific impact of a high-speed landing. That's why I use Firestone Tires on my racing planes and on my automobiles.

Roscoe Turner

Only 3-time winner of Thompson Trophy Race and holder of *more air speed records than any other pilot in the world*

All tires are *not* alike. Firestone Champion Tires have patented and exclusive construction features which protect my life against blowouts and skidding and deliver longest mileage.

Mauri Rose

Winner of the 1939 National Championship Race at Syracuse, New York

THESE world famous drivers **know tires.** Profit from their experiences! Get the patented advantages of Firestone Champion Tires. They have 3,456 sharp-edged angles for greater protection against skidding. They give 11% longer non-skid mileage, 27% stronger bond between tread and cord body, 35% greater heat protection against blowouts than any comparable tire we have ever built. They are the **safest tires that money can buy.** Here's premium performance without premium price. Have your nearby dealer **equip your car today!**

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Pug in an Opera Hat

Continued from page 17

and said, "You don't mind it, Joe. You didn't change so much after all. You don't care what you do just so long as you get the money."

"Well, yes," he said. "I'm not a dummy, Martha, am I?" He couldn't understand the troubled expression on her face. Then he reached into his inside coat pocket and took out the case. He held it open before her.

"Martha," he said and tried to smile, "Martha, from me to you. . . ."

"What's that?"

"A wrist watch . . . for you. . . ."

"Yes, I can see, but what's it for, Joe? What's the occasion?"

"No special occasion. Just like that, Martha. For a token of friendship, let's say." She didn't take her hands away from her bag. The smile on his face slowly faded. "Go on, Martha, take it," he urged. "It's a good watch, twenty-one jewels. . . ."

"No, Joe," she said. "Thanks, but I don't want it." She rose suddenly. "I'm late," she said. "I have to get back to the shop." She hurried away before he could rise or say anything to stop her. She was gone even as he fumbled for words. He sat back in the chair again, holding the case in his hand a moment or two before he remembered to put it back into his pocket.

BLACKIE came walking up to the table. He had seen the whole thing from the bar. "Who is she to put up a front?" he said at once. "She's no chicken herself. She's a widow with a kid nine years old and she runs a two-by-four millinery shop. What does she want? A movie star?"

Joe made a hopeless gesture with his hand to make him stop. "I'm not blaming her," he said. "If she don't want to go around with me, she don't have to. Don't knock her."

"I'm not knocking her," Blackie said, "but who is she to get so particular? When her husband was alive, he played the Broadway rackets, didn't he? He worked all the angles. She never went out in the first place with guys that had college degrees. What's she getting so fussy now for?" He protested but secretly he was relieved it had all turned out this way. "Listen, Joe," he said. "Forget it. Take your mind off her. You got a fight tomorrow night. You got serious business coming up. . . ."

"I don't know, Blackie," he said, but he was really talking to himself. "I can't understand it."

His voice seemed altogether forlorn with disappointment. Blackie kept silent. The drinks stayed on the table untouched. Joe sat sunk in thought a long time, turning over in his mind the things she had said to him. A prize fighter didn't have to be a mug just because he was a fighter, Joe told himself. He thought of Tunney married to a society girl, of Dempsey with his restaurant, and then suddenly he looked up.

"Blackie," he said and wet his lips with his tongue, "Blackie, what's the odds on this kid Bisco? You know?"

"On Bisco? What do you care what the price on him is?"

"No, I mean the kid. What are they asking on him to win?"

Blackie looked at him, beginning to understand. "Two to one," he said eagerly. "Maybe better. See, he might be a good strong kid with a sock to him but he's a beginner. He don't figure to win. Everybody knows you can take him."

"All right," Joe said. "He wins the fight tomorrow night."

"He wins?"

"I'll make it look good, don't worry, but he wins."

Blackie hitched his chair closer to the table. "Now you're talking," he said. "Now you got some sense." He'd be having a nice bet on Bisco himself. It was sure money in the bank. "We'll both cash in a sweet piece of change for ourselves. Joe, how much do you want me to put on him for you?"

"I don't know exactly. Ten, eleven thousand. Can you spread it around?"

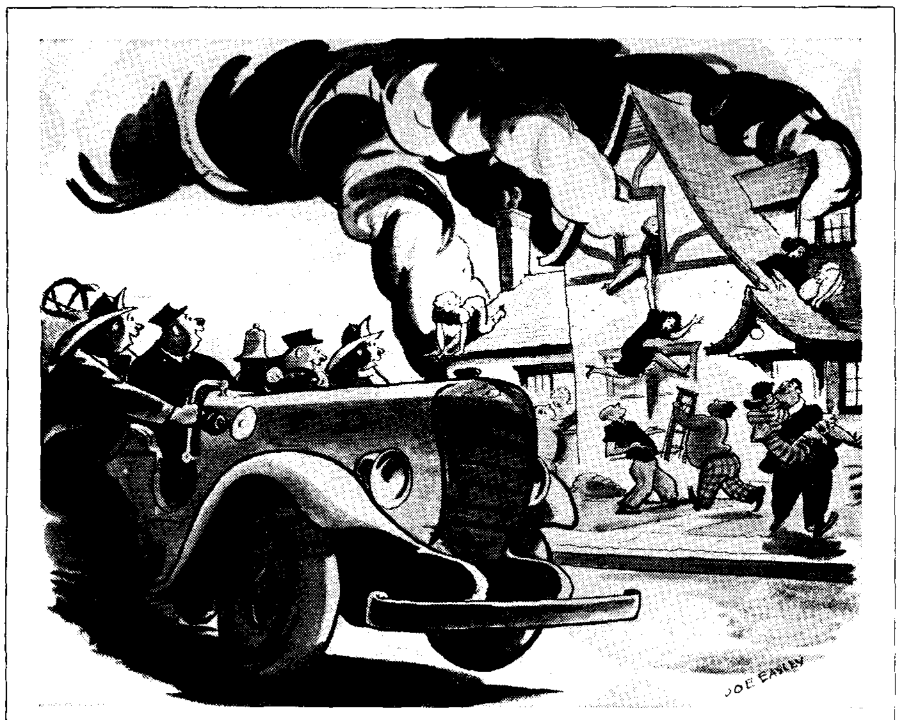
Blackie whistled. "Why so much?" he asked. "That's pretty near every cent you got, ain't it?"

"Yes. Can you place it all for me, Blackie?"

"There's ways. I can place it. I got plenty practice placing that kind of bet but tell me, Joe, what's the matter? You thinking of retiring or what?"

"That's right," Joe said. "You said it. I'm quitting the fight game permanent."

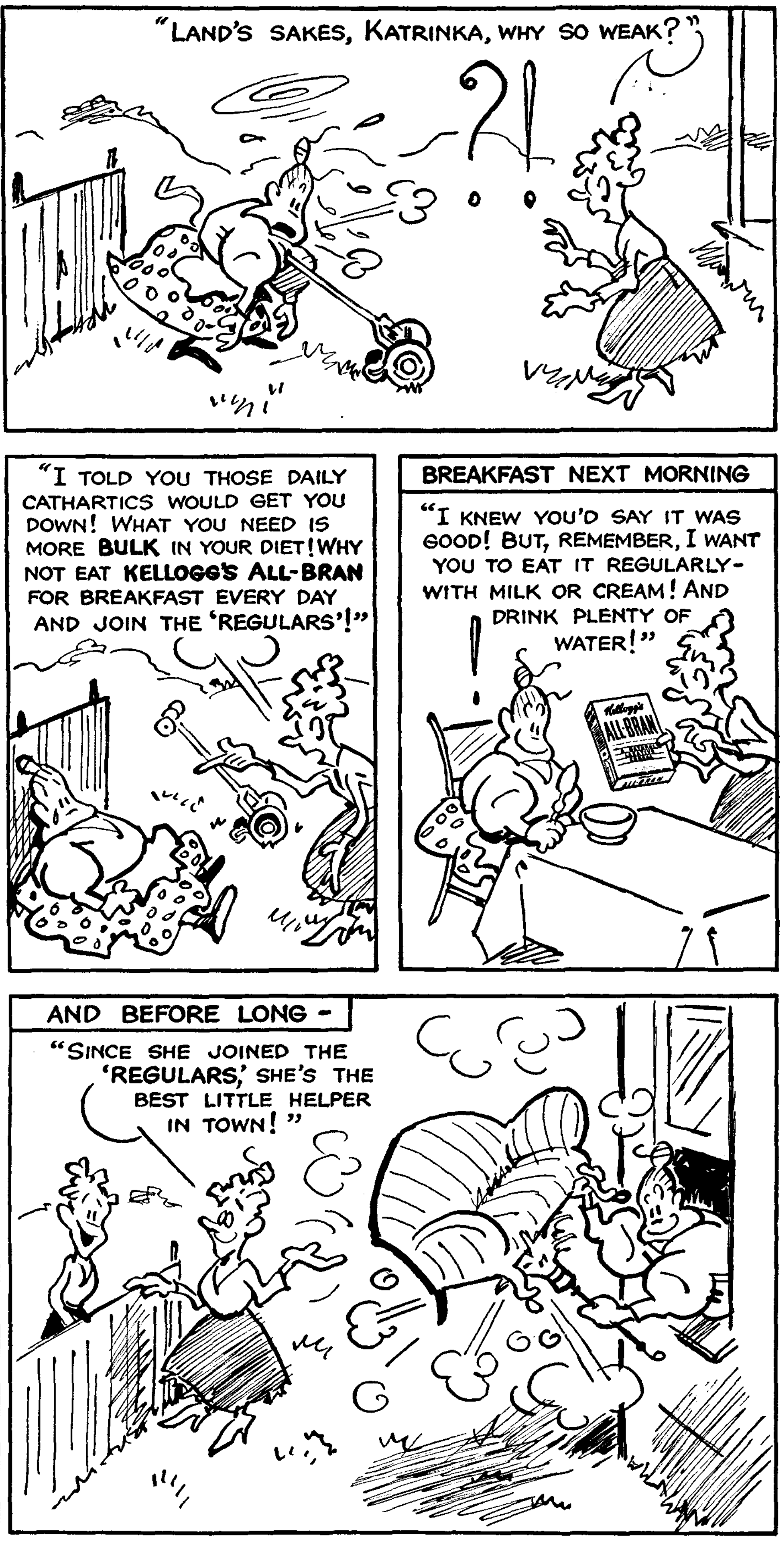
Blackie stared at him to see if he



"Boy, that's a honey! Why don't *we* get fires like that?"

JOE EASLEY

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA —by Fontaine Fox


"LAND'S SAKES, KATRINKA, WHY SO WEAK?"
?!
"I TOLD YOU THOSE DAILY CATHARTICS WOULD GET YOU DOWN! WHAT YOU NEED IS MORE BULK IN YOUR DIET! WHY NOT EAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST EVERY DAY AND JOIN THE 'REGULARS'!"
BREAKFAST NEXT MORNING
"I KNEW YOU'D SAY IT WAS GOOD! BUT, REMEMBER, I WANT YOU TO EAT IT REGULARLY-WITH MILK OR CREAM! AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER!"
!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
AND BEFORE LONG -
"SINCE SHE JOINED THE 'REGULARS,' SHE'S THE BEST LITTLE HELPER IN TOWN!"

IS there a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to "cure" it later? There is, if it's the common kind (due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet). Get at the *cause* and *prevent* the trouble with a delicious cereal—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

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really meant it. "Why?" he asked. "Hey, Joe, what's the idea? What the hell do you want to quit for?"

He couldn't see it at all but Joe didn't answer for a moment. He got up to leave, feeling good and hopeful again. If he retired, if he went into some other line of business, if people showed him respect the way they did Tunney and Dempsey, then what possible objections could she still have to him?

He meant to stay away from her until after the fight, after the papers announced his retirement, but he couldn't stop thinking about her. The next afternoon, while he was supposed to be taking his nap before the fight, he went out to see her, pretending that he wanted to give her some tickets. He knew she didn't generally go to fights and he certainly wouldn't enjoy having her watch him get razzed in this one, but the tickets were only an excuse. A minute after he had put them down on a table in her millinery shop, he found himself blurting out everything to her. In his eager rush to tell her the news, he explained about Bisco and the bet he had riding on the kid to win. It couldn't miss. He'd have enough to retire for good, he told her. He kept on talking but the expression on her face didn't change. She seemed just as far away as ever.

"Naturally you didn't want to go steady with a guy that was a pug," he said. There were people in the store and he had to speak quietly but his voice was pleading and earnest: "You got a kid. You got to give him a good bringing-up with no bums around. Of course . . ."

"It's not that," she said. "I'm not against fighting. We all have to make our living some way."

"No," he said. "You don't have to say. Listen, Martha, after the little deal on this fight I'll have all the money I'll ever need. I'll open up a swell restaurant like Dempsey's place on Eighth Avenue. I'll be a regular man of business, not a clown no more, not a fighter. . . ." He faltered, wondering. It wasn't any use. Nothing he said seemed to have any effect on her.

HE BIT his lip. He shouldn't have come. "You don't have to make your mind up now," he said. "You can never tell how you'll feel later, you know."

"I can tell," she said dully. "It'll be the same thing now or later. I know, Joe, because when I was married, when my husband was alive, I learned all about it. There are a lot of people who start out poor and get it in them to be ambitious. I know them. They want to get on top. They want cars, clothes, swell apartments, all that, and pretty soon it doesn't matter much what they do or how low they go. The main thing with them is the money, all the time, and it means trouble and misery. It's no good, Joe. I had enough of that. I'm satisfied the way I am."

He looked at her, puzzled. If she was talking about the fight game, he knew what she meant. But he had just told her he was quitting, hadn't he? How could it be the same thing later? He wanted to argue with her but he checked himself. He had talked too much already.

He waited a moment longer then walked out of the shop.

IT HAD been a mistake. If he had had any sense in his head, he would have given his crazy reputation some time to die down a little before going to see Martha, but he told himself it would still be all right. It would be different when she saw him out of the fight game, associating with a better class of people, running his place just as any other businessman did. Joe sat on a rubbing table in the dressing room, his hands already taped, a bathrobe over his shoulders, but he wasn't thinking of the fight.

The door opened and Blackie stuck his head in. "Come on; it's time," he said, fretting. "Stop moping, will you?"

"All right, all right," Joe said. "Keep your shirt on. I know what to do." He slid off the table and followed Blackie out into the hall.

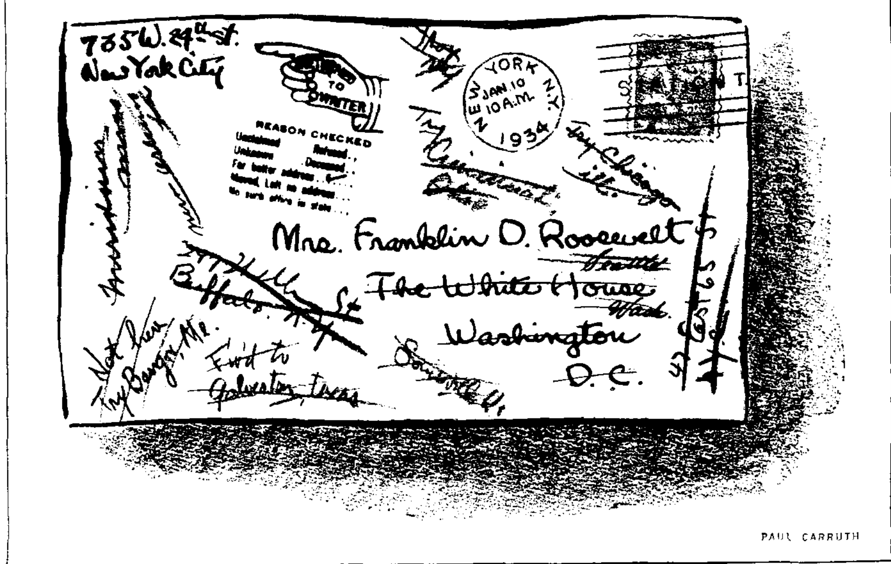
The minute he climbed through the ropes the crowd started razzing him. They welcomed him as though he was some old, familiar joke. He didn't go to his corner but paused in the center of the ring and looked out at them, puzzled and also pained. The boos rose. He felt like talking to them, asking them what was so funny, but instead he waved his hand in disgust and walked to his seat. They kept on laughing and shouting up abuse all the time the gloves were being laced on him, and then when the referee gave them the last-minute instructions. Joe told himself not to mind it. It was the last time. The bell rang and he lumbered out.

Bisco was a six-footer with neat, clean lines. He weighed nearly a hundred and ninety but with his height the proportions could be slick enough. He moved lightly on his feet, dancing a good deal, and he made Joe look all the clumsier by comparison. At first Joe tried to spar with him, dancing too, but a roar of ridicule went up from the crowd and he stopped. He knew he didn't look so good when he tried to box. He plodded forward stubbornly, trying to find the boy. Bisco kept away, pecking and jabbing. The round was over before a half-dozen decent blows were thrown.

"Mix it," Blackie said, back in the corner. "Get him in close."

"He's scared," Joe said. "Wait a while. I can't do nothing until he gets ready to fight."

He let the boy catch him at will and when he countered, he kept the steam



Ever notice how the girls with sweet*hearts* are the girls with sweet *breaths*. Before dates, sweeten your breath with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS.

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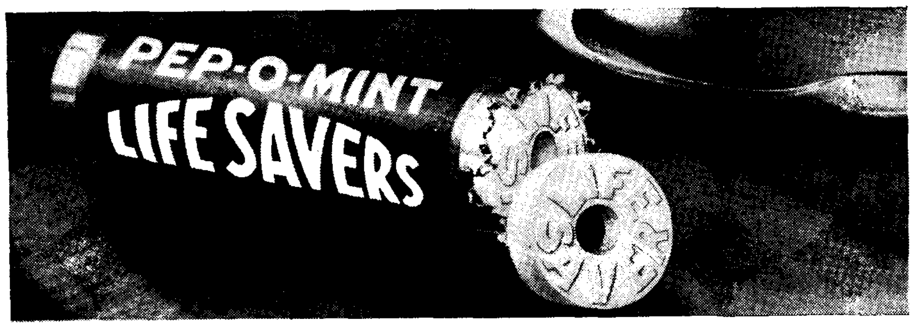

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It's the *front runner* in traffic . . . quick as a magician's trick . . . out-accelerating all other low-priced cars!

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$659 **AND UP,** **at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Bumper guards—extra on Master 85 Series.*

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AN IMPROVED GASOLINE TO GIVE YOU—

QUICKER STARTS! In the coldest weather, the stepped-up volatility of 1940 *Fire-Chief* whips the engine into instant action, at the first touch on your starter.

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A gasoline noted for its smooth anti-knock qualities, *Fire-Chief,* with its quicker starts and faster warm-ups, offers outstanding value at the regular gasoline price. Try a tankful today!

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out of his punches or else aimed high for the chest or arms. He didn't hurt him but it wasn't until the fourth that Bisco began to open up. The boy let a heavy right loose that drove home with a thud; then he waded in and threw leather in earnest. Joe took it. He backed slowly away but the boy swarmed all over him. The crowd yelled with delight. It was the first real mix-up of the evening but it didn't stop until the bell rang and it made them happy to see the kid shellac Joe.

Blackie's eyes were shining anxiously as he fussed over Joe in the corner. "That's it," he whispered. "Let him wallop you, Joe. Give him a couple more good shots at you and then you can go down."

The naked greed in his tight face was ugly to see. "Aw, shut up," Joe said. He tasted blood in his mouth and knew he had been hit. He turned away from Blackie and let his gaze wander over the crowd. They loved it. He could hear them still crowing with glee during the wait and he cursed them silently. When he was winning a fight, they yelled fake and said he was taking on setup bums. And when he was getting licked, they called him a yellow-bellied bum himself. Joe hated them. He forgot about the money for a while and thought only of the casual contempt they all had for him. When the bell rang, Blackie had to cry out and shove him before he moved in.

The boy came sailing toward him still pulling his tights up with his gloved hands. He had a cocky, sure smirk on his good-looking face and went after Joe hammer and tongs from the outset. The crowd whooped as they saw Bisco having it all his own way again. The boy was strong. He piled away at the body and at the face, the blows coming one after the other. He hit so fast that Joe was half blinded. He couldn't get his breath under that barrage but he stood up and took it. His face grew splotched with blood as the old cuts began to open. Those body smashes were solid and left him sick and gasping. Bisco flailed him mercilessly with both hands, not bothering with a defense now, but Joe didn't try to go in. He stood up patiently, grimly, absorbing all the punishment Bisco handed out.

The fans shrieked and screamed with joy the longer the slaughter kept up, and when the bell finally rang they didn't cheer Joe for the stand he had made. There wasn't even any applause for Bisco. They just sat back and laughed. They had had a good time. When it was Joe Martin in the ring, it wasn't really a prize fight. It was a circus, some lunatic show that you watched for the fun of it, that wasn't worth respect or serious attention.

Blackie was frantic. It was all he could do to keep from yelling out loud at Joe.

"Drop!" he whispered fiercely, his face all pinched up. "Fall down! What are you waiting for?"

Joe rested heavily against the ropes, his legs sprawled out. "Shut up," he said, still fighting for breath. "Don't worry. I got to make it look good, don't I?"

"Look good? He's doing plenty to you. He's killing you!"

Joe looked out at the crowd. "They don't think so," he said bitterly. "They don't think I'm taking anything at all."

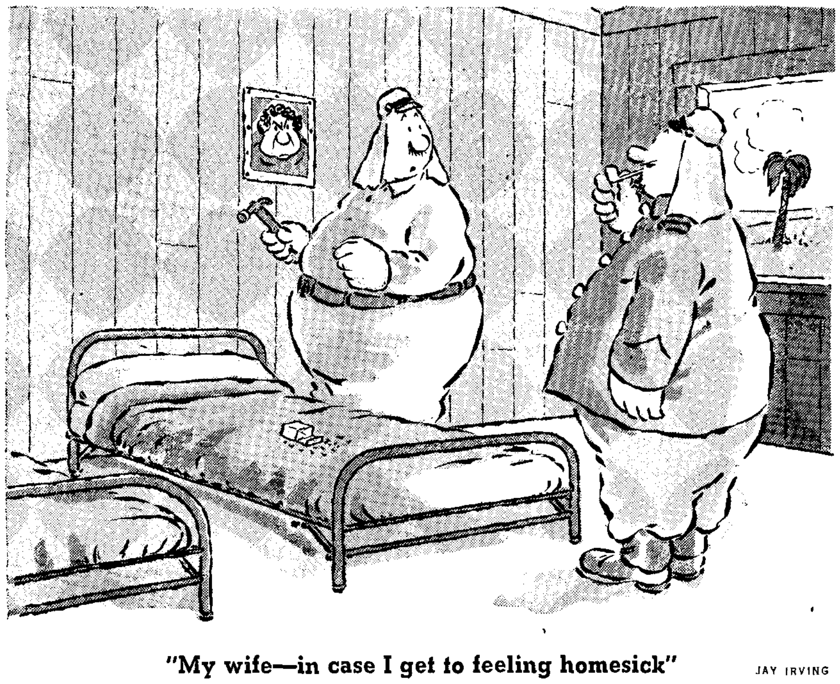
"The hell with them!" Blackie cried. "What are you worrying about them for? You drop! That kid's wearing himself out just hitting you. You drop quick or he won't be able to land hard enough to knock down a baby!"

"All right," Joe said wearily and closed his eyes. "Can it. I'll go out there now and drop."

THE fans stirred restlessly and then let out an excited roar of expectation as the sixth began. Bisco came rushing headlong, meaning to finish it now, and he pelted Joe with a shower of straight, stinging blows. Joe had to cover his head with his arms and he reeled blindly on his legs under the battering but a sort of stubbornness made it hard for him to go down.

The crowd kept up a steady din that went shriller with each moment. Joe heard the savage relish in their cries and shouts and wondered at it. It made him feel sickeningly bewildered inside of him. Didn't the punishment he was taking mean anything to them? If it had been any other fighter, they would have been long ago yelling out to the referee to stop it. With any other fighter they would have had pity. What was he anyway, some walking, senseless lump that had no feeling in him? Wasn't he a person, a human being? Bisco crashed a staggering right to the jaw and Joe, numb with the despair in him, finally let himself fall.

The crowd whistled and hooted as he went down. Lying on the floor, he heard their smug yowls of satisfaction, of derision. They had come to razz him whether he had won or lost, and he had obliged them perfectly once again by letting a raw kid knock him out. As the referee's arm swung over him, he could hear the names roll out to him—Fat-



"My wife—in case I get to feeling homesick" JAY IRVING

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Are You Beginning to Worry—

About your tires, battery, gas, oil and repair bills?

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The 1940 De Soto has at least 39 important new developments you don't have now.

De Soto offers in most cases 5 to 15 more horsepower. More room, comfort—seats up to 8″ wider. 50% to 65% better road light. Great improvements in steering, shifting. A revolutionary, new FLOATING RIDE!

Until you see and *drive* this lower-priced De Soto you have simply no idea how much pleasure and comfort you are missing...how economical motoring can be. You owe it to yourself to investigate all the things you can get in De Soto that you don't have now. Read the list of important developments.

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THE FEATURES that follow are only a few of the important improvements you get in the big, beautiful, low-priced De Soto.

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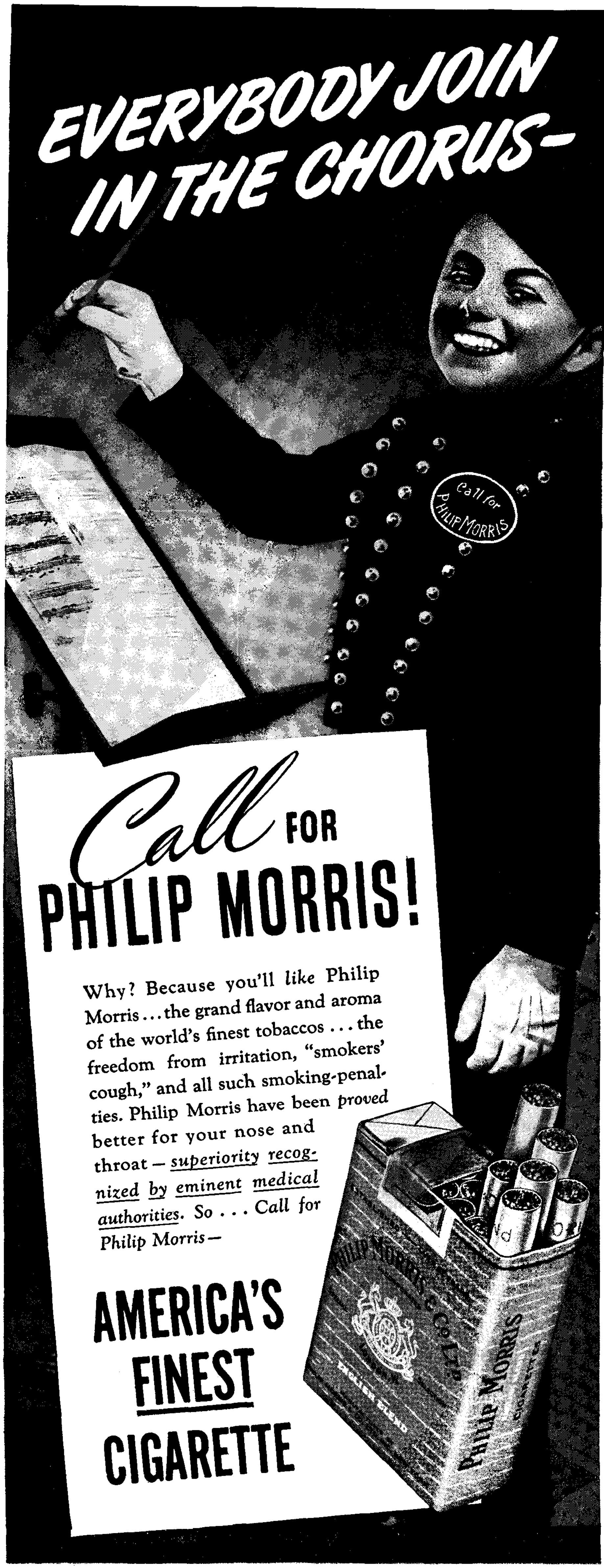

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house, Ten-Ton Truck, Blubber Martin, Gorilla Martin—all the funny, mean, lousy names the fight reporters always used when they wrote about him. Those names suddenly burned into him. They recalled the months and years of ridicule he had lived under and then, almost without realizing what he was doing, he picked himself off the canvas.

Crying with fury, he went after the boy. He no longer bothered with the crowd. The helplessness in him had gone and all he knew was the shame and anger that flooded unbearably through him. He had been a slob long enough. He pursued Bisco relentlessly, slugging with everything he had. For the first time in all his bouts, he held nothing back. He was scheming no deal now and he had forgotten all he had ever learned about working the angles of the fight game. He wanted to smash his opponent down and that was all. Bisco, off guard and mystified, grew panicky. Those punches jolted and hurt.

All the laughter, the cheap, crude insults came back to Joe now. Wretched with humiliation, hating himself, he drove into Bisco as though he were some maniac turned loose, deriving an insane kind of relief from every blow that landed. The boy was rocking on his feet under the wild bombardment, unable to protect himself or get out of Joe's reach. He took a vicious right hook that left him bent double in pain and in another few moments it was all over. Joe hammered rights and lefts into the body until Bisco plunged face forward to the canvas.

Even after the referee had pushed him into a neutral corner, Joe felt the blood race in him. He wasn't finished. He wanted to climb out and take on the crowd, fighting every one of them, but when he turned to face them, he first noticed that they were cheering him. It caught him completely unawares. There was respect, real respect, in that uproar. Joe just stared at them, the anger running out of him as he grew cool again. The referee was already yanking at his wrist and now held his arm up in victory.

THE doctor had stitched his cuts and gone, and now, alone with Blackie, he was getting into his clothes to leave. He moved soberly but he had a sense of well-being within him that he had rarely known. It had taken some time before it came back to him that he had lost his own bet but he found he didn't care very much. The heavy cloud that had kept him low-spirited and ashamed so long was now altogether gone.

Bent over his knees on the chair, Blackie kept pulling on his lips with his fingers as he grieved.

"Screwball," he said miserably as he felt Joe's eyes on him. "Everything they ever said about you, it's true." His voice rose to a wail. "If you were going to do a crazy thing like that, you didn't have to rope me in, did you? I lost good money tonight—eight hundred bucks!"

"Oh, can it," Joe said, hardly listening to him. "Shut up. You made plenty money out of me before, didn't you?" He held a tie in his hands and was about to put it on but instead he suddenly tossed it to the floor. It was a handmade, imported job, but he was better off if he went around with his collar open. It wasn't the fancy clothes. He knew he wasn't so very smart but he saw that much now. Blackie was still whining as Joe got into his coat and walked out.

HE LEFT by the side exit, but as he started alone up the street he heard a woman's voice call him. It was Martha.

"What did you do?" he asked slowly. "Come to the fights?"

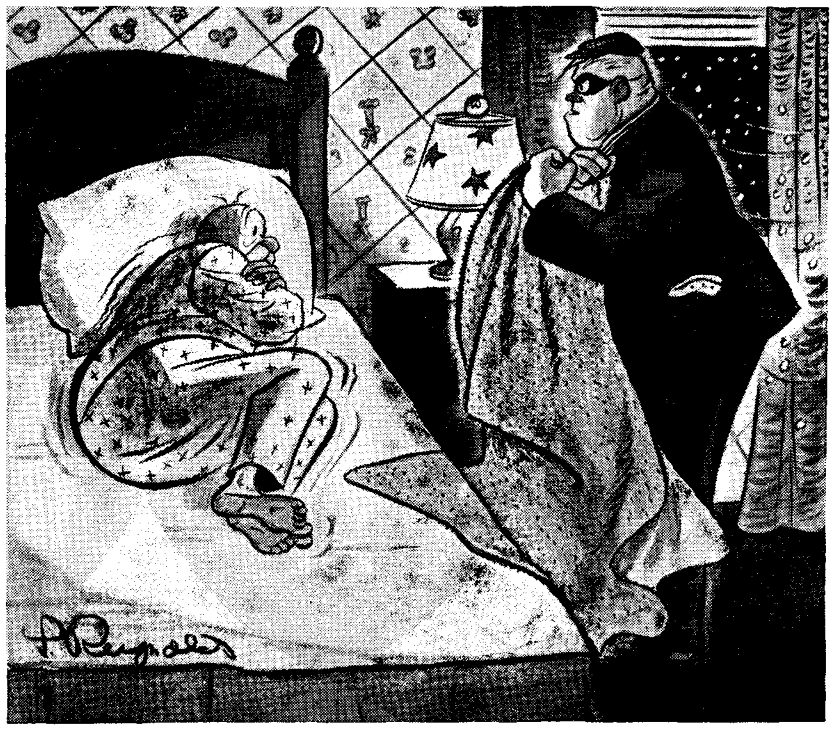
"I was inside, Joe," she said. "I came. I had to because I kept wondering whether you hadn't changed after all. I just wanted to see how you'd lose tonight. But you won . . ." She waited, as if she expected him to say something.

"Yes, I won." He had trouble explaining it himself and he kept his eyes down on the pavement. "I don't know exactly why I did it. I don't know, I guess I was just tired of acting like a bum all my life, of being a bum. . . ." That was as far as he could go, but when he looked up again she was smiling happily at him and there was something in that smile that sent a wave of warmth rushing through him too.

"Come on," she said. "We can't stand here on the street all night. Where were you going when I stopped you?"

"Well, to get a cup of coffee," he said. He was rubbing his face with his hand to hide the expression he knew he had on him. It was hard for him to talk. "I was going to a bean wagon up the block. Of course," he said and managed to smile, "it isn't so very swell or ritzy . . ."

"Oh, come on, Joe," she said and put her arm through his.



"No! Not till you tell me where th' money's hid!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

We're springing
Four new ones
-all Sweethearts!
Another proof that—WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM
1940

This is the Buick SUPER Convertible Phaeton. Like the ROADMASTER Phaeton, it seats six, has five-foot front seat room, with white sidewall tires, underseat heater, defroster and fresh-air intake as standard equipment. Wheel shields extra on SUPER models.

IT was one of those things that just had to happen.

People took one look at our low sleek 1940 SUPER and ROADMASTER models and said, "Wow! What a convertible *that* would make!"

But we had a few things we wanted to do.

We wanted to provide a better ride than the average convertible offers.

We wanted to give our convertibles steadiness others usually lack.

We wanted an automatic top-lifter for our coupes—but one that would let us use our regular, full-weight top material.

So we waited until we had those things before springing these four new Buicks.

Now there is a coupe and a phaeton on both the SUPER and the ROADMASTER chassis.

They're lower, all of them, by nearly two inches — which makes you think you're glued to the road till you see how blithely the swift miles spin by.

They're the softest-riding open cars we've ever driven, thanks to BuiCoil Springing, and new body cross-bracing provides a body rigidity most topless cars have so far lacked.

On coupes, there's a new simplified automatic top-raising mechanism which provides enough power to lift regular, ***full-weight*** top material and which also eliminates the danger of getting fingers caught in the slat irons.

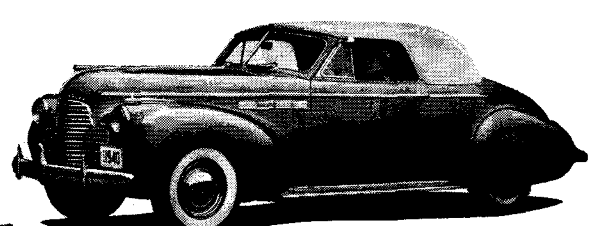
Back window lights are sewed in for weather-tightness and side windows lift against "bang strips" that shut out cold breezes and wind—these are "open" cars that are really ***snug*** with the top up.

All this, of course, doesn't begin to tell the whole story of extra rear-view mirrors, dual sun-visors, better-looking curved rear quarter windows and full-width rear seats in coupes.

Nor does it show you the smart effects you can get with ten body colors, three top colors and a wide range of seat materials to choose from.

It skips over the smoothness of 107- and 141-horsepower Dynaflash engines balanced ***after*** assembly, and all the rest of Buick's six dozen new 1940 features.

But it gives you a hint of why we call these gay sportsters sweethearts — and good reason for dropping in on the nearest Buick dealer soon as you possibly can.



The Buick ROADMASTER Convertible Coupe, with Press-A-Button Top in choice of three colors, five-foot front seat room, white sidewall tires and wheel shields as standard equipment. Also available on SUPER chassis with wheel shields extra.

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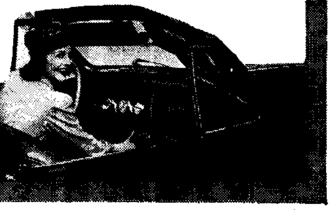
Press a button in either of these new coupes—and the top comes up! Pull a knob, and down it goes! Full-weight top material, sewed-in rear windows to prevent drafts and leaks, no pinched or cut fingers. See your Buick dealer and try it out.



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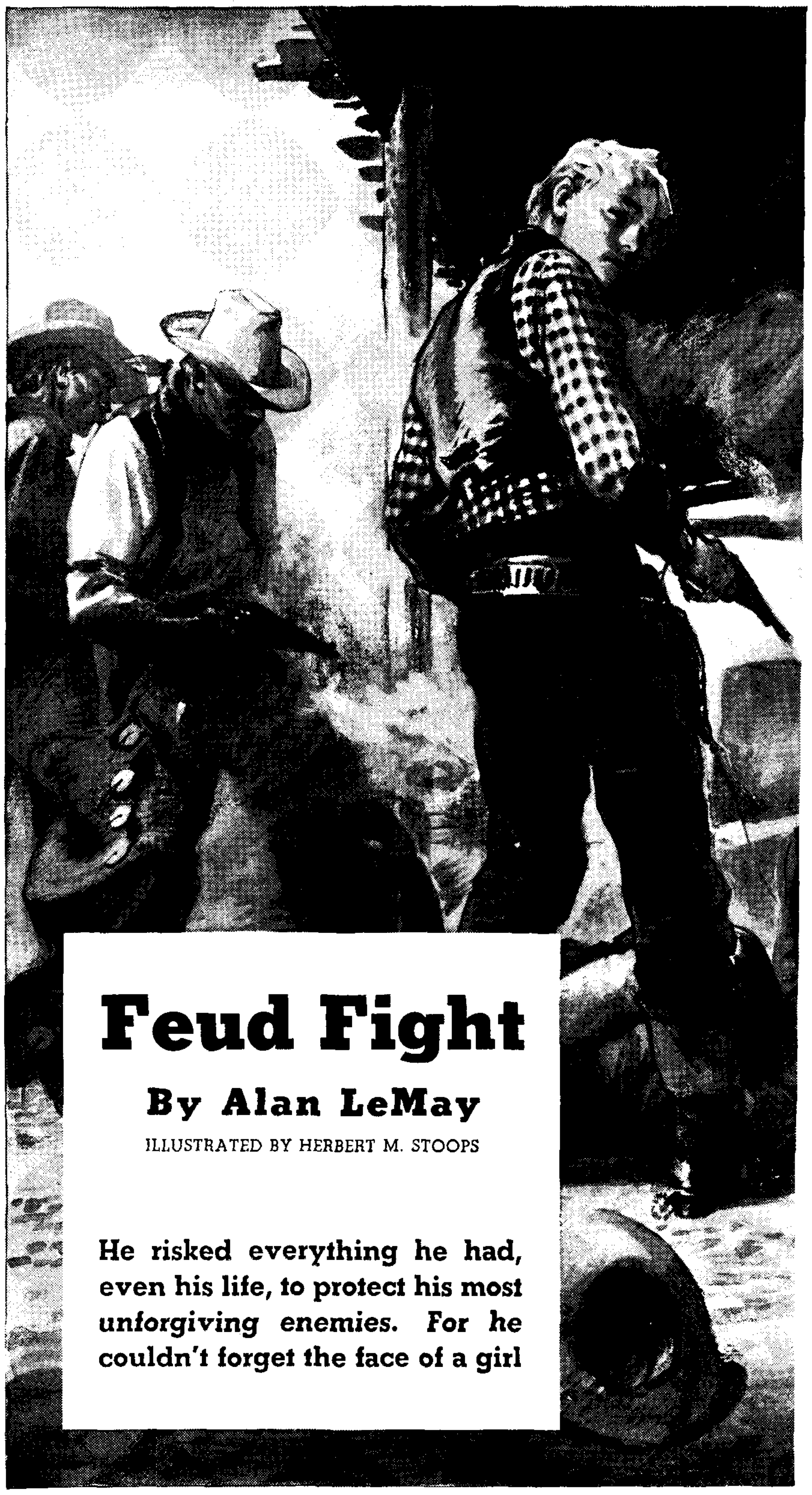
Copr., 1940, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



Feud Fight

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT M. STOOPS

He risked everything he had, even his life, to protect his most unforgiving enemies. For he couldn't forget the face of a girl

HUGH SADLER knew just about what had happened when he saw Slim Hilliard riding in. Slim came jogging along the brink of a crumbling wash, and swung down beside the Flying D's chuck wagon.

"It's started," Slim said. "He's got a big camp of Hat Indians digging post holes across the head of the Little Moccasin. They got pretty near across today. Doesn't take long to finish up the job, knocking in posts a hundred at a clip."

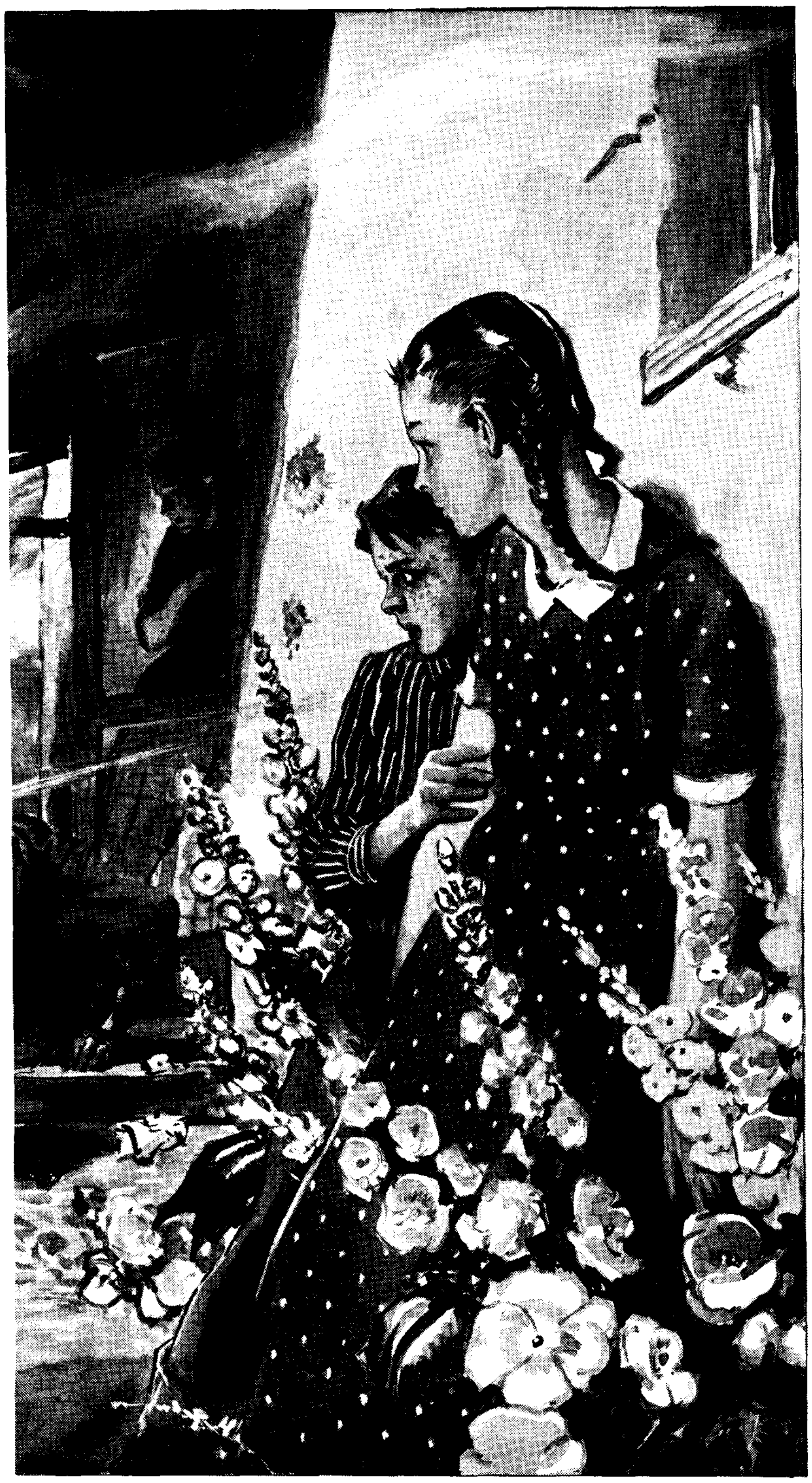
The whole camp waited for Hugh Sadler to blow up, but he didn't. He didn't say anything at all. In a way, the silence with which he took it was more portentous than anything he could have said, for it meant that he had already decided what he would do if this news came in.

This was the right year for a fence play, and the right season, and even the right kind of day to hear about it. Hugh had held two thousand head in the upper plains of the Sisaquoin as long as he dared, and now had them on the move through the weirdly unseasonable warmth of a Chinook.

The warm winds sent the prairie snows rushing off in gulches usually dry, and turned the flats into vast beds of mud. The weak cattle wanted to lie down in the mud, and once down they could hardly be got up. When finally prodded onto the trail they were in an angry mood, and fought all day long.

As if there wasn't mud enough, it had now begun to rain. Cowboys and livestock wrangled at each other in a good old-fashioned drizzle-drozzle—all day, all night, all the next day—and the only end to it they could look forward to was a bitter-winded freeze. There was rain in the coffee, rain in the beans, rain running down from saturated shirttails inside everybody's chaparajos. Not a soul had brought a slicker.

Just now most of the cowboys were hunched on their heels about the smudging and sputtering fire, but some few were frankly sprawled on their backs in the muck, certain that they could get no wetter and no filthier than they were. A cou-



ple of these now sat up, but nobody said anything. All of them knew what this move meant. Most of them had ridden for the Flying D for a long time.

They were in for a siege of violence and change. The range could go along for just about so long, its cow outfits thriving in peace, through good years. But the outfits kept growing, their herds swelling with prosperity, just as the big steers filled out and bulged with the strength of the good grass that came on forever. When the outfits had grown enough so that they crowded one another, something had to bust. They had come to one of the bust-ups now.

Hugh Sadler walked a little way out toward the remuda and Indian-signaled the horse wrangler to bring him up a pony. After a minute Alf Reedy, Hugh's foreman, turned his back on the others and walked out to where Hugh stood.

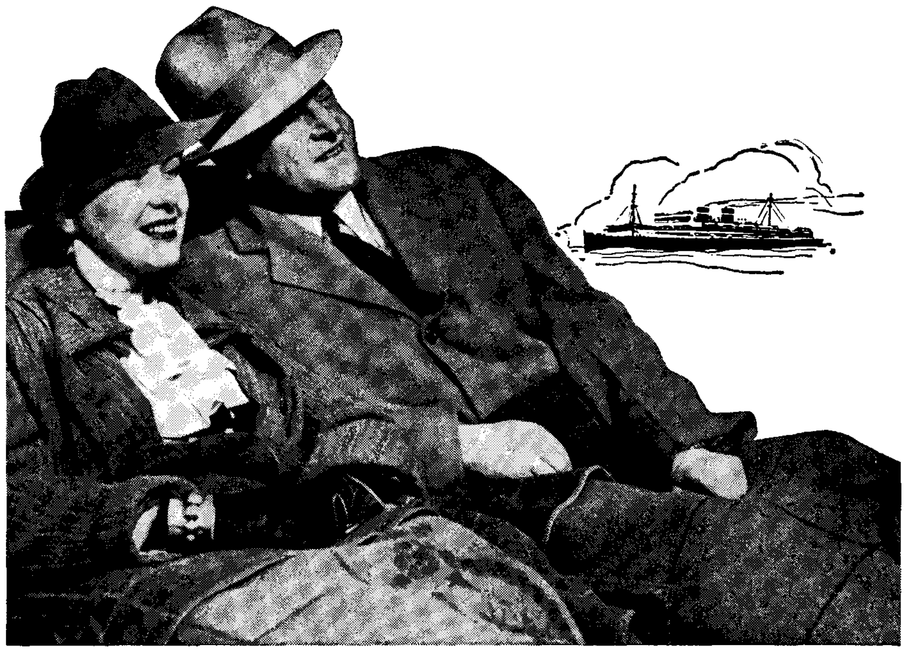
"Hugh," Alf Reedy said, "Hugh, you're a young man yet. Well—twenty-eight is young, to a old buck like me. But you built this outfit up good. Don't you throw it away."

Plainest of all, he remembered the terror in Carolyn's face—stark, white, pitiful terror in the face of a little girl

"I told him," Hugh said, "I wouldn't allow that fence."

Both men knew the reason for Homer Willard's new fence line. That it would touch Flying D land hardly mattered. The cow country was getting crowded; if Willard's Running W was to expand much more, someone had to be crowded out, and the Clintons were the natural pick. Every year the Clintons drove their Circle Dot cattle down the valley of the Little Moccasin to the Bull Elk Breaks; by this drive they saved hundreds of head at the tag end of a bad winter, or gave the cattle a good start in an easy year. Both Hugh Sadler and his foreman knew that Willard had timed his play to cripple the Circle Dot when the Clintons could stand it least.

"Don't throw it away, Hugh," Alf



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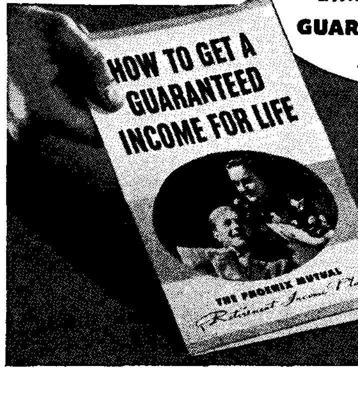

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repeated. "You got a stubborn streak. But stubborn don't win. I've seen you bluff him time and time. But you've bluffed enough. You cain't bluff him now."

"The freeze will hit us any hour," Hugh answered him. "It's too late for the Clintons to swing their drive. If Homer Willard can hold the Little Moccasin fence line, it busts the Circle Dot."

"Sure he can hold it. You cut Willard's wire, you got to fight. They'll git their hayrd stomped to hell and gone, they make a move through that fence. The point is, it's the Clintons this bears down on—not on us. And this is one year we cain't afford to fight no other outfit's fight."

Typical of this lonely range, neither man spoke of legal rights. Futile to look in lawbooks to find out whether or not Willard had a right to close a trail that had always been open; futile to appeal to a chair-bound political appointee ninety miles away, when disaster could so swiftly outrun the slow wheels of what little law they had.

"I know what you're going to say," Alf griped. "You need the Circle Dot for a buffer brand. If the Clintons are squoze out, we're squoze next. I never did see no point to that. And when it comes to now, we ain't in no shape for triflin'. Start trouble with the Running W, and the finish is plain to see."

Hugh said, "Alf, I won't have that fence."

ALF REEDY opened and shut his mouth a few times, in a baffled way. He could have understood it in Hugh's father. Bob Sadler had been hotheaded and slashing reckless, liable to push open battle against any brash odds, and win it too. Hugh had his father's dark brows, long chin and high-boned face; but Hugh was reasonable to the point of easygoing. Raising hell at all costs—like jumping onto Homer Willard's Running W over a fence that was no hurt to the Flying D—that wasn't natural to him. Alf sensed some hidden, strange motive here. It troubled him the more because this was not the first time he had seen something of this kind crop up in Hugh, unexplained.

"Look," he said, taking a reachy liberty, "have you, by any chance, been seeing that Clinton girl?"

Hugh Sadler said mildly, "Well, let's see. The feud fight was nine years ago. She was about eleven, then. I suppose I've seen her since then, maybe six, seven times. But not to speak to, Alf."

"It beats me," Alf mumbled. The horse-wrangling kid brought up Hugh's pony, and they walked back to the fire. Alf threw on Hugh's saddle one-handed, by the horn, while Hugh put on the split-ear bridle. Alf said, "If so chances you aim to go jaw Homer Willard, some more of us better go along."

"Don't aim to jaw him. Just aim to tell him." He stepped into the saddle, and his rein hand was busy quieting the fret of the cold-backed pony as he gave final orders: "Break out your drive three, four hours before daylight. Don't push 'em fast but push 'em steady, and push 'em long. I'm liable to need all hands elsewhere, right short after tomorrow."

Alf Reedy looked as nearly savage as he ever let himself. Cattle were everything, first and last, to Alf. "If the freeze catches 'em laying down, like tomorrow night, before they're into the shelter of the Breaks, we cain't spare no hands for no fence fight. A big share of them dogies is fixing to have to be tailed up by hand. Or else they'll never get up."

"That'll be too bad," Hugh said.

"Just one other thing—I seen the Clintons' Old Man Weatherby. The Clintons taken it in their heads *we're* building that fence." This was Slim Hilliard, belatedly rounding out his report. "Either that, they figure, or else we've throwed in with Homer Willard. They're fit to be tied."

Hugh shrugged. "Well, that's natural."

"You look out for Ted Clinton, Hugh," Alf urged him. "You watch him close, case you meet him on the trail!"

"Ted's all right," Hugh said. "You can't scarcely blame him." He rode away.

Looking after him, Alf Reedy tipped his hat forward to scratch his head. "How come a man so partial to his blood enemies that-a-way?"

An old man, who was trying to keep a pipe going by smoking it upside down said, "The winners generally forgit fust. It's the losers remembers good."

Alf shook his head. "More to it'n that. Got to be. There was something funny about that feud fight, mark me. something funny we don't know, and nobody knows, only Hugh."

They were thinking about the fool things Hugh Sadler had done from year to year—things that sometimes cost him plenty, and had no reason, except that it seemed he was dead set on saving the Clintons from being crowded out. Everybody knew about something like that Hugh had done—except the Clintons, who wouldn't believe it if they heard.

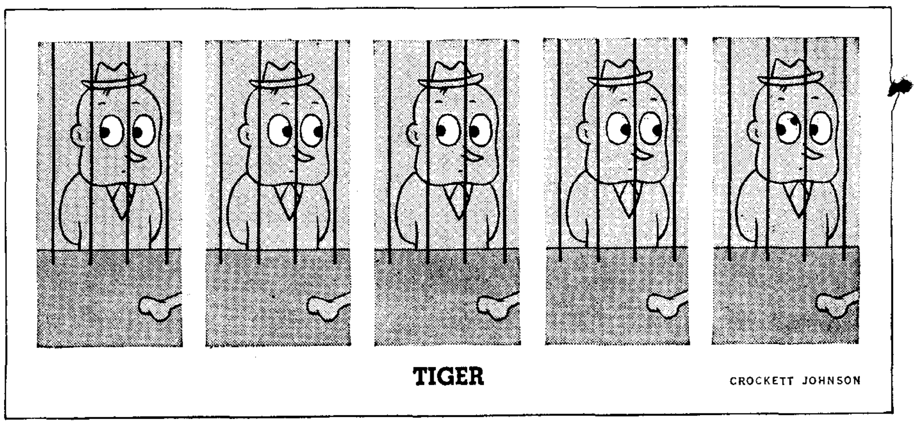
THE cowboys couldn't understand it. Those of them who knew that Hugh never went near the Clinton girl supposed that there must have been some treachery by the Sadlers in the feud fight, so that Hugh was conscience-ridden. Like as if maybe the Sadlers had shot down the Clintons while they had their hands up.

"I wish," Alf Reedy said, "he wouldn't go riding into the Running W layout and raise hell, all alone like that."

As it was to turn out, he was going to get his wish. Hugh Sadler did not reach Homer Willard, nor the home ranch of the Running W, to which he had set out.

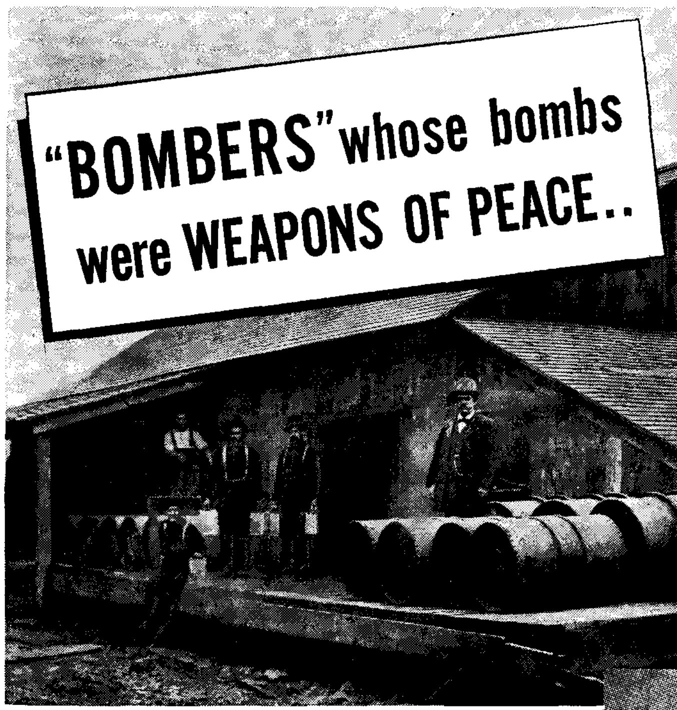
He rode southeast toward the Little Moccasin, over familiar trails. It was coming dusk when Hugh met a two-bronc buckboard on the old Silverpost stage road, and rode no farther.

By the swing of the driver's shoulders to the lurch of his rig, as much as by the horses he drove, Hugh recognized him a long way off. He pulled one buck-gloved hand from his pocket, so that



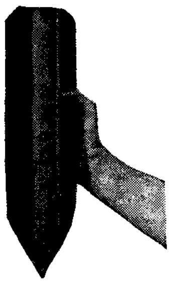
TIGER

CROCKETT JOHNSON


"BOMBERS" whose bombs were WEAPONS OF PEACE..

Like most of the fine arts of the oil industry, the science of "shooting" a well was developed and perfected in the Pennsylvania oil region. This old-time photograph, taken in 1865, shows nitro-glycerin in storage at Bradford, Pennsylvania. Be-whiskered veterans who dropped these "depth-bombs" in the early days, were peace-time bombers who really did some good, for their torpedoes blasted the oil sands and increased the flow of precious Pennsylvania Crude Oil—the world's first crude oil and the crude oil which has always been first in quality and first in public demand.

(*Photo loaned by Oil City Derrick*)



The "Go-Devil"... a "gadget" used in the early days of Pennsylvania Oil. Nitro-glycerin was lowered into the well. The Go-Devil was dropped on the explosive and all hands fled. Like fishermen's wives of old Gloucester, oil men's wives dwelt in constant dread. Here's a morbid jingle of the day:

Some day there'll be a thunder sound;
And scattered far and near,
O'er hill and dale and all around
Will be my husband dear.

•

The area below, touching four states, is the only district in the world producing Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, which is known to be the best raw material in the entire world for making motor oil.

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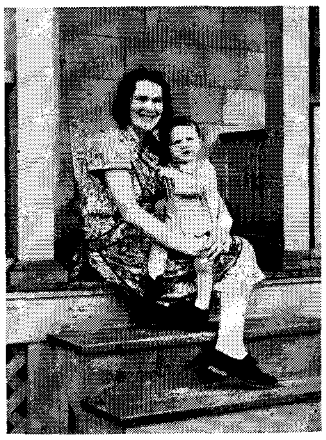

This youngster posing for us on her mother's lap, is Wanda Nason, who represents the fourth generation of Nasons to be concerned with the production of Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Charles Nason, father of young Wanda, is foreman on a "lease" at the old oil town of Gusher, near Warren, Pennsylvania. So were his father and his father's father. Thank you, Nasons, for generations of service and enthusiasm for the world's choicest crude oil.

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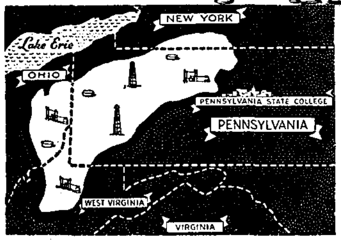

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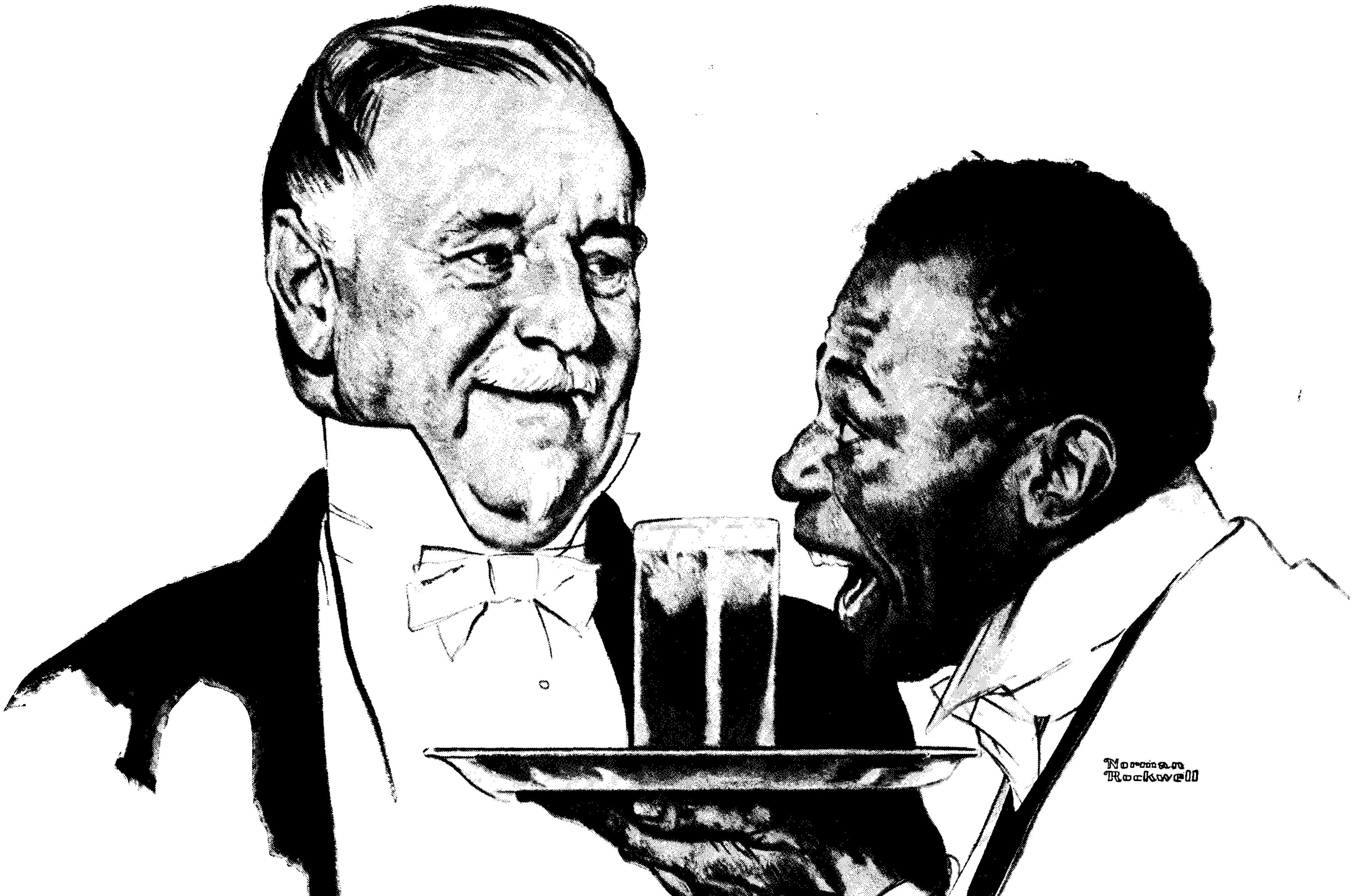
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Most Kentucky Bourbon is *good.* Cream of Kentucky is *superlative.* Selected from the finest whiskey Kentucky ever produced . . . *double-rich* in the character that gives Kentucky Bourbon its world-wide fame.

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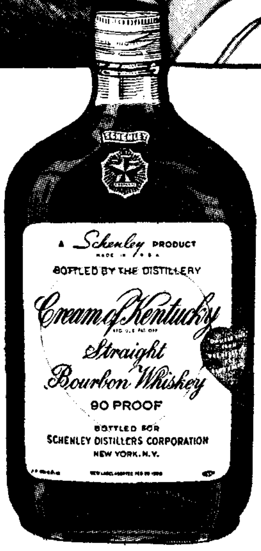
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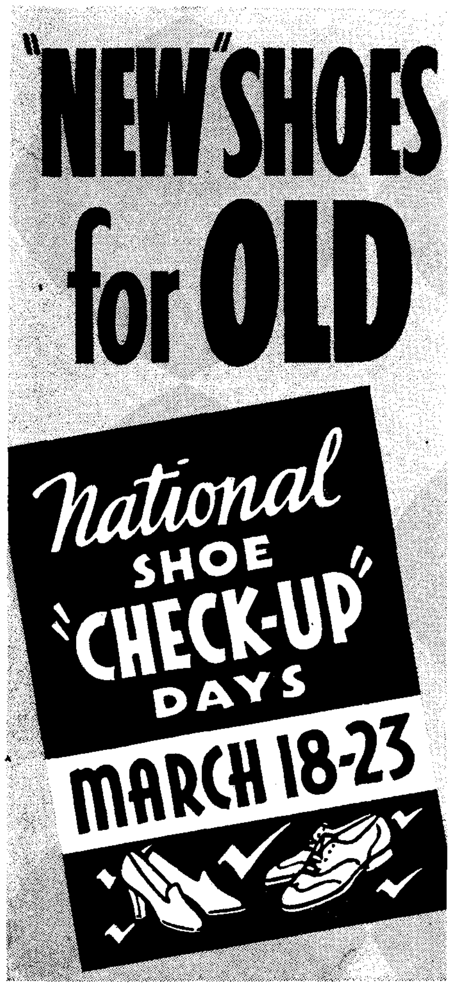
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



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With no cost or obligation to you, your repairman will examine all your old shoes, give you an expert report on their condition, and estimate the cost of fixing them up like new.

An inexpensive *(and invisible!)* halfsoling job here; or a relasting job there; or a new pair of heels, or new laces, or general "reconditioning" —and you'll have a whole wardrobe of usable, wearable, good-looking shoes that might otherwise have been discarded!

Take in the whole family's shoes—from tiny Tad's to Grandad's—and let your shoe repairman show you how he can save your shoes—and save *you* money!

To make sure you get a *good* repairman, choose one who features Goodyear Heels, Soles and other shoe products!

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KEEP SHOES AND FEET STRAIGHT

both would be visible. He carried a long, loose rein, so that his hands were *now together, high on his wishbone,* as he rode. And he kept on, expecting to pass as he and Ted Clinton always passed each other—Ted watching him sidelong and whistling tunelessly to himself, Hugh with eyes straight ahead, without change in expression or his pony's pace.

But Ted Clinton pulled up, hunching the ends of his driving lines under him to free his hands. "All right, Sadler!"

"What do you want, Ted?"

"I've been to the Little Moccasin. I've seen your fence. Take care of yourself!" He swung his shoulders to reach behind the seat, and a carbine whipped up.

Hugh Sadler was saying, "Wait, Ted! Wait—" as the carbine spoke.

Hugh's shoulders cupped forward with a convulsive jerk. He swayed sideways from the saddle, stiffly and pitched into the rutted mud.

For a space of time which he could not have judged but which was actually about an hour, Hugh was mainly aware that he was struggling hard for his breath. When he was conscious, which was not all of the time, he knew that he was bleeding, and that the jolt of the buckboard was tearing at his chances.

By the time they reached the Circle Dot, however, and he lay on a bed in the Clinton house, Sadler knew that Ted Clinton had not finished him this time.

Ted Clinton was standing over him, and beyond Ted was his sister—the two who were all that were left of the Clintons. Hugh had known both of them when they were knee-high to a tall Indian, little as he had seen of them since. When he looked at Ted, Hugh could see Gaylord Clinton. Ted seemed to be about seventeen now; Gay had been only a couple of years older than that when he was killed in the feud fight, nine years ago.

TED was not as tall as Gay had been; he was more rugged in the shoulders, and more snubbed in the nose. And he didn't look as if he laughed as much as Gay; Gay had got more fun out of life than anybody Hugh had ever seen. But Ted recalled Gay in the way he moved, and in the throaty shaping of his words—in a hundred ways you couldn't put *your finger on, but which sometimes* made Gay himself seem to be back there for a minute.

Carolyn Clinton, Ted's sister, said soberly, "Ted, you've all but killed him."

"Reckon my thumb must have slipped on the hammer. God knows I sure aimed to kill him."

"You'll have to ride for Doc Ha[illegible]ersham," Carolyn told her brother. "He can at least probe the bullet out."

"He isn't carrying the bullet, sis. It tumbled sideways. Here—you can see where it took out near the whole side of his coat. Doc can't do nothing."

Hugh Sadler spoke, but faintly, for he could hardly get his breath: "Bum shooting, Ted. You hurried it."

Ted said, through his teeth, "Well, anyway, I took a couple of his ribs."

Carolyn drew her brother away then, and they went out of the room; but Hugh could hear their voices—Carolyn's very low, Ted's angry and impatient.

"We can't take him home, Ted. We don't dare move him, the way he is."

"What if the Flying D cowboys read the trail, and find him here?"

"Read a trail," the girl said, "in all this rain?"

Carolyn Clinton came back to Hugh alone. She stripped off his shirt, bathed and bandaged him, and afterward got him between clean sheets.

So this was the girl, he was thinking, with whom everyone—Homer Willard, Alf Reedy, all of his own outfit, probably—linked his name. He was glad to have *a look at her.*

He could see why people thought of her as a possible reason for what was considered his folly.

There was enough family resemblance between Carolyn and Ted—and Gay Clinton—so that you could see she was their sister all right; but her grave-faced quiet separated her from them so that she didn't suggest them at all. There was a quiet in her eyes as if she had seen a long way ahead for a long time, and had become so used to looking *at what she saw there that she could* look at it without bitterness. Yet it was not an acceptance that was the same as defeat.

For the next hour she was in and out of the room a good deal, and during this time Hugh heard Ted ride away. When his side would let him he watched Carolyn as she came and went, and wondered about her.

He wondered if she were pretty. Often you couldn't tell, with even the prettiest of them, until they smiled. Carolyn didn't look as if she smiled very much.

She *could* laugh, though. He remembered seeing her two years ago—about the last time he had seen her. She had been sitting in a row of cowboys on a fence, watching the bronc-pitching contests over at the settlement, and she was having a good time. She'd been laughing then, all right; it lighted her up and changed her no end. Hugh thought he hadn't ever seen anybody look livelier or more gay.

Toward midnight Ted had not returned. Carolyn came and sat in a rocking chair by the window in the room where Hugh lay. She was watching the sleeting, windy night.

Hugh said, "No call to sit up with me. Better go on to bed."

She allowed herself a brief quirk of a smile. It was the only time she smiled. "You're in my bed."

He managed to grin, not at her, exactly, but in a general way. But the brief flicker of light was gone; nothing in her face answered him.

A little later, listening to the big breathing of the wind in the cottonwoods, he said, "I remember those trees when they were no bigger than my finger; how you used to carry water to *them every day.*"

Carolyn said, in her low, even tones, "You have a good memory." It was as if she had said, "I remember it all; there isn't anything I've forgotten, or expect to forget." And he knew the feud fight was in her mind. He supposed that nothing else could be expected in her mind, when he was within her attention.

So he said now, "I remember a whole lot. I remember too much. Just about the plainest of anything, I remember your face that day. The look on it, I *mean.* Sometimes I've thought I'd just as lief trade places with Gay, to take that look away."

She said strangely, "I remember your face, too."

He wished he knew what that memory was. He couldn't see how his face in that moment of the guns could have shown anything but shock, and compassion, and grief. But he knew it wouldn't get him anything to ask. He closed his eyes, too weak to go on.

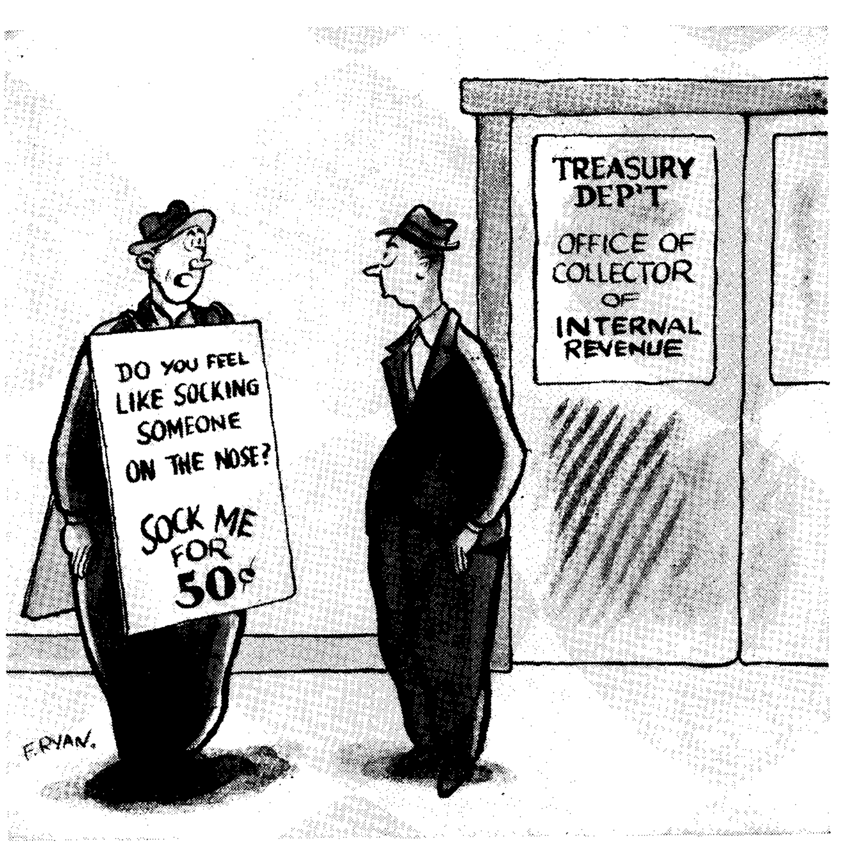
HE WOKE toward morning with his brain cool and clear, and the worst of the trouble in his side was quiet.

He saw at once that Carolyn was still sitting by the window, asleep now, in the rocking chair.

He told himself, "I couldn't have done any different. Even if I knew it would bust the Flying D, I'd have to do the same, if it was to do again."

As he lay there now he was living over the feud fight again, remembering it all, step by step, more clearly than he had remembered it for years. The cause was plain, even to himself; it was Carolyn who made the memories come back. He did not know this girl at all, yet her physical nearness had this peculiar effect. Once while bandaging him she had leaned so close over him that her hair had brushed his face; and instantly he was living the feud fight again, as if it had been today. For the girl had played a part in that fight, where Hugh was concerned, which neither she nor anyone else ever suspected.

Now he was lying in the Clinton house, in Carolyn Clinton's own room. These were the things she lived with and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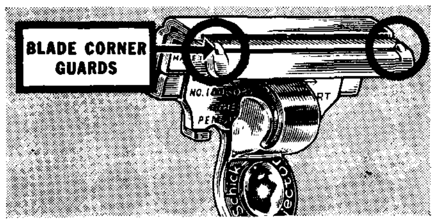
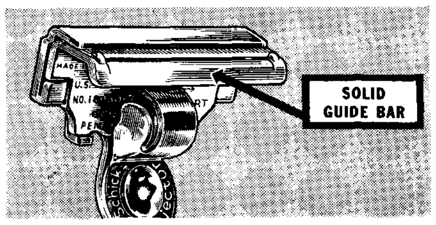
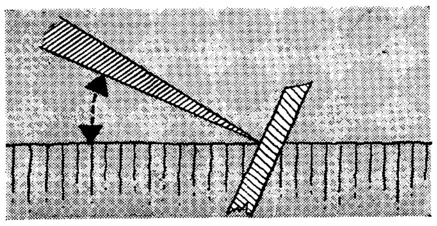


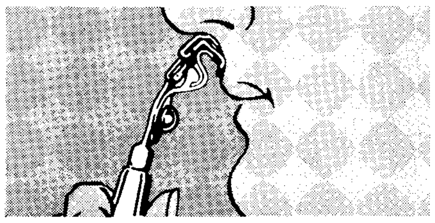
BLADE CORNER GUARDS . . . Among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks and scratches from sharp blade corners. These blade corner guards also help prevent blade vibration.



SOLID GUIDE BAR . . . Schick Injector perfected the solid "toothless" guide bar which controls the "action" of the skin in front of blade edge; avoids nicks and scratches by *flattening* the skin for a *level* blade stroke. You can even shave against the grain in comfort!



NATURAL SHAVING ANGLE . . . In the Schick Injector, the angle between the blade and face is the smallest of any popular razor. Just right for the average man's whiskers according to a leading research institute!



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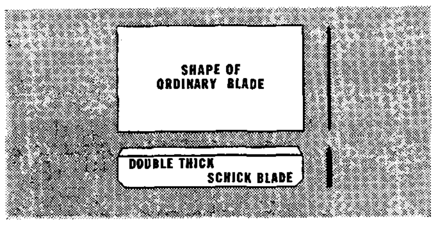

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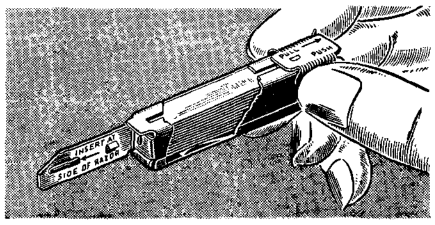

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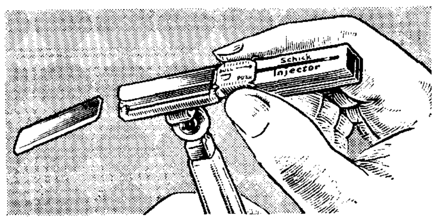
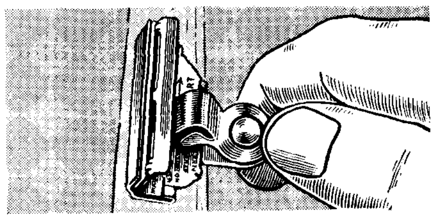
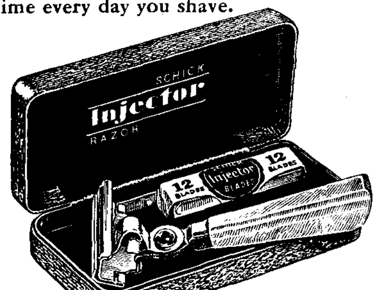


AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE . . . A pull and push on Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly.* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble. Save valuable time every day you shave.



INSTANT CLEANING . . . Nothing to take apart when you clean this razor. A quick flush under the faucet does the trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping is necessary. Another great time saver!



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touched every day, this was the air she breathed. Even the bed on which he lay—his blood must be in its mattress—was her bed. And it was as if his unfired gun were in his hand again, and the smoke from his father's gun and Gay Clinton's was sharp in the sun-baked smell of the air.

The Clintons and the Sadlers should never have fought at all. The two families—both traced back to Kentucky—were of the same breed, the same ways of thinking, the same class; well suited to understand each other. They should have stood together against the range, and for a long time they had.

The difference started between Gay Clinton and Dick Sadler. Dick, a cousin of Hugh's father, was some older than Gay, but just as explosive and free of tongue.

When their quarrel had drawn the families in, Hugh's father had decided it had gone on long enough. He talked Dick out of it; and all three Sadlers had ridden over to the Clintons of a Sunday, with no other intention in the world than to apologize, if necessary, and make peace.

THEY rode into the Clinton layout without any formality, and tied their ponies at the rack that stood out in front of the house, just as they always had done. But the Clinton men, of course, didn't know what they had come for. Through the screen door Hugh Sadler saw Doug Clinton whip his gun belt around him before he stepped out.

Carolyn Clinton was sitting on the floor of the gallery, a lot of hollyhock heads around her. She was ten or eleven then, and her brother Ted was eight, as Hugh had judged it; or maybe both a little younger. Anyway, Carolyn was still playing with dolls. She was making little ladies out of the hollyhock blossoms by tying waistlines with thread, and Ted had been watching her. A whole circle of hollyhock ladies were dancing on the gallery floor.

As Ben Clinton came onto the gallery, his hands still at the gun belt he had just buckled, he tossed the children a curt order to go to the kitchen and stay there. But he was used to being obeyed, and in his preoccupation did not notice that this time he was not. As the Sadlers came up, the Clinton men were standing along the edge of the unrailed gallery, the children forgotten; and a fight that would not have been long remembered if it had happened among saddle tramps in a cow-town saloon was made into something else.

Gay, the irrepressible, spoke first, challenging the Sadlers with a demand to know what was wanted now. Dick snapped back that he didn't have to jump down their throats, and Gay made some mention of varmints. And so in the first minute their voices were up, and nothing could have saved what followed except for the Sadlers to have backed away—which, since they'd never backed up for anybody, they didn't know how to do.

Hugh could still hear his father's voice, plainly, as plainly as if it were here in the room. He was saying, "Easy, Dick! Easy, Dick! Look, Gay—"

He was still saying that when Gay's gun whipped out, fast, faster than those watching for it could have expected. And he had already fired two wild, mad shots at Dick, from so close that it seemed nobody could have missed, when Dick brought him down with the only shot he fired.

Ben Clinton's gun ripped out, but a shot from Hugh's father stopped him in the same instant. He went to pieces from the waist down, and pitched off the gallery.

Doug Clinton had squatted sideways on his heels, to spoil Bob Sadler's shot. What it spoiled was his own draw, and he collapsed there without firing. Then abruptly all guns were still.

Gay Clinton lay on his back, his legs trailing off the gallery. One of Gay's hands was flung out, palm up, and his fingers were slender, almost as graceful as a girl's. A little way from his hand the hollyhock ladies danced. Some of them had been knocked over by the lunkish steel mass of Gay's fallen gun.

After the feud fight the luck seemed to go out of the range, even for the victors. Hugh's father was killed within the year, under a hill stampede; and soon afterward Dick Sadler died under a somersaulting horse. Ben Clinton lived two years, though he never walked again. When he finally died his wife did not long survive him. It was as if the feud fight had turned on all the disaster there was.

The Circle Dot went on, run by old man Weatherby—intensely honest, unquestioningly faithful, with an uncommonly keen judgment of livestock; but even at the time of the fight he had been pretty old, long out of most of his teeth. Only Homer Willard expanded and prospered as expected. Young Hugh Sadler, boss of the Flying D, had a little better than held his own; but old man Weatherby had proved no match for the rapacious owner of the Running W. All of them had reason to remember the feud fight every day of their lives.

But sometimes it is meaningless little things that stick in the mind, and what stuck in Hugh's mind was the hollyhock ladies. Somehow those little pink, flouncing dollies dancing on the barren boards made everything ten times worse. He never again set eyes on a hollyhock without feeling queer.

And plainest of all, he remembered the terror in Carolyn's face—stark, white, pitiful terror, in the face of a little girl.

That was the "something funny" that Hugh's own outfit didn't know about the feud fight. It was what underlay Hugh's folly in giving the Clintons the breaks for a long time afterward, in a way those closest to him could not understand; and earning himself the name of a fool.

And it was why the presence of Carolyn Clinton in the room brought the feud fight back with a keen clarity of detail. For, though no one else might have recognized her, to him she was still identifiably the little girl with the hollyhock ladies, whose whole life the Sadler guns had changed before her eyes, past imagination or recall.

THAT day Hugh was worse, sometimes dizzily fevered. All day long he heard horses coming and going around the Clinton corrals, ridden hard. Something was happening, and happening fast. Ted came, glanced in at Hugh and left again. Old man Weatherby stuck in his bald head once.

Nobody told Hugh anything. He tried to question Carolyn, but learned nothing. Presently he knew he wasn't going to learn anything. He lay as quietly as he could, saving his strength, but his mind fretted to a lather. About his only chance was that Alf Reedy would guess what had happened and look for him here. But the upshot of that would be that Alf Reedy would probably jump down with all hands, and clean out the Clintons in a fight that would be a horror. Hugh didn't know what to hope, except that some miracle would break.

Carolyn was in and out all day. Sometimes she sat on the edge of his bed, and spoon-fed him buttered mush and soup. By these intervals he was able to guess the time of day. He thought, "There couldn't be any lovelier thing than she'd be, if only she were happy. But this house is full of nothing but hate. Hate is what they live and breathe, around here." Then a little later he said, "No; the girl doesn't live hate. I wouldn't blame her if she did, the same as her brother. But she doesn't."

The rain ended that night, and a bitter wind howled over the prairie. Two hours after dark Ted came storming in, his nose blue but his cheekbones ablaze with the bite of the frost; and Hugh picked up his first news of what was happening on the range.

Ted came clanking into the room where Hugh lay, because his sister was there. He disregarded Hugh completely; the wounded man was given a weird sense of not being there at all.

"They've fallen out!" Ted shouted. "The Running W has busted with the Flying D!" Even the set of his boots was triumphant as he stood untying his muffler. "There's been an open fight at the upper end of the Little Moccasin. One of the Running W punchers was hurt, and one of the Flying D—we don't know who or how bad. The Indians that were building the fence have gone home. There's a dead Flying D cow horse by the Moccasin fence, and the Flying D chuck wagon has been left stand over on Dog flats, and the camp broke up."

CAROLYN said, "Did you find out how it started?"

"My horse went home," Hugh said, "that's all."

"We don't know yet," Ted answered his sister. "We don't care a hoot, either! It's just a falling out among thieves, is what. A bunch that's rigging up a dirty deal always goes to pieces when the ringleader drops."

"He's going to get well," Carolyn said.

"Too bad," Ted said. "Look now—I don't know just what we better do. If this thing don't go haywire, it should wipe out the Flying D, and hurt Homer Willard at the same time. I'm aching to throw in and kick the hell out of some of 'em—either side. But all I can see to do now is hold ready, and wait, and try to keep it from getting out Sadler is here."

"If the Flying D is done for," Hugh said, "the Circle Dot is finished too."

Ted ignored half of that, but answered, "You can begin getting used to it. Your Flying D is gone."

"Yes," Hugh said without emotion. "It looks so. But I could save it, and you too, if I could only get up from here."

Carolyn said, "That fence was hanging over us last year, and the year before; when it isn't that it's something else. Year after year, hanging on the ragged edge of ruin—"

Ted said fiercely, "It's always been their game to squeeze us out between them, that's why! The Flying D and the Running W has worked stirrup to stirrup, always, on just that one thing—to force us over the edge. But they've split up now, with their ringleader out. Maybe it's the turning point, sis!"

Hugh said, "I didn't build that fence. It isn't true I threw in with the Running W, Ted, this year or any year. I've fought Willard as hard as you."

"I even caught you riding to Willard's home camp."

"I was going there. I aimed to tell Willard the fence couldn't stand, without he fought me; and it wouldn't have been the first."

"Oh?"

"That's why my cowboys have pitched onto him now," Hugh said. "They knew what I aimed to do. So they blamed Willard when my empty horse came home."

"Well," Ted said with contempt, "you don't mean to tell me."

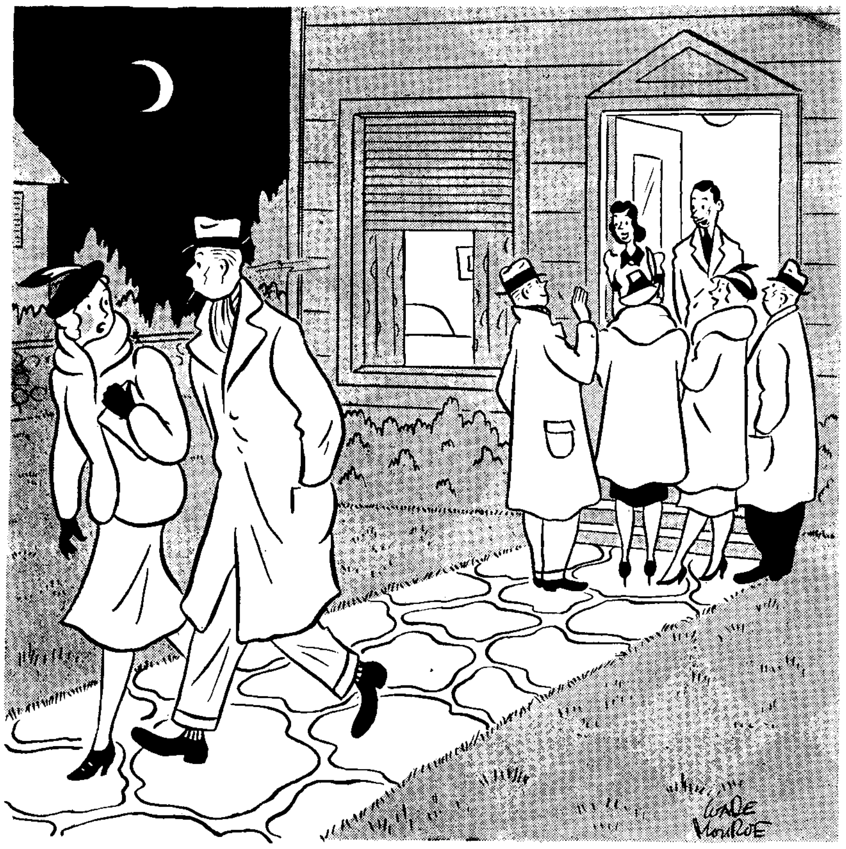
"Willard and I never worked together a day. I've bluffed him when he was stronger than me and knew it, but couldn't bring himself to face the losses he'd take in a war to break me. But he'll break me if you keep me here. After that you'll see fence, you'll see squeeze! The Circle Dot won't outlast the Flying D a year."

"We'll take our chances," Ted answered dryly.

"I can put a check to him, even yet. I can hold off this war, and stop that fence, like I was setting out to stop it when you whacked me off my pony. But I can't do anything unless you let me tell you this—in all my life, I never made one move against the Circle Dot."

"He lies," Ted said, "as easily as he breathes."

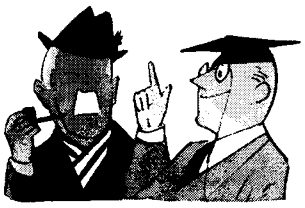
And then Carolyn raised her face to her brother. Her words were so low that



"It's too bad nobody likes them. Everyone always has such good times at their parties"

WADE MONROE

Globe-trotter muffs Quiz!



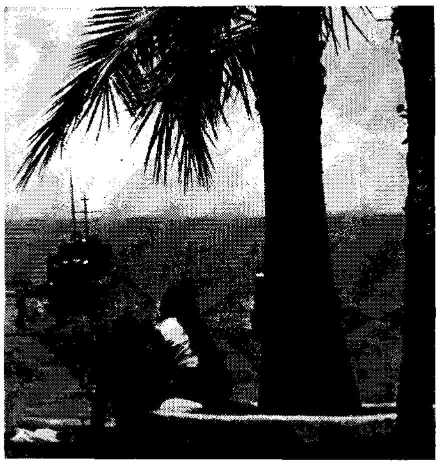
Q. You are Samuel Safari, the famous world-traveler?

A. I am.

Q. Where would you say these photographs were taken?

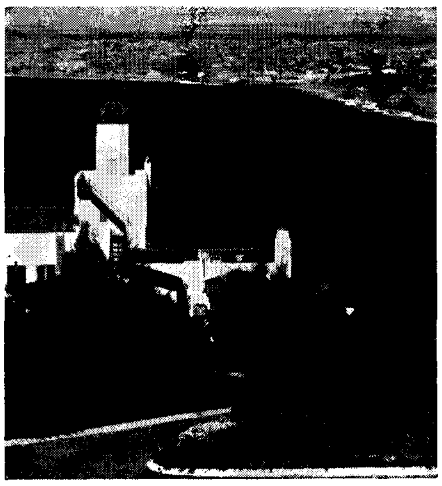
This is easy—the Alps.

Wrong. It's Southern California.



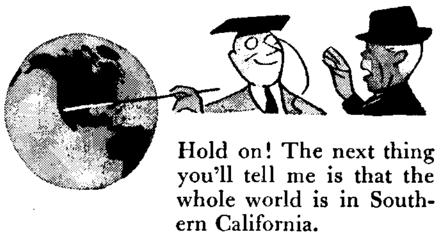
The South Seas?

No indeed. It's Southern California.



That must be the Riviera.

Wrong again. It's Southern California.



Hold on! The next thing you'll tell me is that the whole world is in Southern California.

No indeed! However, the movies find scenery typical of nearly every place on the globe within a few hours of Hollywood.

THANK YOU, PROFESSOR! And we'd like to add that Southern California's contrasting scenery means contrast in everything you do: bask on a soft, white beach, climb tall mountains, see the orange groves, the Missions, the curious industries... Gather with celebrities at Symphonies under the Stars... Regattas, fiestas, broadcasts, premieres... Days are sunny, nights cool... Plan to come *this* summer.

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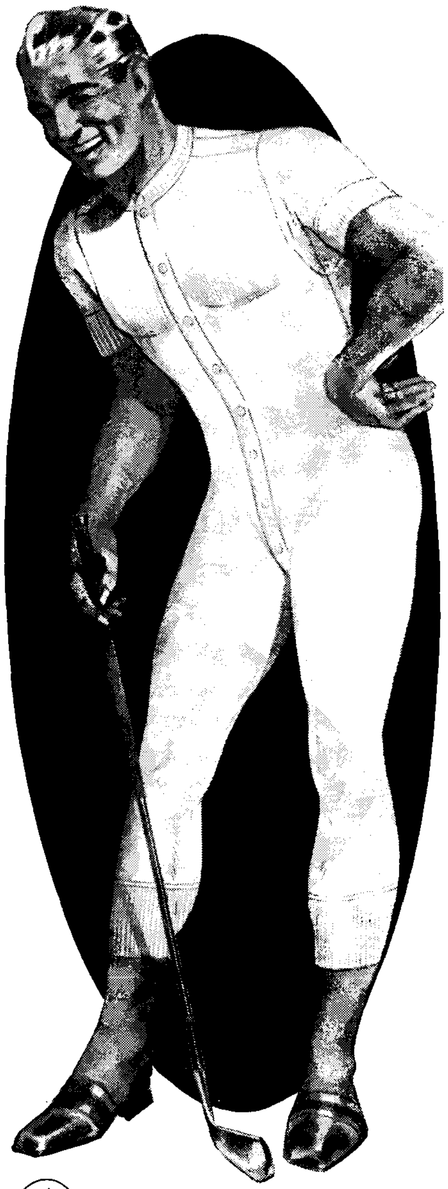

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they could hardly hear her speak; but what she said was dynamite, to them both. She said, "I believe him, Ted."

Brother and sister looked at each other strangely for a long moment. Ted looked as if he'd been hit between the eyes. He shouted, "You gone out of your head?"

Old man Weatherby came hurrying in just then, with the stalking lurch of the aged horseman; and his sunken eyes were alight.

"There's a glow in the sky to the northwest!" In his excitement his words whistled and fuzzed through his toothless gums. "Them Flying D roughheads has hauled coal-oil drums and set fahr to them piles of fence posts!"

Hugh said, "Those boys are forcing on into a showdown. You'll see all hell busted loose by morning."

Ted Clinton's face was bright with a savage elation. "I sure hope so!" He jerked down the brim of his hat and went stomping out, his spurs ringing; and Weatherby followed.

Carolyn called sharply, "Ted, where you going?"

He shouted back, "I've got to know what's going on. I'll sleep at the Cotton Notch Camp, if I get time."

Experimentally, driven by an inner desperation, Hugh Sadler half raised himself, but soon fell back.

She said without expression, "You'd much, much better lie still."

"Willard will seize onto the burning of those posts. He'll claim the Flying D is marked outlaw by that, and pretend to swear in his riders for law deputies. The whole Running W will pile into the saddle. Don't you know all that?"

"Lie quiet, Hugh. There's nothing you could do if you could ride."

"I'll tell you exactly what I could do. I could raise up the Three Bar, and the Rafter Box, and the C77. There's a dozen outfits will stand with me if they can be reached. But Alf Reedy won't send until too late. I know him, and I know he won't send."

"Maybe he will."

"For God's sake," he begged her, "listen to me! Help me get up from here! Get me the buckboard. I can—"

SHE said nothing, and didn't look at him. She was at the window, and he knew she was watching the distant glow of fire. But she shook her head with such finality that he gave up, and closed his eyes.

When he opened them he caught her watching him, and he experienced a shock of surprise, aware that what he had seen in her eyes for an instant was pity. It surprised him that his wound should have that effect. Then suddenly he knew that it was not his wound. This girl was seeing deeper than wounds or dollars, and saw something beyond his reach. He even wondered if she knew about something that was happening on the range that he didn't know.

Her eyes returned to the sky glow; but after a moment she left the window and came to his side.

"Hugh, were you telling the truth?"

"When did any Clinton believe any Sadler?"

"I don't know why I believe you. But I do."

He stared at her, and said nothing.

"I haven't ever understood," Carolyn said, "why Homer Willard twice started that fence, then gave it up. Why did you do it, Hugh?"

He tried no propitiation. "What difference does it make why? I didn't want it there, that's all."

"Why did you buy the Padlock Waterhole from Willard—then leave it open?"

"Some of my stock get over that way, sometimes."

She said slowly, as if to herself, "Every year it's been something, something that none of us could understand or explain. . . . All this long time. . . ."

She was staring at him strangely, so intently that she seemed to have lost all awareness of herself. She did not seem to know it when tears welled up, and ran down the smooth planes of her cheeks.

Suddenly she glanced about her, a little wildly, he thought, and quickly left him. He watched for her to return, but she did not. After a while he thought he heard her go out of the house.

Hugh listened for a long time, but the house remained silent, empty, under the wind. After an hour he got himself into a sitting position, and got his feet to the floor. When he had stood up he leaned against the wall for some minutes before he could trust himself to the open floor.

He found his clothes, and after long effort got into them, though the boots nearly licked him. In a closet he found a rifle, and checked its load. He made it to the door.

There he stopped, and for an interval stood leaning upon the rifle, as still as if he listened. Then his shoulders hunched forward, his knees sagged and he went to the floor slowly, his two hands sliding down the rifle barrel as they slipped their grip.

The Clintons' black cook heard the weapon rattle to the floor. He came and picked Sadler up in his arms, and got him back into the bed.

It was morning, but still dark when Carolyn came in. She came directly to the room where Hugh lay, and turned up the light. She looked cold, and pale with fatigue, as she stood looking down at him, pulling off her gloves. Then she leaned close over him to make sure that he was awake.

"Are you all right?"

He repeated huskily, "All right."

She sat down beside him, and her fingers rubbed her eyes. "I've sent a rider on a blood pony to look for Ted," she told him. Her voice was very tired. "I've raised up the Drakes, and the Rawlinses, and the Gundersons; some of them have gone for the Three Bar and the Lazy K. The bigger half of a hundred cowboys ought to be at your place by now. I sent old man Weatherby with our few boys last night."

"You sent old— Carolyn, what's happened?"

"The Circle Dot is backing the Flying D." Wearily she slid from the chair to the floor, rested her arms on the edge of the bed and laid her head on them. "I'm dead beat, Hugh."

"Why?" He was unable to comprehend or believe. "Carolyn, why have you done this?"

"I don't know why. Any more than I know why I believe you. I guess I've never had much luck at hating you, or blaming you, or even distrusting you, Hugh."

HE THOUGHT about that for a long time, but his amazement at the unforeseen, the unimaginable, did not decrease. "What about Ted?" he asked at last.

"We can't always please everybody, Hugh. He'll come to it in the end."

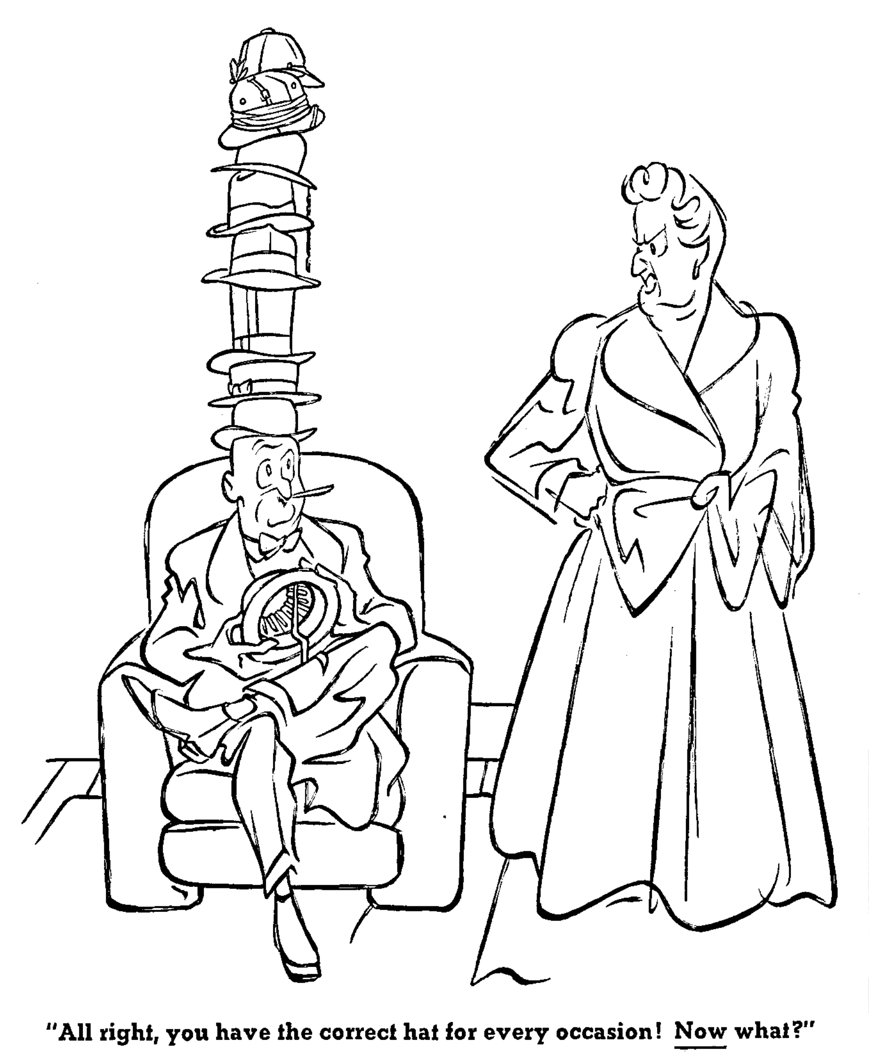
He was quiet for a long time. He couldn't think of anything that seemed adequate to say. But presently he touched her head; and then, perceiving that she seemed to be asleep, he let his fingers rest in her hair.

"This is a miracle," he whispered. "This is an Indian medicine, like nothing ever seen before."

She astonished him by answering him, drowsily, "I think so too."

When he had again overcome surprise he said, "You're the magic in the miracle. You're all the magic there is." But this time she was really asleep.

A little after daylight Ted came up at the gallop. Carolyn's eyes opened, with the slam of the outer door. But she did not change her position, and the quiet of her face did not change, as her brother came storming in, then checked in midstride to stand bewildered.



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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Hornblower and His Majesty

Continued from page 10

raiders and commerce destroyers—nineteen years of war with France had shown that. England would have to grin and bear her losses while the slow process of strangulation went on. What he was concerned about was that the Augusta should not be one of those losses.

"Signal midshipman!" he snapped. "Augusta to Cormorant. Take station one mile to windward."

The gay flags soared up and were acknowledged by the Cormorant. In her station a mile to windward she was interposed between the Augusta and any stray raider who might try to swoop down upon her.

THE Augusta crept out from the shore, and turned down-channel on her cruise. Behind her stretched the cliffs of England, the Seven Sisters and the towering height of Beachy Head. Hornblower looked over at the king and his courtiers. He watched the pathetic, white-haired figure making its way here and there with uncertain steps while the shortsighted blue eyes examined everything, and he came to the conclusion that undoubtedly Manifold was wrong in his notion of the correct treatment. Surely this life, this clean air and these simple distractions were better for a diseased mind than the bleedings and purgatives and solitary confinement which Manifold desired to inflict.

The king's course had brought him close to Hornblower, and the vague blue eyes were studying Hornblower's face again.

"Little Sophia likes the sea," he said.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Hornblower knew that Sophia was the king's favorite daughter, dead these twenty years and more; he had heard of the happy little holidays on the Dorset coast which the king had once enjoyed with his young family. The king's brow wrinkled as he struggled with his memory.

"Little Sophia!" he said. "Where is she now? She was with me a little while ago."

"Her Royal Highness is on a journey, sir," interposed the lord in waiting—there was a perceptible Scotch accent in his voice to match the ribbon of the Thistle which he wore.

"But why? She didn't tell me anything about it," said the king.

"She left the message with me, sir. Her humblest duty and respects, sir, but she did not have time to await Your Majesty's return to say goodby in person. Her Royal Highness will be back again on Tuesday, and meanwhile hopes that Your Majesty will remember to be as quiet and good as if she were here."

"Tuesday," said the king. "Tuesday. It is a long time to wait for little Sophia, but I suppose I must. I will."

HORNBLOWER'S eyes met the lord in waiting's, and Hornblower felt his heart warming suddenly to him. The kindly little deception, the dexterous hint of the need for quiet, showed that this Scottish lord had the sense and tact necessary for his position, and his smile showed that he cherished the same kindly feelings toward the mad king as Hornblower did. Hornblower suddenly ceased to remember how much higher the Order of the Thistle ranked above the Order of the Bath which ornamented his own breast.

"His Majesty," said the lord in waiting, "wishes to command your presence at dinner."

"That gives me great pleasure, sir," said Hornblower.

That was hardly a correct statement, Hornblower found. Not that the dinner was not quite excellent, despite the fact that the royal cooks were flustered and unhandy in their unwonted situation. The food was good, and the service, allowing for the cramped space of the great cabin, efficient. But it did Hornblower's appetite no good to see the king, his table cutlery limited to a spoon, seated with a watchful attendant at each side, and eating as clumsily as a child and daubing his cheeks with bread and milk. So it was almost a relief, despite the foreboding of trouble which it brought him, when a midshipman slipped into the great cabin and whispered in his ear:

"Mr. White's respects, sir, and it's getting thick outside."

Hornblower laid aside his napkin, nodded apologetically to the lord in waiting, and hastened out; it was only when his foot was on the companion that he realized that he had completely forgotten about making his bow to the king.

Outside, as Mr. White had reported, it was undoubtedly getting thick. Long, narrow bands of haze were drifting over the surface of the sea, the surest indication of an approaching dense fog. The Cormorant to windward was already nearly invisible. With night approaching, visibility would soon be negligible. Hornblower pulled at his chin and debated what he should do. Shoreham Harbor lay to starboard, but the tide did not serve and the wind was falling; it would be risky to venture into shoal water in a fog. As with every captain in difficulties, his first instinct was to get out to sea away from the dangerous land. To seaward lay added dangers from raiders, but the chance of meeting a privateer was easily preferable to the certainty of shoal water. Hornblower gave his orders to the helmsman and called the signal midshipman.

"Augusta to Cormorant," he said. "Course south. Keep closer."

IT WAS a distinct relief to see through the thickening haze the acknowledgment mount to the Cormorant's masthead while the corvette turned obediently and shook out her mainsail to take up her new station; a quarter of an hour later it was too thick to see across the deck, and Hornblower thanked his stars he had decided to get out to sea instead of trying for Shoreham Harbor.

"Get that bell ringing, Mr. White," he ordered sharply.

"Aye aye, sir," said an invisible Mr. White.

The loud rattle of the fog bell echoed dully in the heavy atmosphere, and the silence that ensued hung heavy as the Augusta crept slowly over the invisible water. It seemed a very long two minutes before it rang again. Seemingly close at hand the bell was answered by another on the port quarter.

"That's Cormorant, sir," said White at Hornblower's side—Hornblower did not condescend to reply to a remark futile in its obviousness. The next time the other bell sounded it seemed to be well to starboard.

"What the hell?" said White.

The direction of sound in a fog was always misleading—fog banks sometimes echoed back sound as effectively as a cliff face. The Augusta's own bell rang long and harshly, and the Cormorant's reply could only just be heard. Hornblower tried to remember all he knew about Melville of the Cormorant. Young, dashing, ambitious, he had been posted as captain after a bold cutting-out affair somewhere on the Biscay coast. But it was doubtful if his qualities were such as to enable him to perform the difficult task of keeping touch with a consort in a fog. Again the Augusta's bell rang, and this time he could hear no reply at all.

Dr. Manifold was on deck now, and approaching the sacred presence of the captain—the command of the royal yacht exposed him to these plagues, and Hornblower felt he would gladly exchange it for that of the crankiest ship of the line in the Channel fleet.

"That noise disturbs my patient, sir," said Manifold.

"I am sorry, but it is a necessary noise," answered Hornblower.

"I insist on its stopping."

"There is only one man on board here," answered Hornblower, his exasperation boiling over, "who can insist on anything. And he insists that you go below, sir."

"I *beg* your pardon, sir."

"If I have to repeat myself, sir," said Hornblower, "I will call a couple of hands to carry out what I say."

"You are a boor, sir. I have the ear of a cabinet minister, and by George, sir, I'll—"

Dr. Manifold cut his speech short as Hornblower turned to the midshipman of the quarter-deck with the evident intention of carrying out his threat. He bolted down the companion as nearly like a rabbit as his portly dignity permitted.

"Pass the word for my steward," said Hornblower as he had intended doing and, when the man came on deck, "Bring me a chair and a pea jacket."

Hornblower spent the night in the hammock chair, wrapped up in the thick coat—he was unwilling to leave the deck while this fog persisted. It was a weary vigil, and whenever he dozed off, he was awakened with a start by the clamor of the fog bell. At the end of the night, White was standing beside him.

"It must be dawn by now, sir," said White. "But I can't say it looks any different."

The fog was as thick as ever—the main yard was invisible from the deck.

"Listen!" said Hornblower, sitting up tensely. His ear had caught the faintest of sounds somewhere astern—its acute analysis told him of the wash of water, the creaking of timber, the rattle of cordage, all blended and reduced in volume so as to tell him of the presence of a ship somewhere in the near distance. Then they both heard, plainly and distinctly, a voice in the fog say, "Call the watch."

"They're speaking English," said White. "That's Cormorant, then, thank God."

"Go and stop the fog bell, quick," snapped Hornblower, and White was impressed enough by the urgency of his tone to run to do his queer bidding without question, while Hornblower still listened.

"Keep the hands quiet!" said Hornblower on White's return. "I don't want a sound on board."

There had been something odd about the pronunciation of that word "watch." The vowel was broadened in a fashion no English officer would employ. Hornblower did not believe that it was the Cormorant that lay astern there.

"Send a hand to the chains with the lead," said the voice in the fog.

"Queer," whispered White; the explanation still had not dawned upon him—he was not as quick-witted as his captain.

Hornblower walked aft and stared through the mist over the taffrail. There was just the faintest thickening there, the merest, most inconsiderable nucleus to the fog—a ship was crossing their wake from starboard to port not twenty yards away, and unsuspecting. Hornblower watched until the nucleus had lost itself again in the fog over the port quarter.

"Mr. White," he said, "I'm going to haul my wind. Port your helm quartermaster."

The Augusta swung round and headed on a course exactly opposite to that of the other ship. Hornblower could be confident that the distance between the two was widening steadily, though slowly; there was only the faintest of breaths of air to push the Augusta through the water.

Here came the king, up bright and early on this misty morning, attendants with him. Hornblower grudged the moments of distraction from his duty of staring into the fog. King George straddled on the slightly heaving deck like an old sailor—one way and another he must have spent a great deal of time at sea.

"Morning," said the king.

"Good morning, sir," said Hornblower.

"Foggy day, what? Thick weather, what? What?"

There was a lucidity about his manner that had been totally wanting yesterday; perhaps his day at sea had really done him good. A gleam of light came through the fog, and suddenly there was sky to be seen overhead.

"There's Cormorant, sir," said White. "No, by gad, she's not."

A mile astern a ship was to be seen, headed on an opposite course; with every second her outline became clearer and sharper. As they watched she wove around in pursuit of them, revealing herself as heavily sparred and well-armed, with twelve gun-ports a side. She was hastily setting all sail—the white pyramids of canvas grew as if by magic in a fashion that would have been creditable in a king's ship.

"Set all sail, Mr. White. Smartly now, men."

"Pretty, pretty," said the king, smiling in the sunshine; whether he was alluding to the ordered bustle of setting sail or to the appearance of the pursuing ship was not apparent.

The Augusta had all sail set as soon as the other ship, and Mr. White was paying careful attention to their trim as she ate her way close-hauled to windward. It was some time before he could spare a moment to stare through his glass at the other vessel.

"A Yankee, by gad!" he exclaimed, as the red and white bars of the flag she hoisted danced into the field of his glass.

"Hoist our colors, Mr. White. But not the royal standard."

There was no purpose in telling the American what a prize was being dangled under his nose. Hornblower peered through his glass at her. If she managed to work up within close range there was no hope for it—he would have to surrender, as the Augusta's six-pounder popguns would stand no chance against the other's heavy metal. And then? Hornblower's imagination boggled at the thought of what would happen next. What would the Americans do with a captive king—the king against whom they had fought for so many weary years a generation ago? He tried to picture the effect of the news in New York or Boston.

He was so interested in the idea that he quite forgot that he, himself, and his career were in jeopardy. American boats would swarm out to the Narrows to meet them; there would be jubilation and excitement. And then—and then—there was a tradition of hospitality and kindliness across the ocean. Faults on both sides had brought about this war, faults that might easily be forgotten when America tried—as she surely would—to make the poor old king as comfortable as possible. The unnecessary war might end in a wholly desirable peace.

For one insane moment Hornblower was almost tempted to risk it, and he was positively shocked with himself when he realized the depths of the treason with which he was dallying. It was his duty to escape with the Augusta if he could; for that matter she would be a captive by now if his quick brain had not steered her toward safety the moment he had first heard that American voice through the fog. There was a bank of fog up there to windward; once let the Augusta bury herself therein and she stood a chance of safety. That fool Melville in the Cormorant was apparently quite lost.

A puff of smoke from the American's bows, and a fountain of water a hundred yards on the starboard quarter.

"Take him below," said Hornblower curtly to the lord in waiting, with a gesture at the king.

"No!" said the king with a stamp of his foot, and Hornblower had no time for further argument.

"Clear away that nine-pounder," he said—the long nine on the quarter-deck might perhaps shoot away a spar and save them.

Another puff of smoke from the American, and this time there was a sudden howl overhead like devils in torment. She was firing with dismantling shot—lengths of chain joined to a common center, rolled in a ball and fired from a gun. In the course of the projectile's trajectory the chains swung out and circled screaming in the air, spelling destruction to any rigging they might hit.

"Come on with that gun, there! Have you all got wooden legs?" Hornblower called.

The men threw their weight on the train tackles and ran it out. The gun captain crouched over the sights. As he did so, the American allowed her head to fall away from the wind; she showed her side, and when every gun port was in view, she suddenly enveloped herself in the smoke of a full broadside. It sounded like some devils' orchestra as the air filled with the din of the dismantling shot screaming all about them. Hornblower looked anxiously upward and was astonished to see how little damage had been done; then he remembered the same astonishment in other battles. The sea was so large, the target so small by comparison—a miss was so easy, a hit so difficult. A halliard had been cut—White had already started a hand up the rigging to splice it—and a long tear appeared in the main-topsail. And the American had lost a hundred yards by yawing out of her course to deliver that broadside.

The bang of the stern chaser beside him caught him off his guard and almost startled him out of his wits—he hoped no one noticed the nervous jump which nearly lifted him from the deck. No one could see where the shot fell—at least the American showed no sign of damage. The king was standing breathing in the smell of the powder smoke that eddied round him. He was clearly enjoying himself; mad or no, he was full of the traditional courage of his family. There was no sense in repeating the order to take him below in that case, for the flimsy sides of the royal yacht would be of small avail in keeping out twelve-pounder balls.

The American was yawing again. Hornblower watched, fascinated as gun after gun of her broadside crept into view. Then came the gust of smoke and the howl of the projectiles, and an immense clatter aloft as everything seemed to go at once. The main-topsail yard lurched lopsided, its slings shot away. The fore-topmast was gone altogether, and hanging overside. Ropes were parted everywhere, and the little Augusta lay crippled. She was hardly able to move through the water, and the American could overhaul her at her leisure now. There could be no question of making a hopeless fight of it, not with the king on board. All he could do was to try to prolong the chase by keeping the Augusta moving as long as possible.

"Clear that raffle away, Mr. White," he said loudly and cheerful benefit of the crew. "Fo'c'sle, t that wreckage clear! What thinking about?"

The men were leaping to th but the American was coming u over hand, behind. She had lost to leeward through yawing, and no was going about so as to get up to ward of the chase. Her other broa would bear soon. Hornblower de that when it did he would have to render. He found himself wonde again how the king would enjoy a v to Boston or Philadelphia, and th shook off these idle thoughts to sup vise again the work of clearing wreckage.

And as he did so he caught a glim of a faint blot in the fog bank ahe Something was looming out of it, g ing sharper every second. He saw headsails of a ship; so definite wa fog bank that the headsails were mined by the sunshine before the af sails were visible. He knew her—sh was the Cormorant tardily retracing he course in search of her precious convoy. He cheered wildly and involuntarily, an the surprised crew, looking in the dire tion in which he pointed, cheered w him.

The Cormorant came flying down them, with every sail set, but as t watched they saw her upper yards th with men as she got in her royals r for action. They gave her another c as she went by; the American was cl ing up to windward trying to get weather gauge in the approaching d with this formidable opponent. But fog bank had reached the Augusta now. One or two little wreaths of m drifted across her deck, and then she plunged deep into it, and the battle they were leaving behind was hidden from view. Hornblower heard the two opening broadsides, each one sharp and distinct—sure proof in either case of a well-disciplined crew. And then the firing changed to a long, continuous roll of artillery.

Without the king on board, Hornblower would have turned his ship about, crippled as she was, to join in the fight, but he knew his duty. He was about to shout an order to Mr. White, when his attention was attracted by the approach of the king.

"A good boy," said His Majesty. "Good boys get guineas."

The smile on the foolish face was quite winning and charming; the king brought his hand out of the royal fob pocket and put something into Hornblower's hand. It was not a guinea. That desirable and elegant coin had disappeared from circulation altogether now that England was in arms against all the world. The coin epitomized the fin [illegible] al straits through which England was gling; it was a Spanish silver dollar, struck into it, the profile of the king had just presented it to Hornblow queer legal currency for the wealt nation in the world.

"Thank you, sir," said Hornblow doffing his hat and bowing low as spirit of the moment dictated.

They were through the fog bank no and the sun was shining on them agai lighting up the face of the king. Fa astern the long roll of artillery came t a sudden end. Perhaps one ship or the other had hauled down her colors. Perhaps at this moment the boarders were fighting hand to hand on the littered decks. Perhaps, after all, thought Hornblower, it might have been better if the Cormorant had not arrived in time for the battle. Some lives would have been saved—many more, perhaps, if peace had resulted from an enforced visit of the king to the United States. He tried once more to picture the king landing at the Battery, but even his imagination boggled at that.

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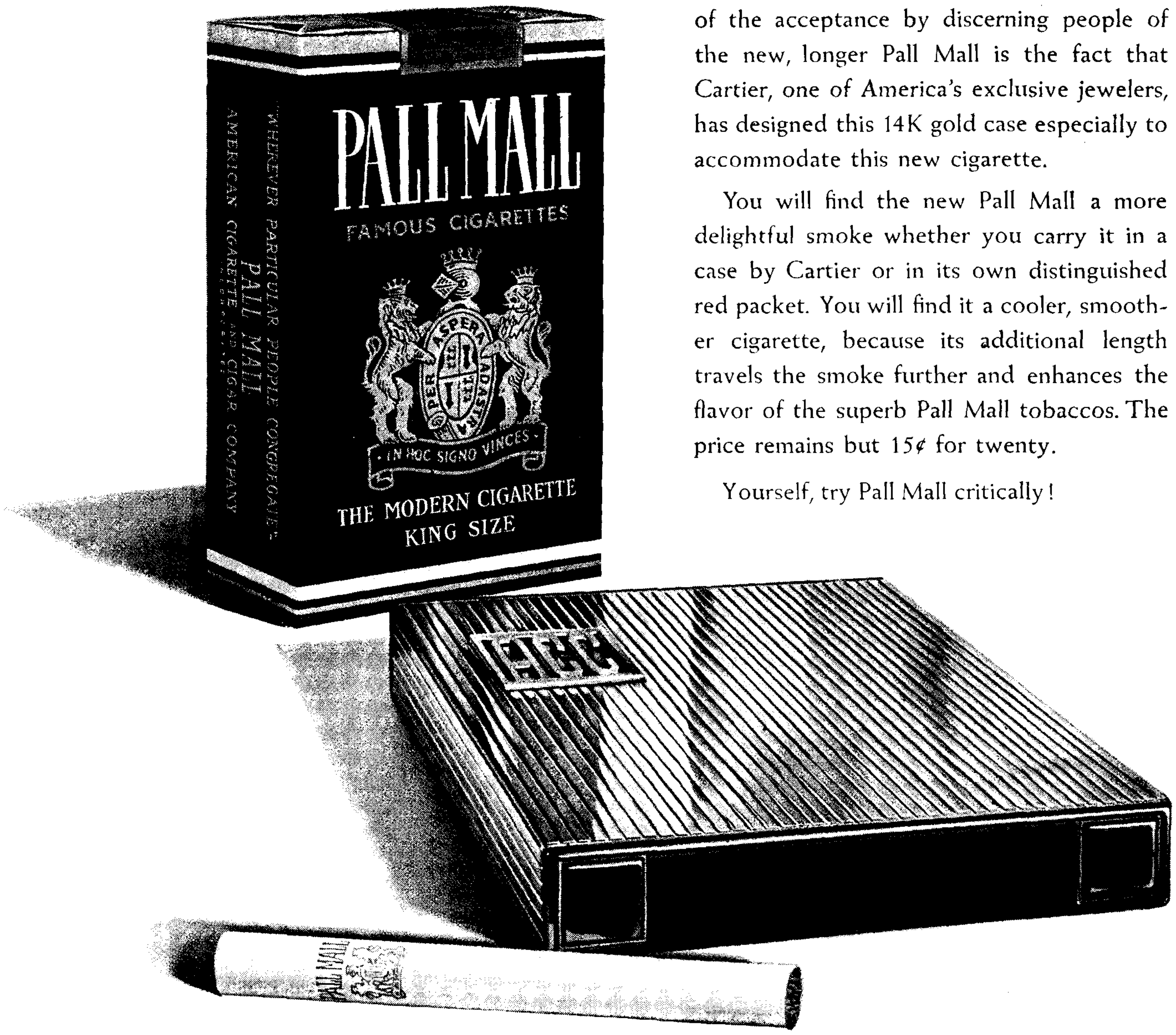
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Voice with Experience

Continued from page 18

—small change to what he'd made in the choir, small change, in fact, in any league. But it opened up new vistas.

So, thanks to a pair of torn pants, he found he could make a living of sorts playing other parties in the neighborhood. As his choir days were definitely over, and it was the only thing that offered, young Pinky turned fiddler. He became a hot man—a third-rate Joe Venuti by his own admission—averaged forty to fifty dollars a week, and even played, on occasion, with such well-known leaders as George Olsen, Vincent Lopez and Meyer Davis.

"When I was fifteen," he says, "I joined Local 802, the musician's union. I'm still paying dues there. That was the summer I got my first job in a Catskill camp."

For those who do not know about these summer camps—made famous in the movie Having Wonderful Time, they are known around Times Square as the Borscht Circuit—borscht being the inevitable Russian red cabbage soup, with or without sour cream, that ushers in every meal but breakfast. It's strictly a ham-and-eggs setup for entertainers, one whose graduates are glad to have it well behind them, but Pinky took it for fourteen summers. He's a Borscht Circuit veteran with palms.

Turn of the Tide

Pinky Perelmuth settled down to be a chorus-singing fiddle player and occasional jazz-band leader. During this period, he married a pretty young pianist who used to come downtown occasionally to visit an aunt who lived next door. In due time Larry, now nine, was born. Life was good and modest success assured.

So there was Pinky, going along minding his own business, not thinking much beyond the next two party dates. He was an unsuspecting twenty-eight when the cataclysm struck.

"It all came out of what looked like just another party job," says Jan by way of explanation. "It was the Weber and Fields golden anniversary banquet in September, 1932. Sure, there were a flock of show people there. But I'd played and sung for them before without getting a nod."

However, this time Roxy was present. Pinky sang Yours is My Heart Alone, and people actually laid down their forks to listen and clamored for more when he was through.

"Throw that fiddle away and sing," said Roxy, who summoned him to his office the next day. Pinky, wise in the ways of Broadway, took this advice with plenty of salt and pepper. He was convinced only when the great man offered him a four-week contract, at $250 a week with plenty of options, to sing in the vast new Radio City Music Hall, whose opening was then two months away.

This was a terrific break for Pinky, who dropped his name with his violin. Roxy thought Jan Peerce would look a lot better on a program than the Perelmuth monicker, and the newly christened Jan felt so good about it that, on opening night, he came whistling into the dressing room he shared with a couple of other singers. Ten minutes later, without warning, his spot was yanked from the show!

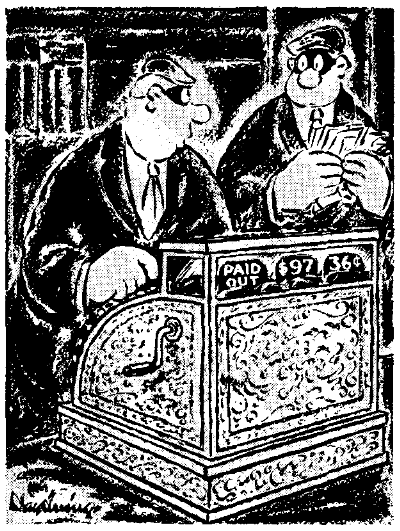
"That just about killed me," he says. "I spent most of the evening in the wings, bawling like a baby and hoping someone would trip over a stage brace and break his neck so that I could go on in his place.

"Taylor Holmes and Ray Bolger were both nice to me. They told me to keep my chin up, but the whole thing was too heartbreaking. I couldn't even lift it off my chest."

Things stayed black. Roxy collapsed immediately after the big night, and Jan wandered forlornly around backstage for three weeks, drawing only his pay and an occasional black glance from the stage manager.

Then Erno Rapee, the musical director, spotted him and listened to his tale of woe. He scratched his neck, rubbed his chin and offered Jan a spot. And what a spot! The embryonic Caruso opened his new career wailing Play Fiddle Play into an off-stage microphone while Rapee drove out repeaters between shows with ponderous orchestrations.

But the tide had turned. In some still unexplained way, Jan clicked, had his contract taken up. Wonder of wonders, he was actually sent on stage the next week, dressed like an Italian organ-grinder without organ or monkey.



"Y' sure yuh added that right, Eddie? I wouldn't want this guy should get balled up in his accounts—"

JAY IRVING

But he sounded swell, and soon he moved onto the Roxy Sunday morning radio programs, quite an institution in those days. Here he laid the groundwork of a national reputation, though he wasn't aware of it until Roxy took the troupe on tour a year later. Then he had the pleasant experience of finding himself an established favorite in cities like Chicago and Minneapolis which he'd never before seen.

The tour concluded in the last-named city, and there Jan got a wire asking him to report to Boris Morros at the Paramount Theater in New York. He did so, and was promptly signed for ten weeks' work at $500 a week. Mrs. Perelmuth's little boy was making good.

Then it was back to the Music Hall, where he's been, most of the time, ever since. He won solid success from fellows like the man with the high-brow wife—people who like fine music and singing without the tart dressing of culture.

After a year or two of this—Jan himself can't put a finger on the exact moment—the dogs of ambition nipped him solidly and for keeps. His native love and instinct for real music, thoroughly atrophied by the hot fiddling, welled up to full stature and took over.

He'd taken singing lessons in hit-or-miss style from a variety of teachers, but now he wanted the best. So he went to Guiseppe Boghetti, teacher of the great colored contralto, Marian Anderson. Aided by Boghetti, and his friend and accompanist Leo Russotto, he really began to learn how tones should be produced and held and controlled. He developed a hitherto microscopic repertoire of songs and operatic roles to prepare himself for the role of a big-time singer.

He made his first concert appearance four years ago in Cleveland—stood up there, a shaky, thick-chested ghetto product before two thousand strangers—and won them with his opening number, an old Italian song, made them applaud and shout for more. The passing of this acid test told him he was right.

Since then, by chopping his Music Hall appearances to fifteen or twenty weeks a year, he's barnstormed all over the lot, meeting the various conditions offered by the immense Hollywood Bowl, by the Toronto Varsity Arena, where the audience completely surrounded him, forcing him to turn his back on the carriage trade to sing to the gallery gods in the cheaper seats behind the stand.

Facing the New York Critics

He's sung in the rain on a Potomac barge, has spanned the country four times in six days by plane to meet scrambled concert dates. He's sung barnstorm opera where the curtain descended in the middle of an aria, and where fellow players tried to break him up with all the tricks dear to an actor's heart. In short, he's a tenor, but he can troupe.

In 1937, the great Toscanini summoned him for an audition on the eve of his great NBC concert series, listened to the Peerce pipes and muttered, "*Bella voce!*" before signing him to sing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on a hookup that belted the globe. That Jan didn't muff it is attested to by the fact that he was recalled to sing the symphony again for the maestro on the same hookup in December, 1939.

So it went until last November, when Jan decided it was time to face the New York critics and get it over with. He did it with much misgiving, for if Cleveland was tough on popular singers, their critics were babes in the woods compared to the wolves that howl in Manhattan newsprint.

But the very lately Pinky Perelmuth, fiddler, stepped onto the Town Hall stage and knocked them for a loop. There were criticisms—there always are—but the almost unanimous cry was "Hosanna! A real American tenor!"—just as the high-brow wife had said.

He lives comfortably on the Upper West Side, and his family now includes, in addition to Larry, two girls, Joyce, four, and Susan Barbara, who is still too young to have an age.

For diversion he plays an occasional round of golf, shooting altitudinous scores, revenges himself on jeering fairway friends by removing their socks in what he calls a friendly game of Casino. Over the card table, he gives and expects no quarter.

A typical Peerce working week, when he's at the Music Hall, consists of twenty-eight performances of one or two numbers each, twenty hours of practice, two hours of lessons, four hours of rehearsal for next week's show and a possible sporadic outbreak of recording dates. And the NLRB would find him a tough customer because he really enjoys his labors.

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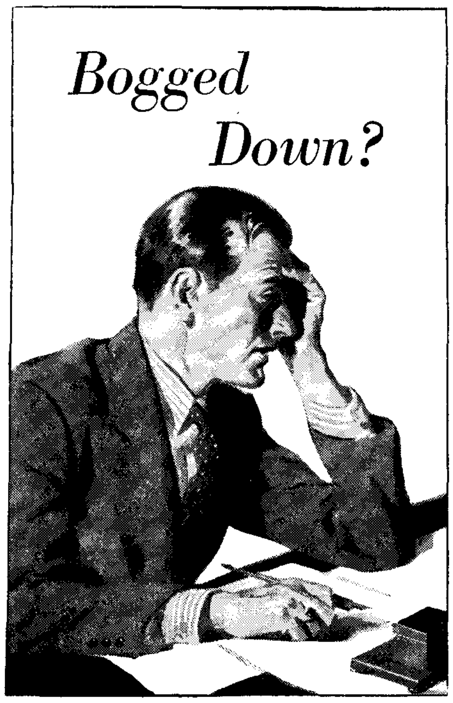

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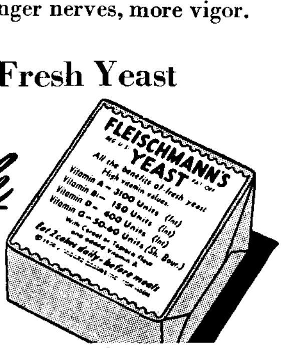

Fleischmann's
HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

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Best Man's Gift

Continued from page 12

Orrin Abbott took changes as they came. He was used to changes—and chances. He liked them—they meant he didn't have to stay put. Sometimes a good-looking woman from here or from there, with a homing instinct, would want to mend his ways and his socks. But he preferred his ways and his socks as they were to being married and moored in some safe, snug harbor of a small town. He looked around the shed-roofed room and liked it.

Outside he heard Grant Foster shout to him. He went out of the room and met them on the path. Grant, loaded with the grub box, was ahead of Anza.

"Orrin!" he shouted. "Listen, you old fool—I got married!" He looked surprised, his red, round face sticking up in the air.

BEHIND him Anza stopped walking and let Grant go on without her. She was carrying her new suitcase. She looked at Orrin. Her eyes stayed on his as she got her breath from the climb. Then her eyes moved down to the path in front of her. She said, still looking down, "Hello, Orrin." Her voice was soft, hushed by self-consciousness. Then laughing, color deep under her eyes: "Guess you never expected to see me here."

Orrin went to her and took the suitcase from her. He said, "Sure. I told Grant to bring you. We need a woman in this place."

She laughed again, but Orrin could feel her confusion. He walked beside her. He could smell perfume. He felt that she was looking at him.

At the doorway he stopped. He slid the suitcase inside. He put his arm out and blocked the way to Anza. He said, "Hey, wait a minute. Your husband is forgetting something." He called to Grant: "What kind of a bridegroom you think you are? You got to tote your wife across that sill."

Grant turned. He laughed. "Can I do it? She's most as tall as me."

"Grant!" Anza said. She glanced at Orrin.

"If you can't," Orrin said, "I will."

Grant made a pass at Orrin. Then he swung Anza up easily, his right arm catching her at the back of the knees, his left around her waist. He moved with pride in the strength of his stocky body.

Anza clung to Grant. She was laughing—her eyes bright with excitement.

"It's not much of a place to bring you to," Grant said, putting her down. "But you wait till you see the house I'm buying for you up to Addison Ridge."

Anza stood in the middle of the room and looked around—at the way men live without women. There was more amusement in her expression than dismay. She glanced with professional appraisal at the stove, the rough boards of the floor, the built-in bunk, the orange crates for shelves. "Why, this is fine, Grant. We'll get along fine."

Orrin liked her. He said to himself, "She's a good kid. She'll make Grant a good wife. But, boy! Oh, boy! what a swell-looking gal she is!"

ORRIN kept busy and out of the way. He kept thinking of Anza as the new girl. And the way he thought of the new girl didn't fit in with the fact that she was his partner's wife.

He avoided being around camp when Grant wasn't there. Sometimes Anza would come down to the shore where he'd be repairing lobster traps, and she would sit on a piece of timber and watch him work the heading twine, or fasten down a loose lath, or whittle out a spruce button for the door.

She didn't say much at first. She sat there, sometimes looking out across the bay. Then she would ask him about the things that had happened to him—about the time he almost got caught in the forest fire on Shatticook Ridge, when he went back to save some of the horses left in the lumber camp. She asked him about some of the girls he knew — about Maisie Strange. She asked him why he had done such a crazy thing as to go to sea on that old vessel that piled up on the Nova Scotia coast. She said, "Grant would never have done such foolhardy things."

And yet, maybe that same evening when the three of them were sitting around after supper, she'd bring it up again, some crazy, reckless thing that she'd wormed out of him with her questions. Only it didn't seem crazy the way she'd speak of it then—it sounded as though Orrin had done some big, brave deed.

Almost every day Orrin would find that she had gone into his room to sweep it, or that she had washed out some of his clothes, or patched one of his blue work shirts.

At first Grant was proud of his wife for being a good housekeeper; it was right that his woman should care for his friend's things. But after a while of this, Grant's eyes began following Anza. He began watching Orrin. Then one day when she was darning one of Orrin's socks, Grant said, "Kind of like him, do you?" It was the way he said it.

She said, "Orrin needs caring for."

"Why'n't you marry him instead of me?"

Anza laughed. "Marry him? No—women don't marry men like Orrin."

And then one day Orrin moved out of the camp. He told Grant it was because they needed more room. He told Anza it was because he couldn't take to the neat ways of women. He told himself it was because he wanted to be by himself. The truth was that he wasn't the kind of man who could be comfortable living under one roof with another man's woman—not if she was like Anza.

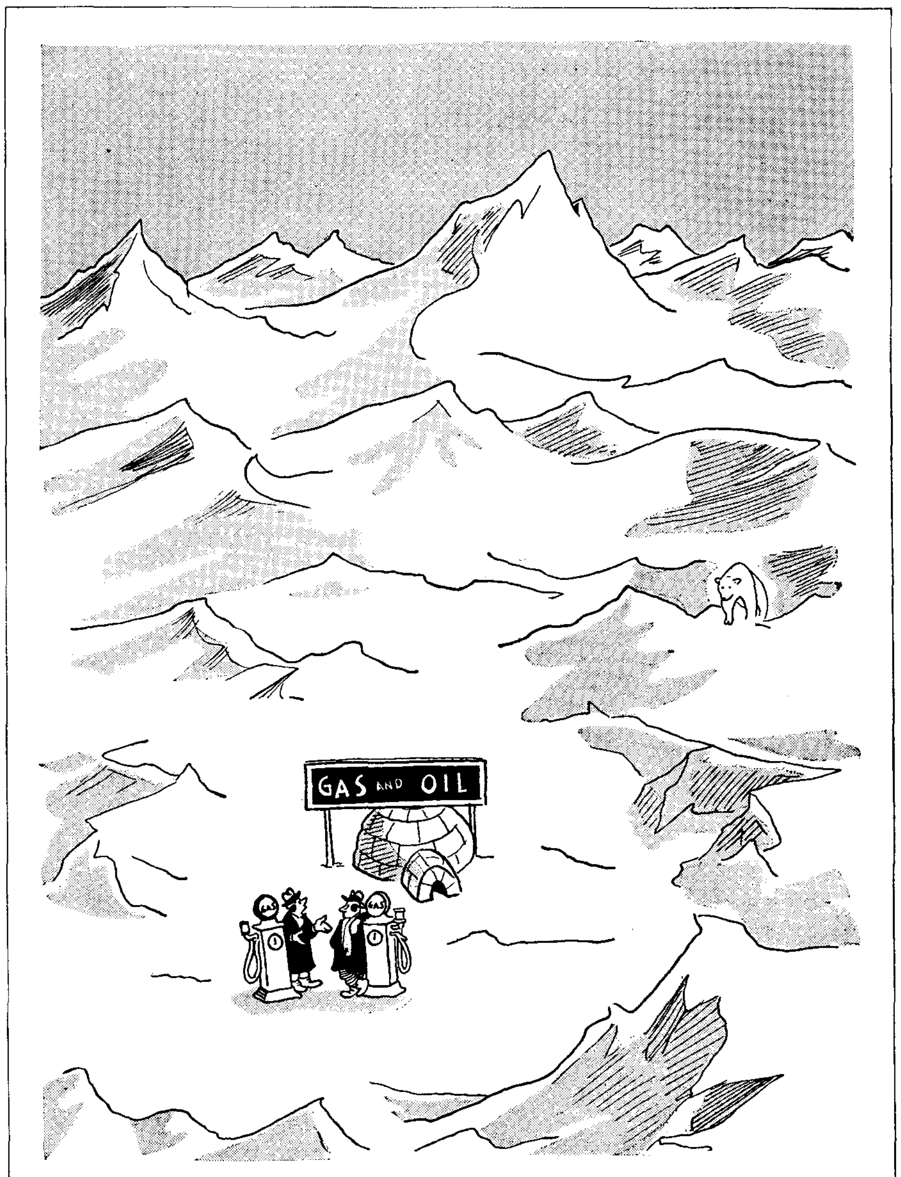
When Grant heard that he was moving to the vacant shack down the cove a ways, Grant said that he was nuts.

THE first big storm of the fall came two days later. Grant, always careful, said that he'd move his boat around to the shelter in the Den—if the weather kicked up more.

On the high water at ten that morning, the wind was heavy—steady. It pressed without letup on the walls of the shack down the cove. Orrin stood at the window. Then he saw Grant out in the boat starting for the Den. Orrin didn't laugh at Grant's caution—he was used to it, and accepted it as he accepted all Grant's ways.

He turned away from the window and stirred the fire in the rusty stove. Then he heard someone on the inch boards he had put across the mud puddle outside his door. He heard the knock. He went to the door. It was Anza.

She came in with a gust of wind—her



"But suppose Byrd doesn't come this way?"

BO BROWN

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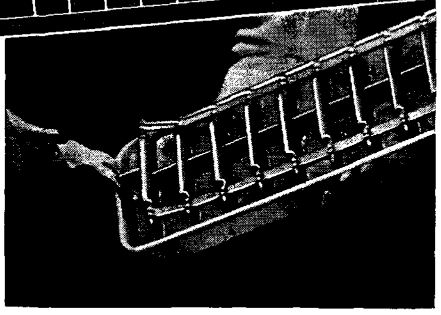

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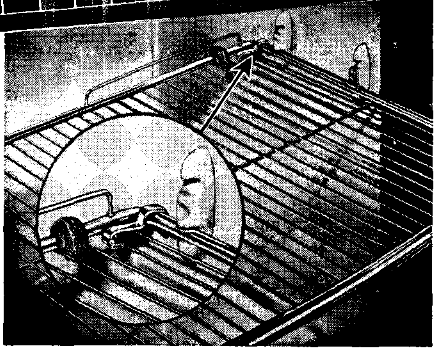

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hair holding drops of rain from the trees, her face glowing with the wind. She said, still out of breath from running, "Isn't it wonderful?"

"The blow?" Orrin said. "It's going to be bad. Do you like it?"

She nodded, as she took off her leather jacket. "I just came for a second. I made a fine stew. Come over to dinner. It's deer meat—Grant bought a piece yesterday from Ray Banner."

She came over beside him at the stove and put her hand out over the hot surface. "A stove fire's good on a day like this. I like to draw up a chair and almost crawl inside—it's nice after the kitchen's done and you can sit around and visit."

THERE was something about the way she said that, the way she was standing there beside the stove, which made Orrin feel that he was outside in the rain looking in. He didn't understand it—it was as if he were missing something—a safe harbor—a place of his own. He had never felt that way before.

Anza turned to him. She was looking at him thoughtfully. "What are you going to do this winter, Orrin? It's coming soon. Are you just going to cruise around, drifting? I'd hate to see you do that."

Orrin tried to shake off the feeling. "Oh, I guess so. I dunno."

"You ought to settle down," Anza said. Her words trailed off as if she were now thinking of something else. He could feel her eyes on him, and when he looked up their eyes met, and they stood there for a moment without speaking. Then Anza said, putting on her leather jacket, "Well, I must be going." But she didn't move.

Orrin said slowly, "Want a cigarette?"

She took one, and when he held the match for her she let the flame burn the paper black along the cigarette. Orrin took it away from her, chucked it into the stove and lit another.

She said softly, "Thanks!" Then she turned to the window. "I like to hear the rain on the roof like that."

"It's getting heavy," he said.

"If it keeps on raining any harder I'll never get home." She gave an excited little laugh. Her jacket was open and her white blouse showed dark in the places where the rain had touched it.

Orrin walked toward her. She watched him. Her lips were parted a little. She held the cigarette away from her, her hand lifted.

He thought: If she doesn't get out in a minute, the hell with Grant.

Anza lowered the cigarette and let the ash fall on the stove. Then she said, "Come over about noon." She dropped the cigarette, hardly smoked, into the ash box, pulled the leather jacket together and went to the door.

Orrin didn't move. He watched her hand on the latch, saw her arm stiffen, saw her head turn toward him. She said, "I know now what Grant meant when he said you were hard to know."

Orrin went to her. He put his hand against the door and stood there looking down at her. Her eyes shifted quickly from his to the door. She laughed nervously. She said, "Listen to that wind—you think Grant's all right?"

Orrin said, "Grant's all right."

He dropped his hand and stepped back. She opened the door, and as she went out her hand touched his arm.

WHAT Anza said to Grant at the table didn't seem important—at first. They had finished dinner and were drinking tea. It was hot in the little camp. The stove still radiated heat which flowed in layers across the room. Outside, the wind kept pushing against the door, rattling it. Heavy drops of rain pelted the window. And always there was the muffled rush of the seas on the outboard ledges.

Orrin's chair was leaning against the wall, his feet on the rung. He was nestling the warm bowl of his pipe against the palm of his hand, rubbing it. He watched Anza turn the thick white cup around and around, as she examined the tea leaves. Grant sat close to the table, working out figures with the tine of a fork on the oilcloth.

Anza said, still looking at the tea leaves, "I was worried about you, Grant, when you brought the boat around to the Den—but Orrin said you'd be all right."

Grant said, "The sea was high. It's getting dirty outside." Then suddenly he put the fork down and looked at Anza. "Was Orrin over here?"

Orrin stopped rubbing his pipe. He watched Anza. He saw her look up. She hesitated a moment. Then without making much of it, she said, "No. I just went over to Orrin's camp to ask him to come have some deer meat with us."

Grant pushed his chair back. His round face was a blank. He looked first at Anza, then at Orrin. On his temple a vein, which had been hidden by the flesh, began to show—at first just a trace of blue, like a river on the map; then it grew fuller and pulsed. He got up and walked quickly to the stove. He twisted the pipe damper to close it, and when the wire got in his way he jerked it free and flung it into the wood box. He turned to Anza:

"When did you go to Orrin's camp?"

"I don't know—about ten."

"That's when I took the boat to the Den, wasn't it?"

"I guess so—I guess that was the time."

Grant looked back at the stove. "That's why the stew was burned. You left it on the fire to burn."

Anza laughed. "The stew wasn't burned." She looked at Orrin. "Did you think it was burned?"

"Never mind what Orrin thinks," Grant said.

HE WENT to the window and jammed it open. The roar of the sea filled the room, and damp salt air came in with the wind. When Grant closed the window and turned back into the room, his face was beaded with fine drops of rain. He didn't look at Orrin. He said again, "You went to Orrin's place . . ." Then he stopped. He walked jerkily across the floor to the corner closet. He took down his yellow slicker coat and a heavy sweater. From under the bunk he got his high rubber boots. He put these on quickly, moving with short, angry gestures.

Orrin and Anza watched him. Neither of them spoke.

Grant said, standing in front of them, "I'm taking the boat out from the Den, and I'm going out to Tibbett's Ledge to set the trawls."

Orrin laughed. "You gone crazy, Grant?"

Grant turned on him: "What's the matter? You don't like the weather?"

Orrin tamped down his pipe. It had gone out. "Not much," he said. "Fishing's no good in a storm."

Grant laughed, his hands working together in front of him. Orrin had never seen him like this before. Grant said, "You know why you say that, Orrin? You know why? Because you're scared out of your life in a storm. You're afraid."

"Maybe I am," Orrin said. He struck a match and held it over the bowl of his pipe. He watched the flame bend over the ashes.

Grant stepped nearer him. He said, his hands doubled into fists, "I got work to do, see? You can suit yourself. I'm going."

Anza jumped up. She went to Grant. "Don't go, Grant. That sea's awful. You tell him, Orrin. Tell him not to go." She put her hand on Grant's arm. He jerked it away.

Orrin said, "He's not going, Anza. He's just talking. Grant's got too much horse sense."

"That's it," Grant shouted. "I got enough sense to know that if you don't work you can't eat. I'm aiming always to eat well." He stood there in the middle of the room, short, stocky. He kept his heavy boots planted apart—solidly on the floor. He said to Orrin, "Go get the lines ready. I want two tubs of lines. Shuck the clams I dug yesterday. You can do that much without risking your neck."

Orrin said, "Shuck 'em yourself, if you're going to be such a damn' fool."

Grant suddenly looked closely at Orrin. Then he said, "Oh—I get you now." He looked around the room. "It's kinda nice in here—warm—isn't it? It would be nice to be in here with Anza. You can help wash the dishes—maybe."

Orrin let his chair down. The legs hit the floor with a quick rap. He got up and stood in front of Grant. He felt anger in him—slow anger down inside him. He said in his low, easygoing voice, "All right, Grant—all right. Let's get going."

He saw Anza step forward—then stop. She stood there without saying anything. She watched them go out—her hand lifted, as if trying to stop them.

GRANT drove his boat into the seas—wide open. He walked the Hayford-built thirty-footer into moving mountains. He stood at the midship helm, his right arm crooked like a boxer's, his square shoulders wide under the yellow slicker coat, his round face peering, wet and set, from under the fish-scaled brim of the black sou'wester.

At Cole's Ledge, instead of going out around in deep water, Grant set the nose of his boat straight through the shoals of the inside passage. His voice was like a whip, whirring in the wind, shouting above the hiss of the passing seas. His orders were hammer blows. His eyes went small as he watched Orrin.

WHEN they picked up Tibbett's Ledge, five miles south of Flint Island—seven miles into the gale from solid land—Grant ran in close and, without slowing up, skirted the shoulder of a breaking wave. Orrin felt the stern of the boat lift and he turned to watch the wave sluice off in white foam. Then he glanced at Grant.

Grant was looking for his bearings. The sea was a gray barren of high hills rolling forward in long, marching lines. There was no horizon—the fine, driven rain blotted it out. Suddenly Grant turned the boat sharp into a sea. The wave broke over the bow, and green water came aboard.

"Cut the fooling," Orrin yelled. "What in hell you doing?"

Grant said, "Get your trawl ready. We'll set here and run along the ridges."

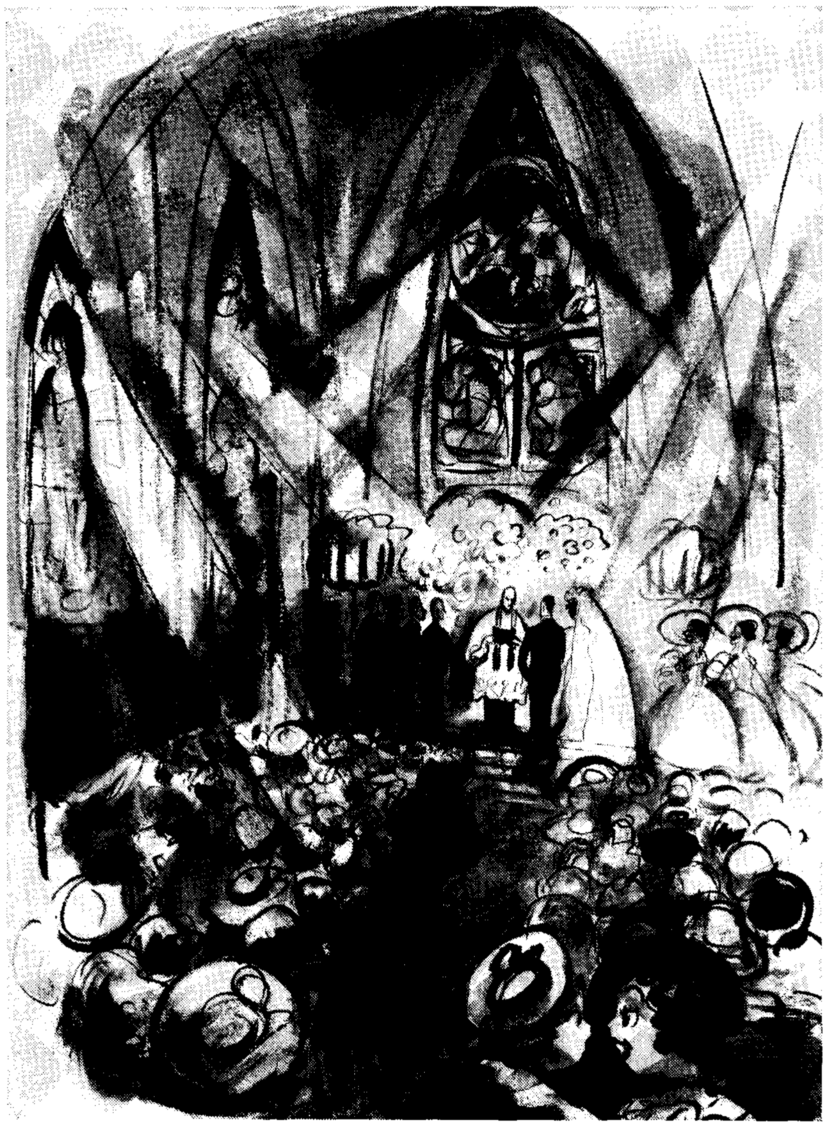
They were over shoal water and Orrin knew it was too shoal for safety in that weather.

"You want to drown us?" Orrin said.

"Getting scared, Orrin?"

Orrin shut up. He thought: All right, if Grant wants to carry this phony business too far, it's his funeral also. Orrin went to work on the trawl.

The boat maneuvered over the fishing grounds. Orrin cleared the first



"He proposed to her to break an embarrassing lull in the conversation"

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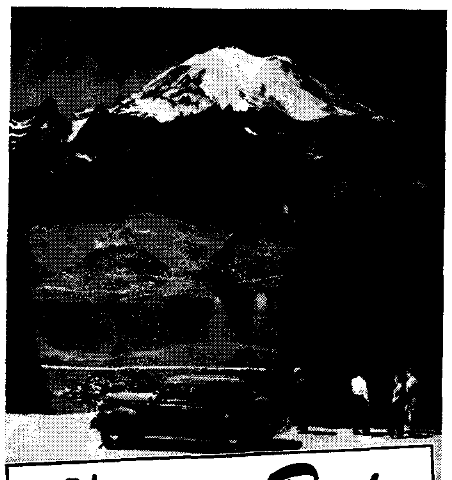

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trawl anchor and dropped it overboard. He paid out ten, twenty, thirty fathoms of line to the first marker buoy. He braced himself against the gunwale for the broadside seas—watching for the one that might roll them over. He kept paying out line, automatically feeling for the first gang of hooks.

Suddenly, for no reason, Grant put on speed. It forced Orrin to work double-quick. He grabbed the throw stick and began rapidly guiding out the line from the tub. The stick dipped into the coils, lifted them, threw them clear. The brown, creosoted line slicked out like a thin snake hurrying overboard into the water. Every three feet a double loop of hooks, baited with clams, rushed through the air and fell on the surface *with little plopping sounds, and sank* quickly to the bottom.

Orrin felt Grant watching him. And as he beat out the line, Orrin knew Grant was thinking about him—and thinking about Anza—wondering about them—hating him. And Orrin thought of Anza standing there near the stove in his shack that morning, her white blouse dark where the rain had touched it, the cigarette held away from her, her lips parted. And he thought: If Grant takes on this way, acts like a crazy man when nothing has happened to make him this way—then why should he, Orrin, keep off? The hell with Grant. Next time Anza came to the shack he'd give Grant something to be really sore at.

THEY laid five hundred yards of trawl and turned for the underrun. They went back to the first marker buoy, picked it up, began working back along the line. As the boat edged forward, the line came in over the starboard gunwale. Orrin flipped off fish, rebaited hooks, cleared the muck and scum and let the line pass on over the stern into the water again. His hands moved as fast as a woman's in knitting. Five hundred yards—one thousand hooks—two hundred and fifty pounds of pay fish.

Grant turned the boat to pick up the trawl for the last time. He turned too fast. The line fouled. Orrin had to swing to the afterdeck and clear it. Then he came into the cockpit. He walked the length of the cockpit to Grant and faced him. He said, slowly, "All right, Grant. That's enough. Save the fancy stuff to show off to Anza when you get home."

Grant pivoted. The two men stood there looking at each other. Water in the bilge sloshed under them. The engine idled. Grant's hand was still on the helm. His face was white. He said, "What you getting at?"

Orrin said, "You know why you came out here. You want to get Anza all worried up about you—wondering what has happened to you—maybe lost to sea. You put on this big, brave-man stuff to get her to look at you. You think anyone's dumb enough not to see through you?"

Orrin turned his back and went to his position in the stern. When he looked around he saw Grant let go the helm. He saw something click in Grant. He saw Grant rush the length of the cockpit toward him. His right fist caught Orrin quickly on the side of the face and sent Orrin against the port gunwale. Orrin missed his hold and went over the side. He went under. It seemed to take a long time getting back to the surface. Before he saw anything of the boat, he heard Grant screaming, his voice breaking, "Wait, Orrin, wait—I'm coming!"

Orrin saw a wave making up over the shoal water beyond them. He tried to kick off his boots and free himself of the slicker coat. He saw the wave mounting, black—licking at the top.

Grant got the boat about. He was headed between Orrin and the wave. He was going to try to get the boat in there before the wave broke. Orrin saw Grant put out his arm over the starboard side and Orrin took four hard strokes to get in line with that arm. The bow of the boat cut by and the stern swung in.

Grant's arm was like a rod. It didn't give. It held the whole drag of Orrin's body until Orrin could lift himself aboard. Then Grant threw his weight on the helm and held it against the side pull of the wave as he ran the boat before it—riding the wave like a surfboard. In those two minutes he had done the work of three men. Neither Orrin nor Grant spoke again. But the thing that had happened was close to them. And each knew the other was thinking about it.

ANZA watched the men walk up the path to the camp.

She said, from the camp doorway, "Get off your wet clothes. I've got hot coffee and plenty of hot stew."

The room was hot, steaming. A lamp, already lit, glowed through the steam. Spruce wood in the stove crackled.

Anza said, looking from one to the other. "Was it bad?"

Orrin said, "It wasn't so good."

Grant slumped into a chair. Orrin slid off his coat and fumbled for his pipe.

"Something went wrong!" Anza said. "What is it? Tell me!"

Grant didn't look up. He picked up Anza's little sewing scissors and turned them over in his hand. Orrin saw the slow red come to his face. Then Grant took a breath and started to speak.

Orrin cut him short. He said, "I pretty near got drowned. If it hadn't been for Grant, I'd still be out there."

Anza turned to Grant. Sudden pride came to her eyes. She said, trying to be calm, "What happened?"

Orrin looked at her. He saw the glow of pride. He saw her waiting to hear more—eager for the whole story—for the words that would give Grant to her.

Orrin said, "I got afoul of the line and went overboard. Grant risked his neck and his boat."

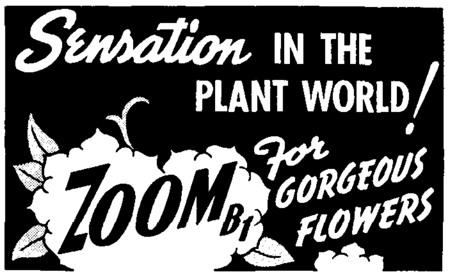
Anza said only one word. There was relief and pride in that word: "Grant!" Then, quickly: "Put on that warm sweater, Grant." She went to him and wrapped the sweater over his shoulders. *Her hand stayed on his shoulders.*

THE next day the sun was warm on the wet spruce needles. Anza and Grant stood outside Orrin's camp. Grant knocked again. Grant said, "He's sleeping heavy."

When he got no answer the third time he went inside. Anza waited. Then Grant came out. He was holding a piece of brown paper bag with writing on it. He was studying it. He said, "Orrin's gone. He says he's got himself a job in Eastport. He says here, 'I'll take a good drink to you two in Eastport tonight. Tell Anza that maybe I'll settle down somewheres—maybe.' What you know about that? The old buzzard!"

Out across the bay a man was rowing a pea pod—standing, facing the bow. He was the only moving object on the oily calm swells that rolled in from outside. Every once in a while the rising sun gleamed for an instant on the oar on the eastern side of the boat. Then, presently, the man and the boat slipped behind Strout Island and one sparkle of sun lingered for a second in the swirl made by the oar.

Anza and Grant turned and walked back together to the camp in the cove. They walked together, in step, silently. Anza's hand rested for support on Grant's arm. She looked secure, quiet, and she said softly, "Poor Orrin."



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Smart Dogs

Continued from page 13

If two stupid dogs are bred, will all the offspring be stupid, and will they be more or less stupid than the parents, or will some be bright, and how bright? If a timid dog and an aggressive dog are bred, how many of the pups will inherit the timidity, and to what degree, and how many will be fierce and how fierce? If a fine sheep dog is bred to a beast totally lacking in herding ability, how many pups will be good herders, and how good? So it will go.

Like all other Pulis, Sis is a sight. She's about 17 inches high at the shoulder and her heavy coat almost drags on the ground. In warm weather, her dripping pink tongue and sparkling white teeth give a clue as to which end is which. But when it's cold, and she doesn't pant, it's impossible for the layman to tell from a distance of six inches whether Sis is coming or going.

Dogs That Use Their Heads

Pulis are Hungarian sheep dogs, extremely scarce in this country but supposedly one of the most talented herding breeds in the world. They have their own special methods of herding, involving not only brains but sure-footed fleetness. When they go from one side of a flock to the other, they don't run around the mass of sheep as do less nimble-witted dogs. Instead, they leap over the animals' backs. And when a sheep runs away, no self-respecting Puli wastes his energy trying to get ahead of the fleeing beast to drive it back by brute strength. The Puli takes a flying leap, landing upon the sheep's back, digs in with its claws and goes for the ride, bareback. The extra weight, from 25 to 35 pounds, reduces the sheep to complete exhaustion within a few hundred yards and the Puli dismounts and nudges him back.

Another breed used in the Beltsville experiment is the Turkish sheep dog. It has no breed name—the nearest thing to it seems to be "Karabas," which Dawson has been told means "black face"—and is almost completely unknown here. Most of the dozen at Beltsville are a rich fawn color, set off by subtle splotches of dark brown, and have dark masks over their faces. They resemble German shepherds but are larger. Beltsville has a male and a female and ten pups.

They are not herding dogs. Their main function is to protect the flocks from wolves. Any good Turkish dog can chew up a wolf in less than ten minutes.

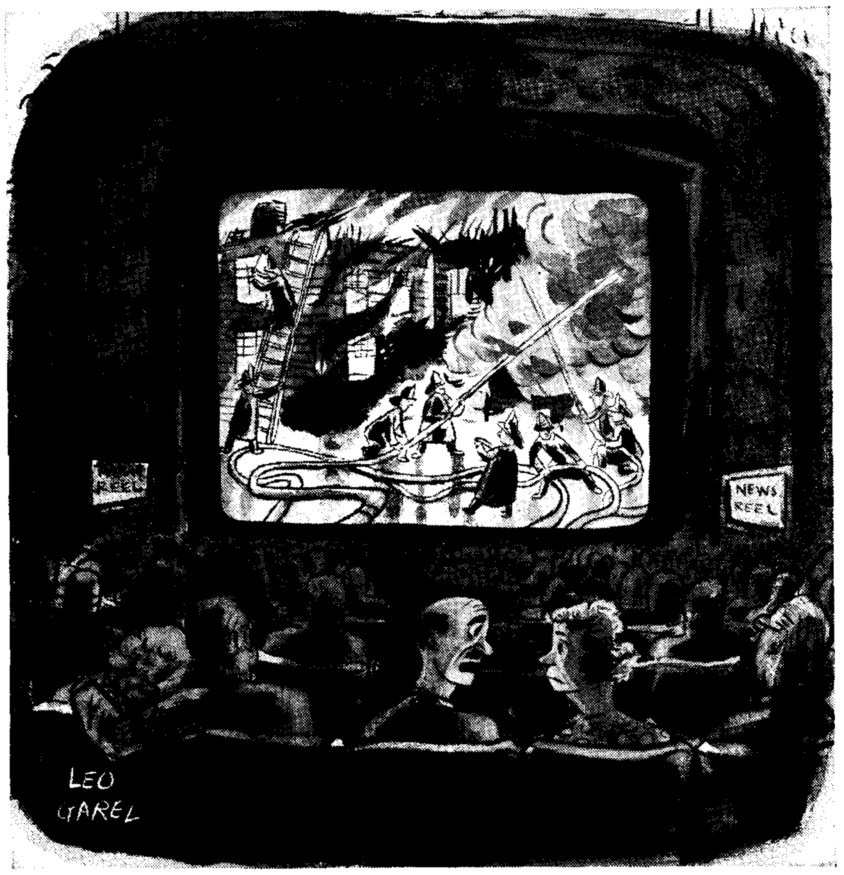
The dogs' antipathy toward wolves is carried over to practically everything else on four legs. Each of the ten pups has dedicated himself to slaughtering his brothers and sisters. The two adults are separated by heavy link wire, for they would annihilate each other just for the exercise.

The third breed is the Border Collie, a dainty black-and-white animal native to the mountainous strip between England and Scotland. Those at Beltsville have more sense than courage, and an inherent aptitude for making sheep do what they want them to do. They look somewhat like miniature collies. Dr. Dawson keeps several sheep in the field immediately surrounding his kennels and to summon them he turns one of the Border Collie pups loose, hisses and waves an arm. The puppy streaks down the field and around a corner, returning a few seconds later chasing the sheep up to where Dawson stands.

These exotic strains are being crossed with the good old Chow dog. Beltsville has only one Chow, distinguished for its intelligence and the precision with which it can snap off strangers' fingers.

A series of tests, of which the wire cage is one, have been devised to measure more or less exactly the psychological characteristics of each dog. By testing parents and pups, Dawson may get a diagram showing mathematically how the characteristics are inherited.

The wire-cage test, called the multi-



"Did you turn the electric iron off? That looks like our house"

LEO GAREL

MAKE THE
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Go to your favorite neckwear dealer and ask to see the new Planned Patterns in Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties...colors and designs made to go with the smartest suits and shirts. Then *squeeze* a Botany Tie in your fist...and *feel* the live fabric spring back to shape. Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties regain fresh smoothness when hung up overnight. Only Botany Ties can give you this wrinkle-proof fabric woven of yarns of *patented construction. Yet Botanys cost no more than ordinary neckwear...$1 only.

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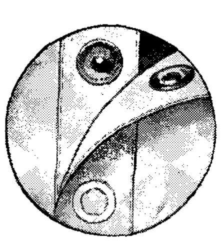

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ple-choice test, is as near a precise gauge of intelligence as has yet been devised for dogs. It determines roughly a dog's ability to solve an abstract problem. And whether he solves the problem or not, he discloses in his efforts dozens of mannerisms that enable Dawson to estimate the dog's true character. If, for example, the dog finds his way out but ignores the meat in favor of a pat on the head and a kind word, he is obviously an esthete who works to please his master. But if he makes a bee line for the meat, and then snaps at Dr. Dawson when asked nicely to go through the test again, he is a low character who considers only the pleasures of the flesh.

The multiple-choice test, given when the dogs are 13 months old, is the last of the series. At four months they are broken to a leash, and the rapidity and graciousness with which they accept the confinement of the leash often is the tip-off to their whole psychologies.

The Proof of the Canine

At six months they get what is called the "puppy sheep" test. They are put in a small yard with three sheep and left for half an hour. Occasionally a pup will know instinctively what he's supposed to do. One little Puli let out a yelp the first time he saw the sheep, cornered them and refused to let them budge, even to nibble a bit of grass. But other puppies ignore the sheep or cower in corners. The trainer has to watch for 51 possible reactions.

The "whistle test" comes at eight months and indicates the rapidity with which a dog can learn. He is taught to lie down at one long blast from a whistle, and rise at two blasts. With a bit of meat in his left hand, the trainer toots and points to the ground. If the dog doesn't catch on, the trainer toots again and points to the ground. If the dog doesn't catch on the trainer toots again and pushes gently. If he still cannot grasp the situation, the trainer, still tooting, gets a combination half nelson and toe hold on the dog and pushes him down, kerplunk! Once down, the dog gets the meat. Charts of the whistle test usually start with the dog having to be forced down and end with him flopping quicker than you could say Albert Payson Terhune.

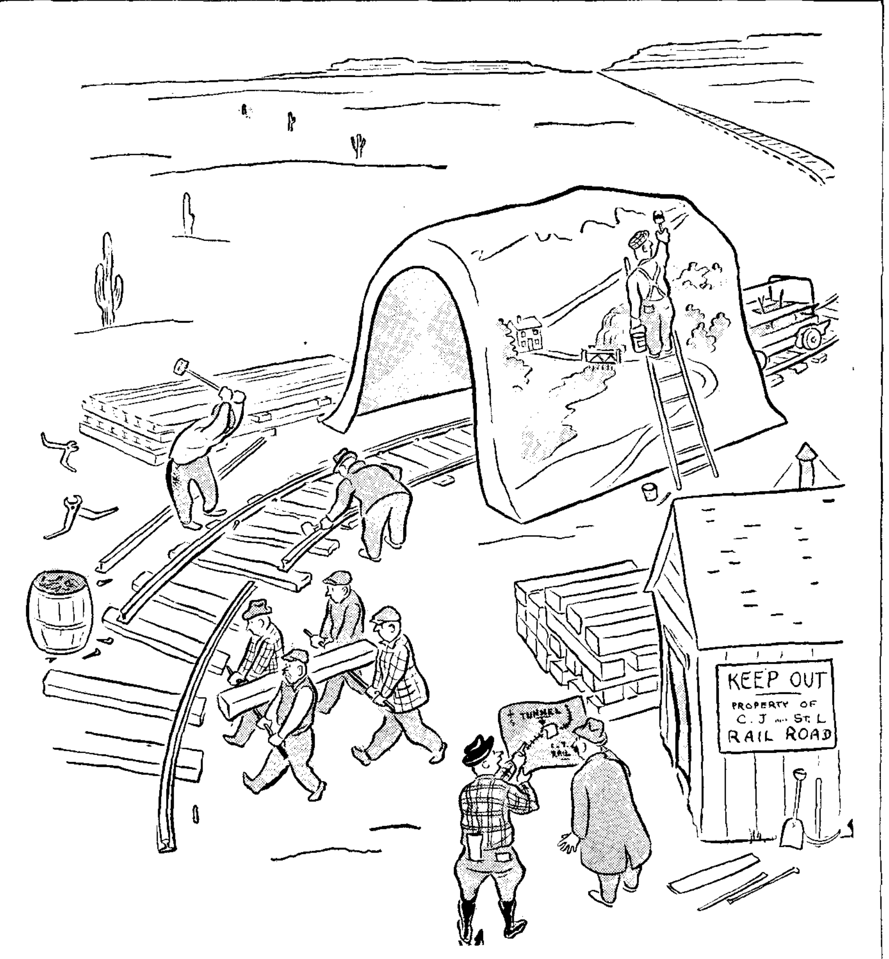
Actual sheepherding lessons begin at ten months. A trained dog usually does most of the teaching. The speed with which the dog masters the art is of major importance; but more than a hundred other points are involved, and they're all dutifully noted.

The dog really bares his soul in the "stranger test," given at 12 months. The trainer hides himself in a battle-scarred phone-booth contraption in the little frame house. The booth has cheesecloth windows through which the trainer watches. The dog is led into the center of the room by another trainer and left alone. Immediately a man in the other room, a stranger to the dog, knocks on the connecting door. Then he calls out, opens the door, enters, and calls the dog. If the dog refuses to come to him within three minutes, the stranger goes to the dog and tries to pet him. Volunteer strangers are at a premium.

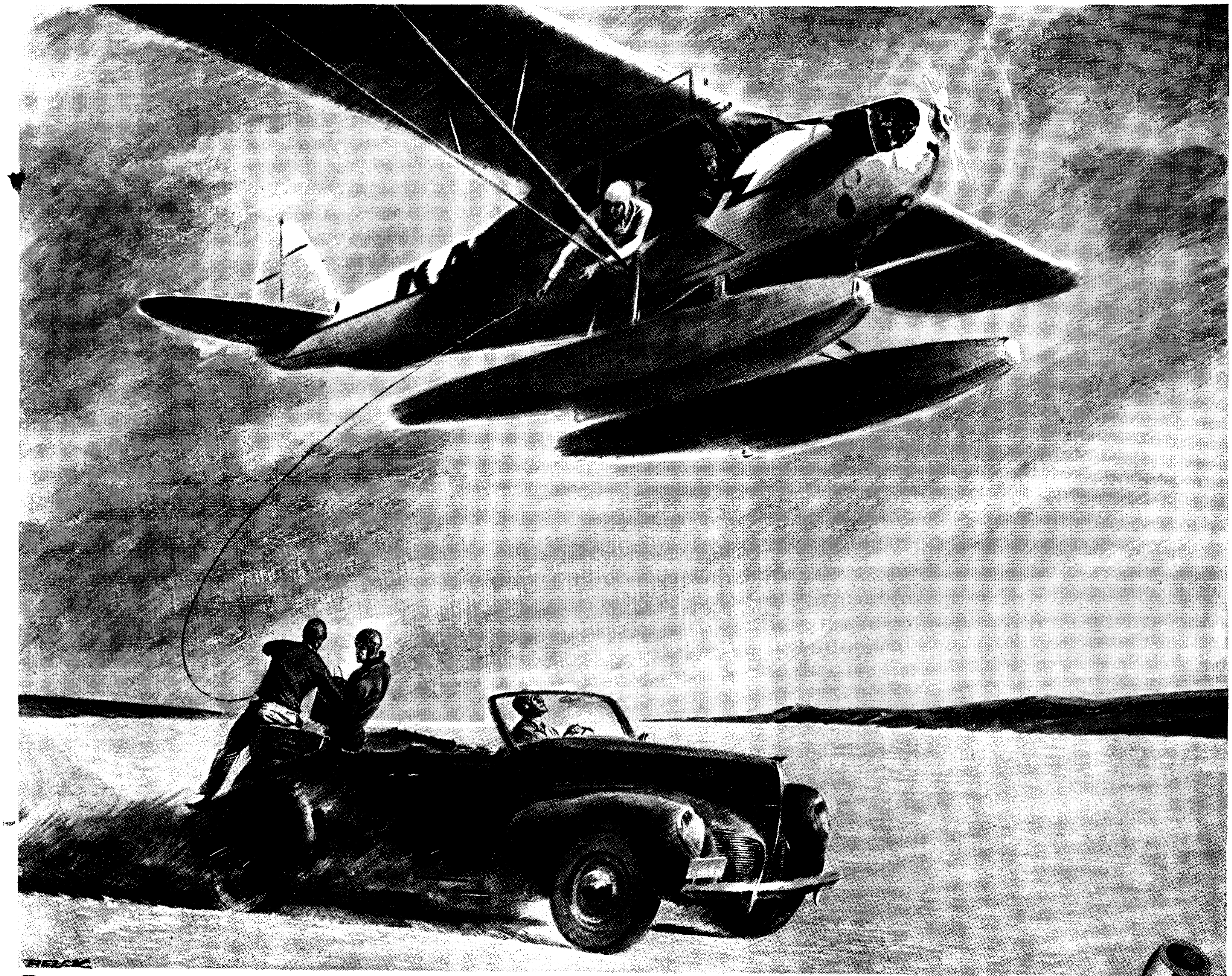
During all this the spy in the phone booth has been penetrating the dog's most sacred secrets. In no less than 148 ways the dog can reveal his true colors. Such, at least, is the scientists' hope.

The experiments are still very new and very rough. They may some day lead, however, to the development of a superior sheep dog. More important, they may evolve a system by which a pedigree will guarantee not only the names of a dog's ancestors but their characteristics. We may perhaps be able to buy a dog with reasonable assurance that he will be what we want—a watchdog, a pet for children or an intelligent companion.

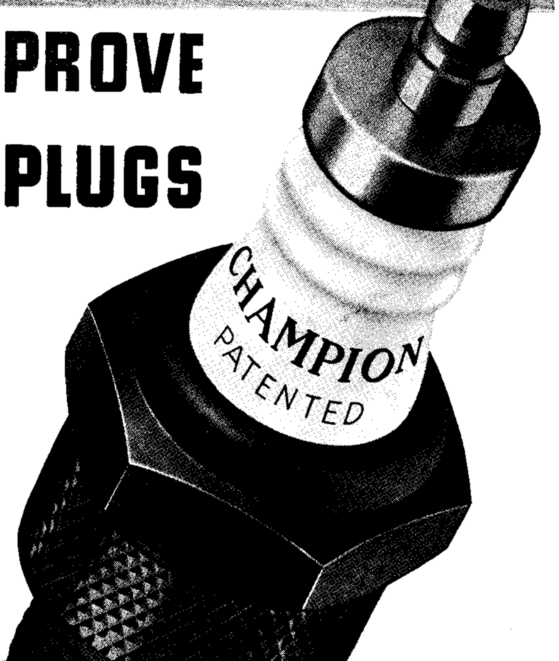
Still more important, the tests may give us a clearer understanding of the mechanics of heredity generally. Maybe some day we can have pedigrees ourselves, eliminating the less fit members of society. You can't tell what's going to happen when Pulis, Turkish sheep dogs, Border Collies and Chows get together.



"Well, see for yourself—here it is on the blueprint" D. HUFFINE



2 NEW WORLD'S ENDURANCE RECORDS PROVE CHAMPIONS THE BETTER SPARK PLUGS



It would be difficult to think of a more exacting test of spark plugs than that provided by two world airplane endurance (refueling) records recently set with Champion-equipped engines. Absolutely dependable ignition was imperative in both instances. Champion Spark Plugs provided perfect performance, as they have in practically every major racing and record breaking event on land, water and in the air for many years past.

Dependable ignition is more important to the performance of your car than ever before. Modern high compression engines and anti-knock fuels need the leakproof qualities, the greater insulator strength and the all around better performance of Champions. Demand Champions for dependable service in every engine.

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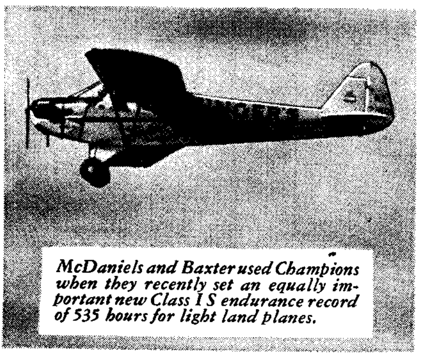
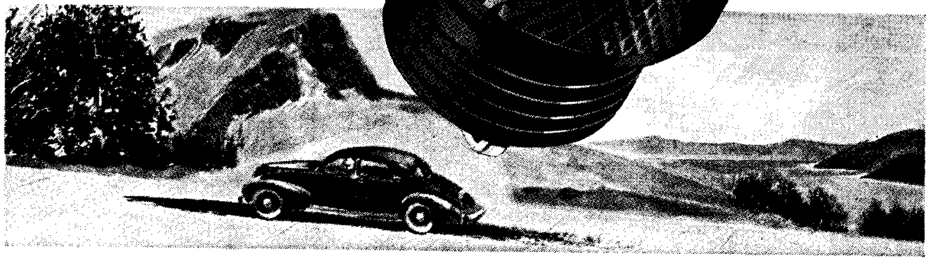


McDaniels and Baxter used Champions when they recently set an equally important new Class I S endurance record of 535 hours for light land planes.



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Light and tender... fluffy and golden—there's no more mouth-watering sight to behold than Aunt Jemima's Pancakes. And when you spread them with butter and pour on the syrup, you're ready to enjoy one of life's most luscious treats! Ask mother for delicious, nourishing Aunt Jemima's today... tell her you want them at least twice a week!

You can make pancakes just as delicious as if Aunt Jemima herself fixed them for you. For the secret recipe that made her pancakes the world's most famous is already mixed for you in every box of her magic Ready-Mix.

Ask your friendly grocer today for both kinds — the red box for PANCAKES or WAFFLES, the yellow box for BUCKWHEATS

AUNT JEMIMA'S READY-MIX FOR BUCKWHEATS AND PANCAKES

Campus Sweetheart

Continued from page 11

"You take Gladys along!" cried her mother in alarmed tones, remembering her Hollywood lore.

It was as easy as that. Wilkerson sent her over to Mervyn LeRoy who hired her after one look and put her almost immediately into They Won't Forget, where she died a most piteous death in the first reel as the child murder victim.

The moral lesson in this seems to be almost entirely bad. Lana had never even acted in school plays, had no interest in the stage and even less in the movies. Her experience also seemed to disprove the belief that looks are no longer enough for a movie actress and that the worst place for a youngster to get a movie job is in Hollywood itself.

But she did have the looks and the figure, and that seemed to be enough. Before many weeks she was appearing in The Great Garrick with Brian Aherne, which was approximately the same as appearing in a vault, this being one of the choice disasters of Hollywood history.

There she was: a high-school kid of sixteen with no more acting experience than a goat and yet Samuel Goldwyn felt it necessary to have her in Marco Polo, another smash flop. Even so, by this time she was known in points as far distant as Batavia, Java, as "the kid in the sweater." After that Mervyn LeRoy moved to M-G-M and took Lana with him.

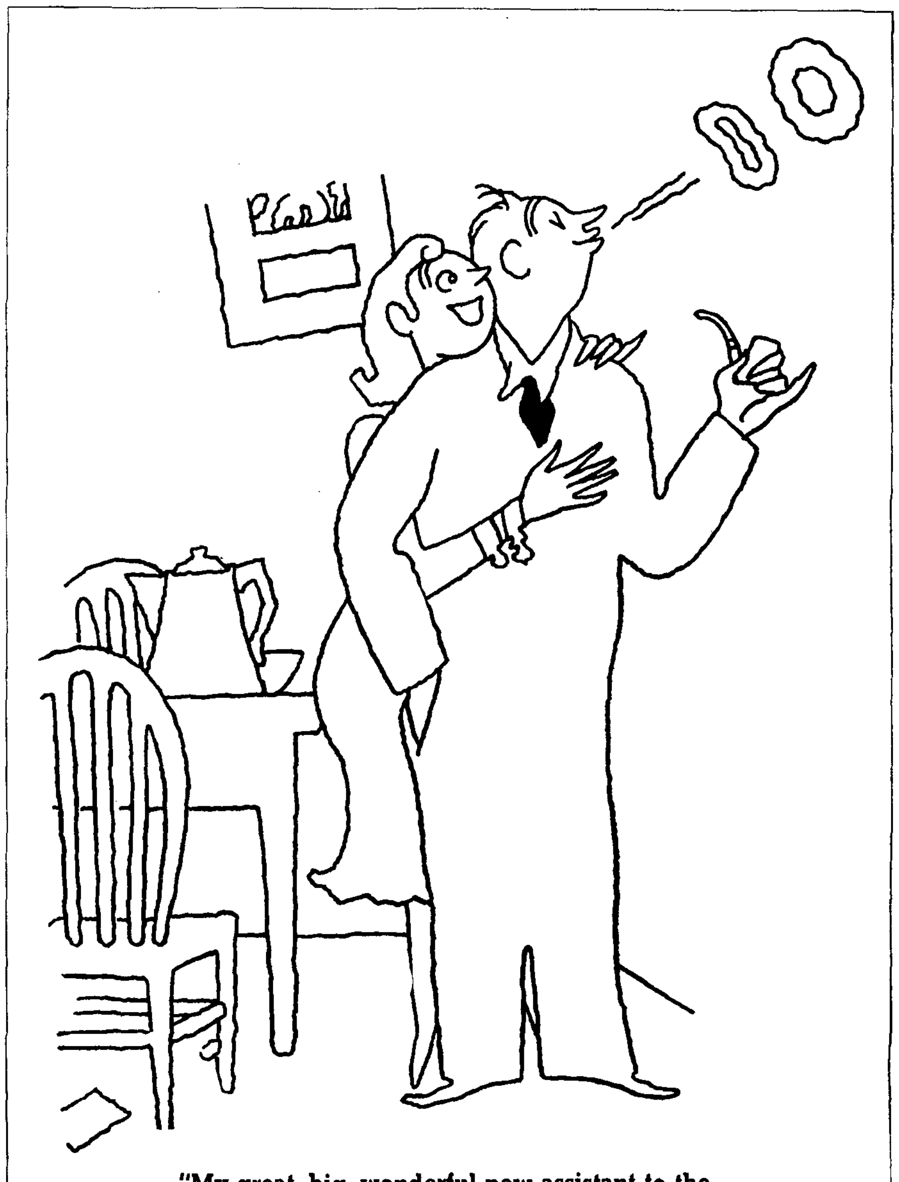
This American saga begins in Wallace, Idaho, where Lana was born as Julia Jean Turner and her father was a foreman in the mines. She was quite a tyke from the beginning, being the little nymph who appeared at the Elks show at the age of three doing the splits and a bit of heel and toe. Later she added the Charleston to her repertoire and was in demand. That kept up even after the family moved to San Francisco but it had no serious intent. The Turners knew nothing about the stage and Lana was not hanging around theater alleys.

The scene soon shifted to tragedy when Mr. Turner died and the responsibility for the family fell on Mrs. Turner. She is an astonishingly young woman even now and the old gags about the mother looking like the daughter could be resurrected in this case. Mrs. Turner had a little money left from her husband's insurance, took a course in beauty culture and eventually got a job in a San Francisco shop.

It wasn't the easiest life in the world because they had to live in boardinghouses so there would be somebody to look after Lana when Mrs. Turner worked.

"If you want to do it right," says the mother, "you have to be there when your patrons want you. Most nights I worked till ten or eleven."

But it brought in between $35 and $40 on good weeks and Lana could go to school and keep up with the other girls. This last was possible because she was always nuts about clothes and still suc-



"My great, big, wonderful new assistant to the manager in the Outgoing Mail Department"

GARDNER REA

Cleveland hostess, Mrs. Neil Curry, says: *"Nowadays we're serving our drink with the meal. Especially during the week most of our guests now prefer it that way. Actually it's fun to see how people are flattered when—just after the roast comes on—my husband pours everybody a glass of grand tasting Burgundy wine."*

From Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Samuel Murray reports: *"When friends drop in these days, I like to set out small glasses of a good wine like Muscatel. It makes for a genial, leisurely time, and that's what people appreciate."*

A. K. Mitchell, East Orange, New Jersey, businessman, writes: *"About six months ago I started giving guests at our house a choice of before-dinner drinks. I did it because I noticed more and more people prefer Sherry with the appetizers. It certainly is tops at making the dinner which follows taste extra good!"*

Clever hosts, Smart hostesses discovered it—

When people nowadays relax and enjoy themselves, more and more prefer the moderate beverage—Wine

Hosts and hostesses all over America report it! When you serve refreshments to your guests nowadays, you find more and more people choosing wine.

Mind you, that means folks are favoring a more leisurely, more moderate kind of evening. Selecting a custom that yields its fullest pleasure when you linger over your glass, when you sip your wine slowly, like a connoisseur.

Spreading like wildfire, this genial custom of wine serving has made a hit on another score, too.

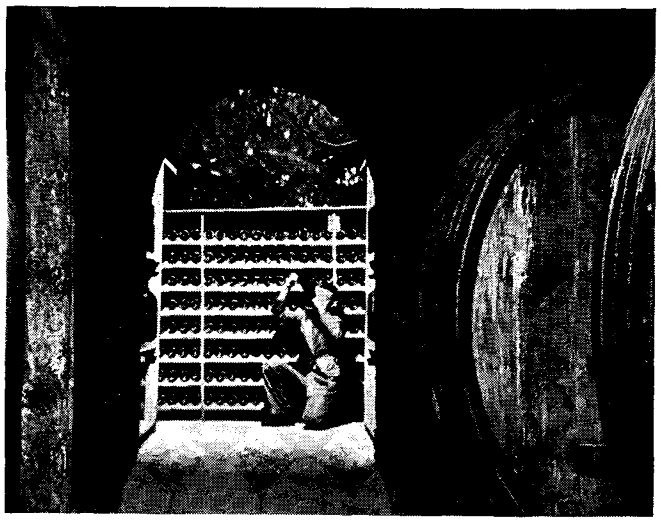
It's so thrifty! You can give nicer dinners, or have your friends in more often for evenings at bridge on the money you save.

Just try serving wine next time you have guests. Notice the gracious, unhurried air wine gives to your entertaining, the way it turns even the simplest luncheon or dinner into a feast.

Notice also how many of your guests are flattered when you serve this moderate beverage—how many appreciate the opportunity to say "make mine wine."

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco



THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

All you need to know to Serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with the dessert course or refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

With your dinner—served in portions about half the size of a water goblet, try:

Burgundy, which is red, full flavored—extra good with roast beef or with steak

Sauterne, which is golden, slightly sweet . . . ideal with mildly flavored main dishes like fish or fowl

At the appetizer hour, with dessert, or in the afternoon or evening (usually served in cocktail size glasses) try:

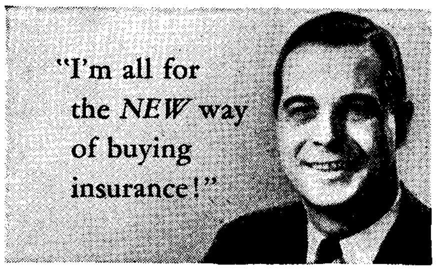
Muscatel, which is the color of old gold, and sweet with the distinctive flavor of Muscat grapes

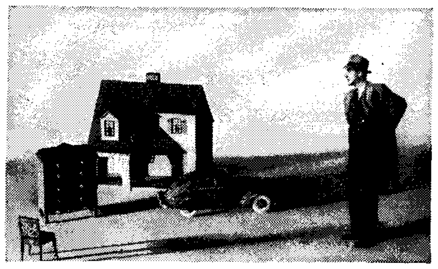
Sherry, which is mellow-amber, "nutty" in flavor—ideal before dinner, alone or with appetizers

Be Considerate—Serve Wine

"How a rare postage stamp taught me the *NEW* way of buying insurance"

"*I was showing* some of my most valuable stamps to a friend recently—a representative of the two Hartfords—when he asked me how much they were insured for. I admitted I'd never thought of insuring them. 'No,' he said, 'and you're probably exposed to other serious losses you've never thought of either.' Then he gave me a new slant on the whole question of insurance."


"I'm all for the *NEW* way of buying insurance!"



"*The NEW way,* he told me, is based on the fact that it hurts just as much to lose $1,000 one way as another. The most important thing to guard against is a big loss—no matter what its cause, no matter how unlikely it may seem. If it can happen—*insure!*"

"*The NEW way,* shows you just what you should insure—through an expert analysis of all your belongings and activities. Every possible risk is considered. Now that I'm buying insurance the NEW way, I'm better protected than ever before."

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

To learn more about the NEW way of buying insurance, just call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for the name of the Hartford representative nearest you. Or get in touch with your own insurance broker.

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE . . . . *Hartford, Connecticut*

ceeds in making four dresses out of one original by hacking up the seam or putting a doodad of some kind in a conspicuous place.

"You watch me," says the kid. "When they throw me out of the movies I'll open a shop. I'd like to be a designer."

Right at the moment, however, the movies have got her and she is becoming ambitious. She wants to be a real actress and people around the studio seem to feel that she can make it. At one point last fall every young actress on the M-G-M lot was acting mysteriously.

"I'm a singer (or dancer, acrobat, elocutionist), but I really want to ACT. I did a test for Waterloo Bridge the other day . . ." At this there would be a significant lowering of the eyes, denoting modesty, and a slow nod. ". . . Not bad," they would add.

Instead of Waterloo Bridge they put her in Two Girls on Broadway and the studio insisted they had plans for her. Getting along in the studios is the easiest thing in the world if the parts aren't too tough. Everybody helps the kids and as a result the kids steal most of the pictures. Lana was boosted along by Gary Cooper and Lionel Barrymore and, strangely enough, was not artistically massacred by Mickey Rooney.

Lana Learned Fast

She was still going to school at the time (the California laws insist on lessons right up to the age of eighteen or into the jug they go) and Mickey had only recently escaped such bondage. He referred to her rather scathingly as "Baby Glamor," and made a howl over some of the scenes.

"How can a man make love to a little mug like this when all she's doing is thinking about her algebra?" he yelled.

But that's the way it goes in the industry—ragging, ragging, all the time. She's eighteen now and has learned how to hand it out and is regarded as an old fixture around M-G-M.

The relationship between mother and daughter is close but not of the stage-mother variety. The only time Mrs. Turner came around was when Lana was working after midnight and had no other way of getting home.

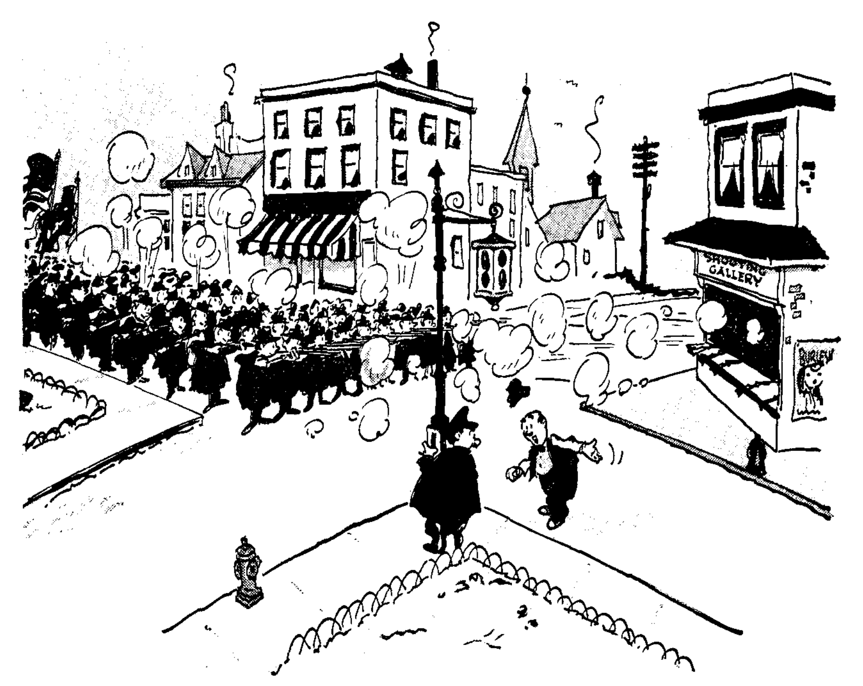
Along with the young lady's insanity over clothes goes a general desire to alter herself. The studio now stands with a club over her when a picture is finished lest she change from a blonde to a redhead overnight. She did that once when retakes were needed and it held up everything for a week until she could be dragged back to normal. Generally speaking, she is a light brown type, slightly retouched for photographic purposes.

Lana was never an intellectual giant in school, and the nights she may be found now curled up with a good book may be counted on your thumb, but she has found that to be a real actress she will have to broaden her interests and she does a nip of reading on occasion. According to a late bulletin from the M-G-M press department, she has "hazel eyes and a perfect figure." (Weight 109, 22½-inch waist, 34 bust, 35 hips, wears 6¼ gloves, a 22½ hat, 14 dress, size-9 hose, 5A shoes.) This seems to explain why it is not necessary for Lana to do too much homework.

Miss Turner insists that she has no ambitions to be an oomph girl or a glamor lady, but she has nothing to say about it. It's the young punks at Phi Goofa Gamma who will tell her whether she has IT or not.

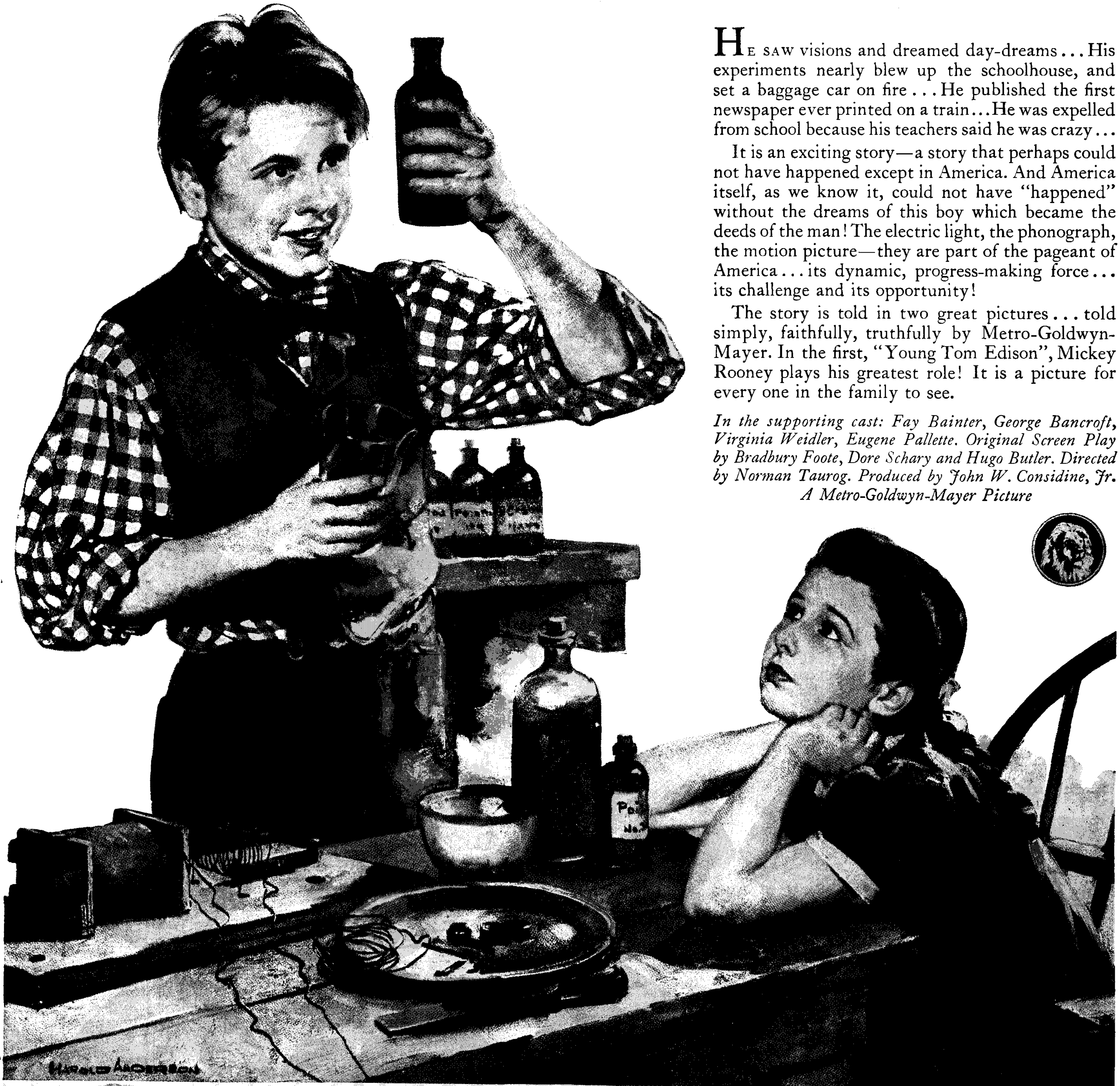
Lana's a nice kid and looks like a twelve-year-old when she wanders around the lot in flat shoes, red skating socks and some kind of a mandarin jacket that she made herself. Furthermore, she was troubled very greatly for several years by her boy friend, Mr. Greg Bautzer. They were engaged and very fond of each other, but Mr. Bautzer, an important young attorney, insisted that she give up her screen career after marriage. She didn't want to do it and the argument went on endlessly. What ended it was a very amusing thing: Lana eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, with Artie Shaw, the band leader, and was married.

What will happen now to the Turner household is problematical, but it will be extremely surprising if Mrs. Turner goes to live with the Shaws. She isn't that type of person, being a quiet, serious-looking young woman who is slightly bewildered by these transcendental events and rather desperately determined not to be spoiled by them all. The marriage will solve some problems, however, because Lana can now have the new car she wants and Mamma will not need to wince at the color scheme. She can also go on and be a great actress, if that's what is bothering her. Mr. Shaw won't object and Mother has nothing more to say about it. That's what happens when a little girl grows up.



"Change the light quick or I'll be ruined!" REAMER KELLER

MICKEY ROONEY as YOUNG TOM EDISON



He saw visions and dreamed day-dreams . . . His experiments nearly blew up the schoolhouse, and set a baggage car on fire . . . He published the first newspaper ever printed on a train . . . He was expelled from school because his teachers said he was crazy . . .

It is an exciting story—a story that perhaps could not have happened except in America. And America itself, as we know it, could not have "happened" without the dreams of this boy which became the deeds of the man! The electric light, the phonograph, the motion picture—they are part of the pageant of America . . . its dynamic, progress-making force . . . its challenge and its opportunity!

The story is told in two great pictures . . . told simply, faithfully, truthfully by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In the first, "Young Tom Edison", Mickey Rooney plays his greatest role! It is a picture for every one in the family to see.

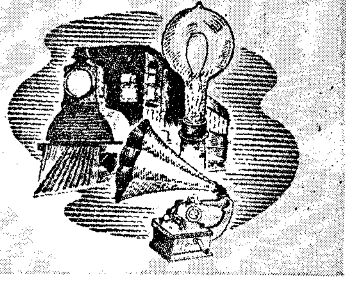
In the supporting cast: Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette. Original Screen Play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

. . . *and watch for* SPENCER TRACY as EDISON THE MAN

The story of the youthful Edison is complete in itself. Yet it serves, too, as the stirring prelude to another story equal in power and dramatic impact —"Edison The Man". Out of young Edison's cellar workbench grew a world-famous laboratory from which Thomas Edison sent out his great inventions to the everlasting benefit of the world.

Gifted Spencer Tracy takes over the role . . . and stirs the imagination with his vivid, living portrait of "the Wizard of Menlo Park" See "Young Tom Edison"—then watch for "Edison The Man", soon to be released.



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Poppa is unfair to our eyes

PICKETED for a PENNY!

"You say this good old 40-watt bulb doesn't give enough light for reading, let alone sewing?" said Hubert indignantly. "You're . . . Here, let ME show you."

"Go right ahead, Mr. Smarty, but while you're mangling both the sock and your thumb, Hubert, just remember it costs less than a penny more for GOOD light for an entire evening."

MORAL: *Be fair to your family. Get a supply of the right sized G-E lamp bulbs—the kind that are made to stay brighter longer.*

G-E DIME LAMPS 7½, 15, 30, 60-WATT 10¢
G-E MAZDA LAMPS 100-WATT and smaller 15¢

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Germany's Air Plans

Continued from page 15

keeping his plane at its highest pitch of efficiency, at its peak maneuverability, is a matter of life or death to him.

From this winter's lessons, European fighters know that until icing is licked, air force—for which great claims were made that it would rise above all the seasonal difficulties that bog down ground forces—must be spotty. If under the pressure of wartime inventive necessity, or subsequent leisurely peacetime research, this icing bugaboo is completely routed, then air force will become the only twelve-months, 52-weeks-a-year striking arm that is possessed by militarists of nations in the temperate zones.

But now the season of good flying weather is at hand in North Europe. Now it becomes possible for the directors of the war to execute their carefully made and cherished plans for consistent large-scale air operations. Therefore, with the question of why the war has not yet begun answered, up pops the greater question of what it will be like if it really gets started.

Germany Will Fight Her Own Way

"It is not a foregone conclusion," one German military friend told me, "that everybody will begin at once to shoot and fly and gas all over the map. Maybe Europe is in for years of Bluffkrieg, with armed nibbling. Maybe it will just be a sit-down war. But I don't think so. Armies need expression, or they want to go home to their families. Also, Blitzkrieg, or lightning war, preferably fought singlehanded, is traditional with German militarists. Just as the theory of siege war or blockade, with the aid of as many allies as possible, is traditional with the English. Neither can afford to fight the other's kind of war. Each must strive to make the other fight his kind of war. Yet, Herr Hitler is unpredictable, full of surprises. We don't know what he might have up his sleeve.

"Germany learned in 1914-1918, first, that no matter how smashing an army or how efficient a home morale and industry we have, we cannot bring a major European war to a definitive end unless we beat the British navy. Second, that we cannot successfully fight a major war against major powers on more than one front. Third, that if we keep our eastern frontier, and the Danubian Valley, open the Allies cannot starve us out; they'll have to lick us the hard way.

"Therefore, it is Allied strategy to get us fighting on two or more fronts. It is German strategy not to. That is the reason for the French General Weygand's famous "mystery army" in Syria, which is a springboard for a move on the Danubian Valley or Baku, in the Caucasian oil area. He began to form that army long before the war officially started, and we believe it is now composed of 500,000 men—French, English, Colonials and native levies.

"Our General Staff has worked out mathematically our exact chances of breaking the Maginot Line. On paper, we say we can do it with the loss of 900,000 men. We figure the French can similarly get into us by losing 1,000,000 men. In either case, the attacker would lose as many as both sides lost altogether in six months at Verdun. Mind you, this would be just for a narrow break-through: perhaps on a front of 20 to 30 miles. Then where would we be? The spearhead would meet counterattacks from massed reserves in a hostile countryside. Its flanks would be exposed to withering assaults from the still intact but now separated portions of the Line. Communications would be blasted from the air. As a problem in the simple arithmetic of slaughter—adding practical gains, subtracting lives, time, material and morale expended—the answer doesn't make sense.

"Thus, our policy, subject of course to the changing fortunes and circumstances of war, must be: Stand fast on the Siegfried Line with as few troops as possible, keep a potent mobile force ready to campaign in the southeast if necessary—and make a direct Blitzkrieg on England, to get her into a frame of mind for quick peace."

If this should turn out to be the best of all possible wars for Germany, it would go like this to meet what your German military friends tell you would constitute an ideal development of the maximum German hopes:

Germany would continue to ignore France, in a military sense, and that nation would develop internal troubles that would practically neutralize her. Germany, by sea and air, would starve England; whittle her fleet down to a point where Italy would feel safe in showing her teeth in the Mediterranean in a revival of her "Mare Nostrum" program and her ambition for a new Roman empire. Italy would then strike Egypt, Suez, Arabia. The other neutrals, impressed by Germany's success, would demonstrate; the Balkans by jumping on the military bandwagon, the North Europeans by more boldly resisting England's harsh blockade methods. Spain would take Gibraltar. Disaffection in India would mount and Russia would invade there. Japan would strike in the Far East—Hong Kong, Singapore and Australia.

All this, of course, may seem improbable on the basis of present vistas. It is a perfect sublimation of the "have-not" nation complex. But responsible German higher officers will ruin tablecloths and desk pads demonstrating statistics and graphs of its possibilities to you, as their optimum dream.

What Germany Hopes to Do

Here is the plan by which Germany hopes to begin the accomplishment of this wide-spreading victory. It is a complete picture of German expectations—gathered under frankest possible conditions from German army and navy officers, air experts and certain other confidential sources. It is the immediate form they profess to believe the war will take now as winter ends:

Germany, as the best means to fulfill her strategic plan, will throw most of her weight and emphasis into an air war.

Sometime in March, faith in peace abandoned, Germany will announce, declare or otherwise make known, a formal blockade of Great Britain.

The blockade will be attempted:

1. By a fleet of 500 "pocket U-boats"—each with a crew of 12.
2. By a fleet of speedboats; each with a crew of 4.
3. By direct raids of massed air fleets upon English ports, navy yards, estuaries and the High Seas Fleet when it can be found.
4. By air raids upon merchant shipping and convoys, using a new and especially developed twin-motor, medium range, very fast bomber.

For the application of this plan, there are known factors to ponder:

Germany has never gone in for subs as large as those of the American, French and British. Difficulties of wartime use of the blockaded shallow waters and narrow approaches of Wilhelmshaven and other bases condition her design. She had 65 or 70 officially known subs to begin the war. There were rumors of a secret building program, which probably can be discounted. Those subs averaged 500 tons apiece. France has a 2,000-ton class. Britain and America have some well over 1,000 tons.

The most optimistic Allied claims are that Germany has lost 35 subs. This is against a British admitted loss of nearly 30 men-of-war of various sizes, including one aircraft carrier and one capital ship. It is believed Germany is able to keep her building ratio of standard U-boats level with her losses. It is also known she commandeered two subs that were being built in German yards for Turkey, and has secured thirty from Russia by trade.

Submarines by the Hundred

But this is not of great importance to her "blockade England" plan. That is based on an idea long close to the hearts of the German Naval High Command. It is the mass production of a tiny submarine, conceived and designed especially for this purpose.

The parts for this sub are manufactured by Siemens and other great industrial plants. Sometimes they are assembled inland and dispatched by freight car to the coast. Most often the parts are shipped to dozens of small boatyards in Baltic and North Sea ports—places like Sassnitz, Warnemunde, Rugen, Kiel—and there bolted together and motored: precisely as cars are fabricated in assembly plants in the United States.

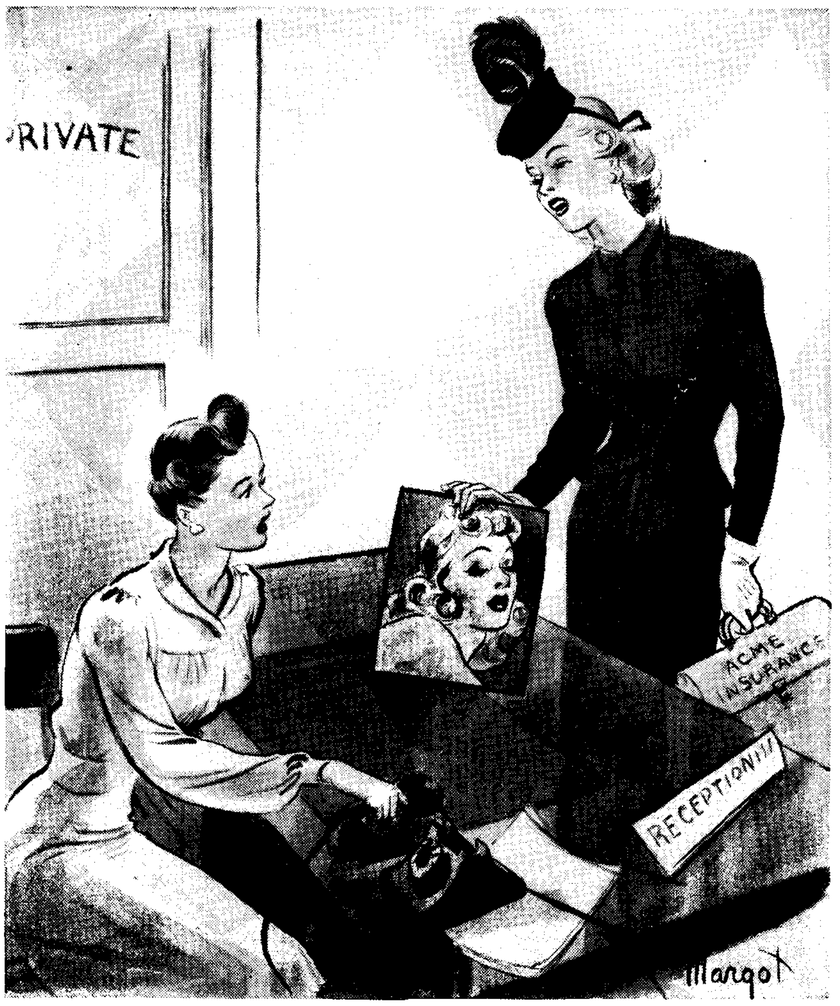
These flivver subs are less than one fifth the size of latest American types. They have limited range; but enough to take them around the British Isles. They are flimsy and oversimplified, but considered adequate for the single job in hand. In theory they can remain on station, and be refueled and reprovisioned from larger U-boats, acting as mother ships, or from seaplanes. They have been building at a rate which in October was about 90, and is now about 100 a month. At least 300 will be ready, the Germans claim, to form an adventurous circle around Britain when the blockade is announced.

Next, for the blockade plan, come the "pocket torpedo boats." These are a German version of our Eagle boats of 1917. England and Italy notably have also built in this class. They are glorified launches, or speedboats; perhaps 50 feet long, sleek, low, armed with a small cannon and two torpedo tubes, with crews of four men each. They have little fleet combat value. They are useful for reconnaissance—with them the Germans have kept tabs on England's shipping operations. They have very short range, but speeds in excess of 50 miles per hour. Usual North Sea hazy visibility and their lowness in the water enable them to get quite close to prey before being spotted. Zigzagging at full speed, they make poor targets. They are frail. Their great value to the blockade will be raids on merchant ships and convoys.

Both these "pocket" types—U-boat and speedboat—are reasonable and practical weapons for the purpose.

The mass air raids do not represent such a step from orthodoxy. It is believed these will follow the technique developed by the Germans in Poland. That requires a protracted spell of good flying weather. Many times a day, for perhaps six days running, the objective is attacked and bombed as thoroughly and as disastrously as possible. After that, for another six days, the objective is raided by lesser forces, and fewer times, each day to keep it, as the German airmen say, "sterilized."

The heaviest losses to the attackers in this system comes in the first two or three raids. Much depends upon air superiority in numbers—a heavy casualty in German planes is gambled against



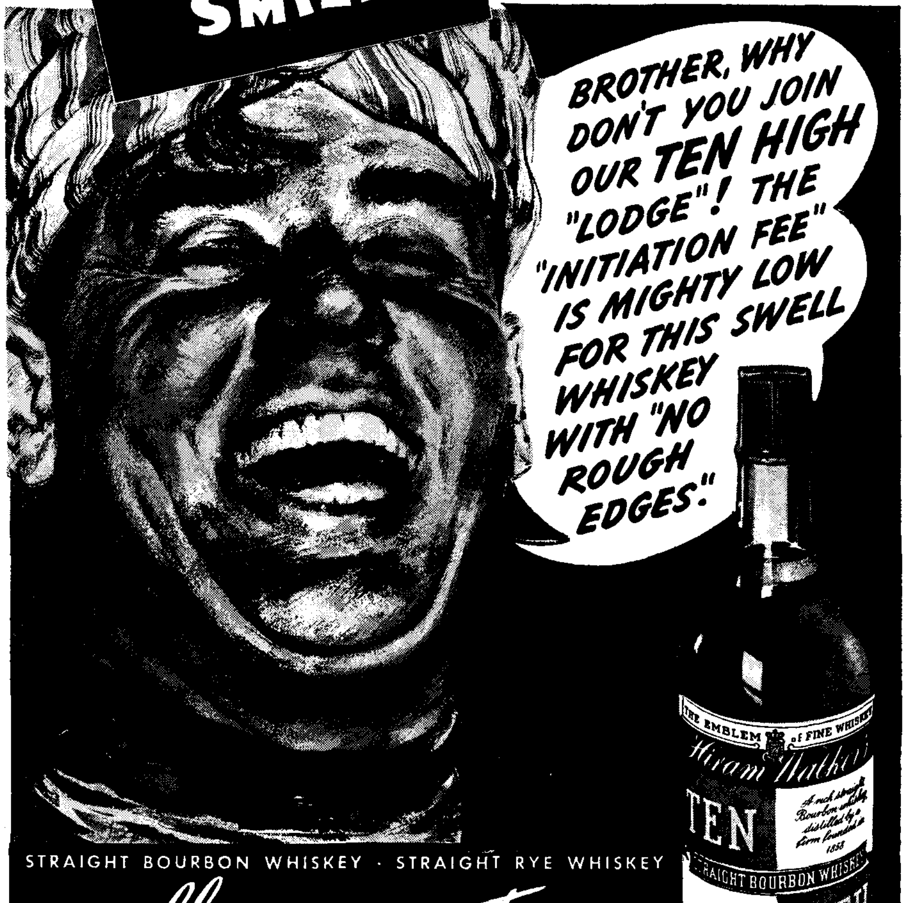
"Here's my card"

MARGOT

1 **"You're now a royal member** of the Powhat Lodge," says Ben Norris, as he helps me off the goat. "Come on and I'll initiate you to the whiskey with No Rough Edges." And he hands me a TEN HIGH highball.

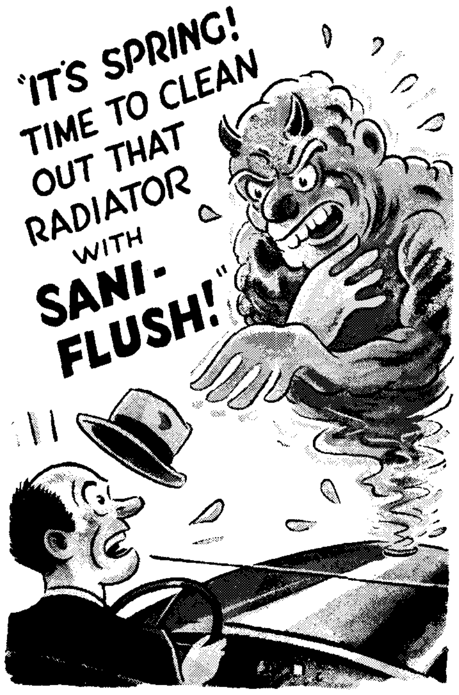
2 **"Here's to the Powhat Lodge,"** I toast. "And, believe me, this TEN HIGH sure Doubles My Enjoyment of becoming a member. I call this a real initiation!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE


BROTHER, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN OUR TEN HIGH "LODGE"! THE "INITIATION FEE" IS MIGHTY LOW FOR THIS SWELL WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES."
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Double your enjoyment with Ten High


"IT'S SPRING! TIME TO CLEAN OUT THAT RADIATOR WITH SANI-FLUSH!"

All winter long, rust and sediment have accumulated in your radiator. Fine scale is choking the cooling system of your car. Clean it out! It's easy and inexpensive. Do it yourself in a few minutes. Use Sani-Flush.

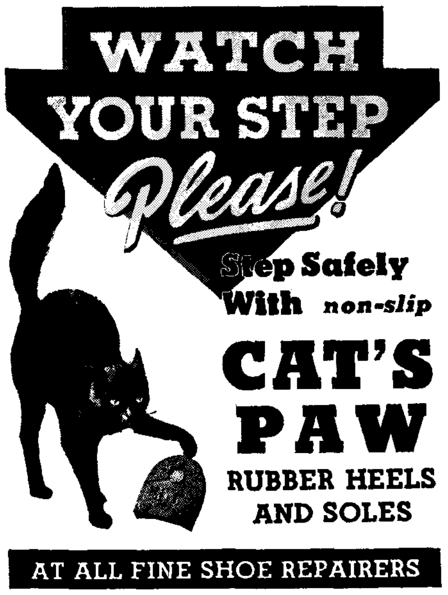
There is nothing in Sani-Flush that can injure your motor or radiator fittings. It removes rust, scale, sludge and sediment from the cooling system. Use 10c worth of Sani-Flush (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). *Directions on can.* Or, if you prefer, ask your service station to do the job for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

No "Rough Stuff" for Me! I USE
TWENTY GRAND Razor Blades
5 Leather Stropped BLADES FOR 10¢
MADE IN U.S.A.
TWENTY GRAND FINEST SWEDISH STEEL

I shave with a Twenty Grand Blade in the morning . . . and at 3 P.M. my face feels as smooth as though I'd shaved at noon! Perfected Leather Stropping is the secret of Twenty Grands' smoother, longer-lasting shaves. And you get MORE shaves per blade. Ask for Twenty Grands at Drug and other stores in your neighborhood. Satisfaction or money back.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.



results. The subsequent raids keep the enemy from reorganizing in the objective areas.

Last, in the general blockade scheme, is the use of air raiders—alone, scattered or en masse—against surface vessels. This was forecast in Collier's last October; late this winter you saw the beginning of it. Here is a type of warfare that may arouse terror among merchant ships and greater disinclination of neutrals to engage in trade with England. Junkers has developed a special twin-engine light bomber for this phase, with a speed above that of any of the available American or Allied bombers, cutting down still further the gap between bombers and pursuits. This will be used against convoys as well as for single attacks. Pursuits, in the North Sea at least, will also be used. It requires at least a 300-pound bomb to sink a fair-sized vessel. Those are beyond the weight-carrying possibilities of pursuits. However, the pursuits can strafe with machine guns, and both pursuits and bombers in their merchant raids will use thermite to burn ships.

Some naval men don't think such an air blockade can succeed; most airmen do. It will be an interesting showdown.

England's Greatest Weakness

The larger question is Germany's ability to pull off the whole blockade program and make the high seas of the North Atlantic, and the waters around the British Isles, too poisonous for merchantmen this spring.

A conference of the American Management Association in New York City, during which insurance and brokerage authorities suggested that Allied losses on the seas were being partially concealed, was given much publicity in Germany, which has always claimed greater successes than enemies have admitted. The Germans refer to the last war, the later history of which proved that both Allies and Germans alike, for military reasons, hid as many as possible of their naval and merchant losses. The Germans further point out the vulnerability of England to food shortage. At the height of the von Tirpitz campaign, she was close to actual want. Her only really impregnable line of communication is to France across the Channel, but France has all she can do to feed herself. England is not self-supporting. She depends upon Ireland, Denmark and farther places to keep her larder filled. She grows only enough food each year to sustain her six weeks. In preparation for this war she stored amounts of canned and frozen goods. Half her overseas food supply enters the port of London, most of the rest through Southampton and Liverpool. The convoy system—a large number of merchant ships meeting at a high-seas rendezvous, thence proceeding shoreward under guard of battleships—while it affords some protection, strains facilities because it brings many ships to dock at the same time in the same port.

No responsible German—and no neutral airman to whom I have talked in Europe—believes the Allies, even with American help, will catch up with Germany in aerial numbers. In spite of frantic Allied efforts, plus utmost purchasing from the United States, Germany's superiority in the air remains about the same as reported to you in Collier's in October—two to one. American industry is probably geared to build 1,000 planes a month, all types. By no means every plane goes to Europe —our home commercial and military needs come first. The Allies have about 4,000 planes on order now in the United States. Up to now they have probably got delivery, direct or through Canada, of no more than 1,000, and not all those were fighters. The last winter month for which official U. S. Department of Commerce figures are available show 171 planes received by France, 53 by England—these figures being included in a total of 247 actually exported to France, 135 to Great Britain, between August 1st and December 31st.

Quite as important to a belligerent as the number of planes it owns is its strength in properly trained pilots. United States Air Corps belief is that a flyer must have 1,000 hours to be worth his salt; from 1,000 on, he can really begin to learn to fly modern high-speed equipment. One of the English boys shot down at Wilhelmshaven in the first raid of the war, and taken prisoner, told correspondents he had 186 hours' experience. It took virtually all France's completely qualified pilots to fly the 200 high-speed, high-performance Curtiss pursuits she got. When one of those is shot down the serious loss is not the plane but the pilot. Here, again, as in plane output, the Germans probably have an edge because of long encouragement of gliding and because of nationwide preliminary flight training available to young men in high schools and colleges.

Whether the American planes are better than the German planes they are fighting, or whether British and French home products are as good as the Germans, cannot yet be told. The French claim invariable success for their Curtisses over Germany's famous Messerschmitts. The Germans swear their latest models have not yet been in service.

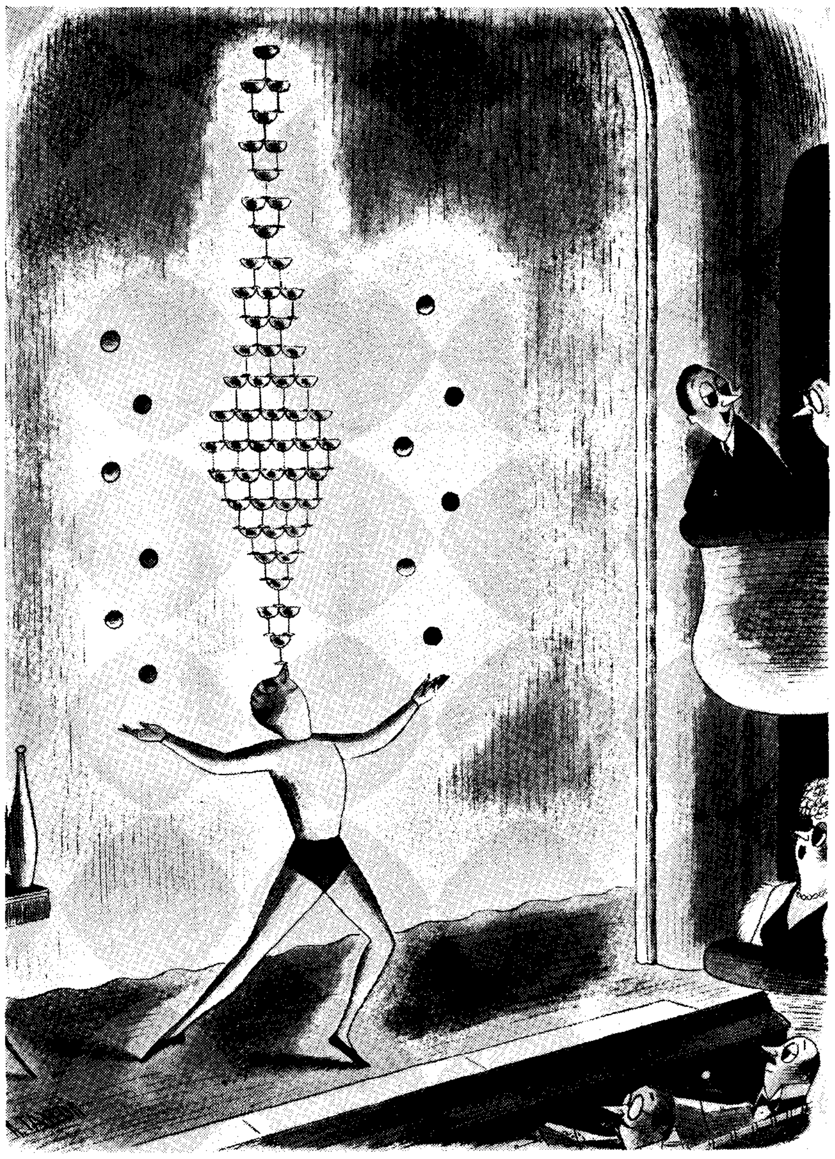
You have heard a lot about "torpedo planes" and "pilotless dynamite planes" and "magnetic mines" and new explosives, and many kinds of mysterious and hush-hush devices presumed to be in the possession of Germany. That is all bunk. *Germany's greatest and most closely guarded war secret is the vast reserve of raw materials and other strategic supplies which she built up.*

Her foremost aeronautical research engineers told me she had sufficient on hand to maintain a plane-production schedule of 2,500 ships a month for a year and a half. Beyond then—Germany looks to Russia and the Balkans. Professor Messerschmitt declares that his planes are built from 99 per cent domestic raw materials. That cannot be wholly true; what he means is probably illustrated by the remark of an American who is in charge of a great automobile business in Germany:

"These Germans are so damn' clever with the use of substitutes that their lack of orthodox materials doesn't count much!"

A Nation Preparing

Germany, while the war stands pat, has been furiously building, improving, expanding her supply facilities. She has changed the gauge of the East Poland railways, formerly on the wide Russian scale, to fit in with her own. She is extending her famous "Autobahnen," or superhighways, up and down Poland—toward the Silesian wheat belt, the oil fields of Galicia. Hundreds of German engineers, hundreds of thousands of Polish prisoners of war, are working on these projects: including a superhighway direct from Berlin to Moscow. This spring the last link will be finished—a canal between Brest Litovsk and Pinsk —in the great waterway connecting the Black Sea and the Baltic via the Dneiper

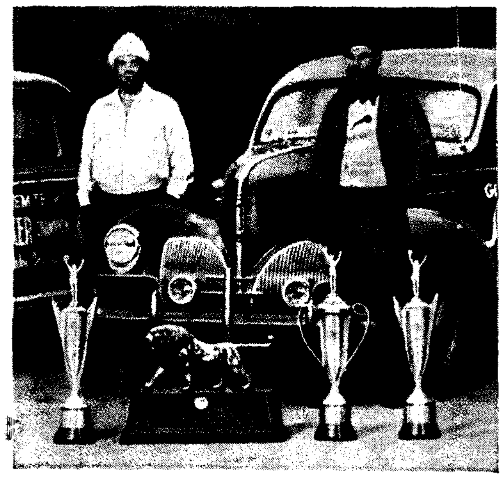


"I've been following this act all over the country—just waiting"

RICHARD TAYLOR

Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan $700 delivered at factory

STUDEBAKER BEATS ALL OTHER CARS in America's greatest gas economy classic



STUDEBAKER CHAMPION
29.19 MILES PER GALLON

On January 4, Studebaker's three great 1940 cars finished 1—2—3 in the Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes, defeating all other cars entered. Under American Automobile Assn. supervision, the Studebaker Champion averaged 29.19 miles per gallon, the Studebaker Commander 24.72 miles per gallon, the Studebaker President 23.40 miles per gallon. Each was a strictly stock car, equipped with Studebaker's low-extra-cost overdrive.

Enjoy this distinction and save 10% to 25% every mile

STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

PRICES BEGIN AT
$660
for a Champion coupe delivered at the factory, subject to change without notice

YOUR selection of a Studebaker Champion is no speculation but a real thrift investment.

The 10% to 25% greater economy which Studebaker Champion owners enjoy means that you steadily save 10% to 25% on gas, not to mention your reduced upkeep cost.

Priced on a level with the 3 other large-selling lowest price cars

You save, too, on equipment, because there's no extra charge for such indispensables as this Studebaker Champion's planar independent suspension and finest hydraulic shock absorbers, non-slam rotary door latches, front-compartment hood lock, sealed-beam headlamps, steering wheel gear shift, foot-regulated hydraulic brakes, shockless variable-ratio steering.

Thousands of delighted owners say that no other lowest price car they've tried is so restful, sure-footed and steady, as this safe, easy-handling Champion.

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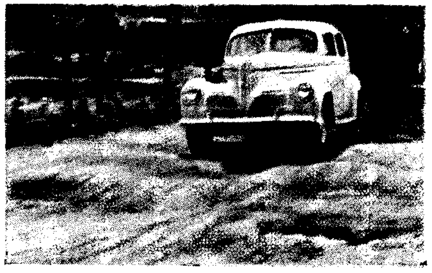
Money-saving long life! Studebaker's 7,700 matchless master craftsmen build your Champion to stay in sound running condition for years.



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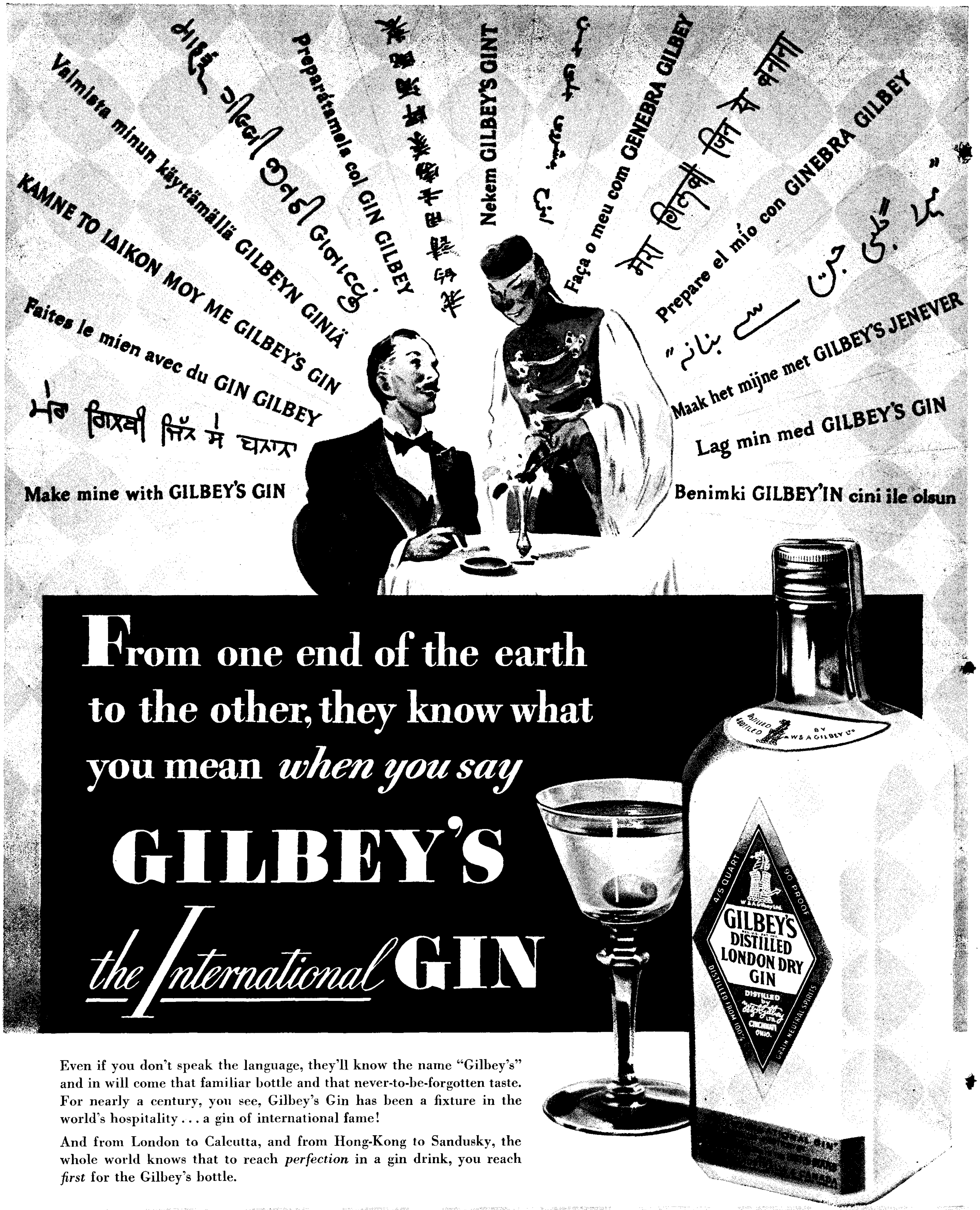
Valmista minun käyttämällä GILBEYN GINIÄ
KAMNE TO IΔIKON MOY ME GILBEY'S GIN
Faites le mien avec du GIN GILBEY
ਮੇਰਾ ਗਿਲਬੀ ਜਿੰਨ ਸੇ ਬਨਾਨਾ
Make mine with GILBEY'S GIN
Preparátamela col GIN GILBEY
Nekem GILBEY'S GINT
Faça o meu com GENEBRA GILBEY
मेरा गिल्बी जिन से बनाना
Prepare el mío con GINEBRA GILBEY
"میرا گلبی جن سے بنانہ"
Maak het mijne met GILBEY'S JENEVER
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Even if you don't speak the language, they'll know the name "Gilbey's" and in will come that familiar bottle and that never-to-be-forgotten taste. For nearly a century, you see, Gilbey's Gin has been a fixture in the world's hospitality . . . a gin of international fame!

And from London to Calcutta, and from Hong-Kong to Sandusky, the whole world knows that to reach *perfection* in a gin drink, you reach *first* for the Gilbey's bottle.

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Copyright 1940—National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS *Made from 100% grain neutral spirits — 90 Proof* and the Vistula rivers. This is an old fancy of Central Europe's militarists.

Of natural resources, Germany has only coal in abundance; she is third largest coal producer on earth—United States and Great Britain exceeding her. She is using her coal wealth to make up in some part for her lack of other materials. It is the basis for many of her *Ersatz* products: for example, soap fats. Also, coal is used for the distillation of oil.

There is another advantage, sometimes overlooked, in Germany's situation this time. In 1914-1918 there was no German merchant shipping on the high seas. Today there is. The enormous number of British naval vessels required for the convoy system, the dispersal of British forces necessary to hunt the elusive pocket battleships, air raiders added to surface and undersea raiders have attenuated British naval power until there are loopholes that even its huge bulk cannot close. American businessmen in Hamburg report merchant shipping activity in that port—nothing comparable with normal peacetime movement, of course, but a quite decent traffic. Some of it comes from the Atlantic down the Baltic via Murmansk and the White Sea Canal.

Why Germany Is Air-Minded

Oil is Germany's weakest heel in her ambitious plan for an air and sea Blitzkrieg against England. She needs gasoline to send her great air fleets winging; oil for her U-boats and tanks. It would be easier to find out the exact number of hairs in Stalin's mustache than how many barrels of gas Germany has in her secret war reserves. We know this: to keep current, she will need at least 75 million barrels a year from outside, and it will be difficult for her to get 30 million from all sources. If the Rumanian fields are threatened by an Allied expedition, Germany will have to fight swiftly and fiercely. You might say this —Germany plans to win quickly, on the reserves she has put by.

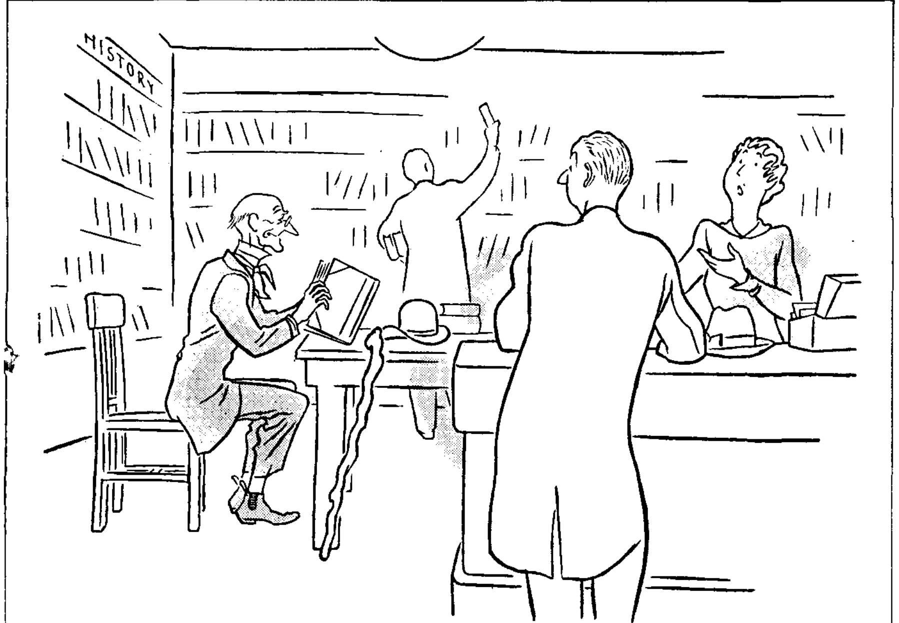
That is why her trust and hopes are in the air. The inevitable consequences of European strategy and economy, and of ancient geographic circumstances and fate, promise her little on the ground. That is why German militarists are the most air-minded in the world.

"If anyone tries to tell you," a German veteran flyer assured me, in the friendly glow of a bottle of Deidesheimer, Auslese, 1937, "that air power has not influenced war *decisively,* tell him he is crazy. Captain Liddell Hart, the English military scholar, wrote that 'for thousands of years war has been waged at three miles per hour, and now, in a generation, we have sprung to the possibility of waging it at 300 miles per hour, and such a change baffles military comprehension.' I think he means the airplane has taken war out of the hands of the generals and put it in the hands of politicians. Whether for better or worse, we don't know yet.

"The airplane has made the war of nerves possible. Ever hear Goering's speeches? It has brought on the war of morale: fear of raids caused vast evacuations in England and France—children went one way, women stayed at home, men went another way. Families split into three. Hasn't that done something to their common people's spirits? The airplane brought black-outs, which changed the social, moral and hygienic lives of nations. The airplane made the old German dream of Blitzkrieg possible. Look back to your newspaper maps of September. You will see how, by using planes to transport troops and fuel and supplies for the racing ground mechanical divisions, we threw out five loops into Poland; and then drew them in like strings around candy sacks. The lieutenant-general in charge of our mechanized work directed his tank corps from the air. First time in history. But you couldn't boss war on such a scale, visualize such a battlefield and such timing, otherwise! The airplane has made war cheaper. You can risk fifty great bombers to sink one battleship and even if you lose all the bombers in doing it you have expended at the most a million dollars in plane value, but destroyed sixty million dollars in naval value.

"More—and don't laugh at this. The airplane has saved hundreds of thousands of lives in this war so far. They may be killed later. Meanwhile, they've had an extra half year of life, and that's something. I mean, if this had been an old-fashioned, purely land war, without the threat of the airplane to give it breadth and imagination, and to make every responsible leader pause, the killings on the ground, the murderous battering of lines, would have started on September 3d!

"The airplane has made this war a bigger gamble than any other war in history. Nobody is sure of anything. I remember, when I lived in New York, one of your newspapers used to print at the foot of every column on the sports page—'Don't Bet on Fights.' Let me advise you, my friend—don't bet on this war!—and let's have another drink."



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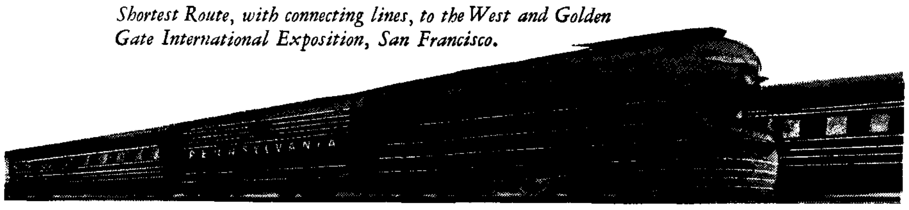

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THESE PEDIGREED PUPS SURE COST PLENTY, MR. MATTINGLY.
THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED, MR. MOORE... FINE THINGS ALWAYS ARE MORE EXPENSIVE!
PEDIGREED PUPPIES FOR SALE
NOT ALWAYS, MR. MATTINGLY... OUR M & M, SUH, IS ONE OF THE NOBLEST WHISKIES IN THE LAND... YET ITS PRICE IS MIGHTY LOW... MIGHTY LOW!
...AND ANY MAN WITH WISDOM ENOUGH TO JUDGE BY TASTE INSTEAD OF PRICE, SUH, WILL MAKE M & M HIS BRAND.
Mattingly & Moore
MATTINGLY & MOORE

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof (also 86 proof). Every drop is whiskey!
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Appointment in India

Continued from page 22

"Salaam, Sahib," he said. "You startled me."

"Salaam, Shivaji Lal." Fred retained his grip on the Brahman's shoulder. "You've been following me."

The faded blue turban wagged once to the right in a noncommittal gesture. "Yes and no, Sahib," the Brahman said. "If I have been following you, it is because our paths lead in the same direction. You were going to my house, Sahib?"

"No. I was on my way to the district officer's bungalow."

"She is not there, Sahib."

"Who's not there?"

"Miss Hatton. She is not in her brother's house."

"What makes you think I want to see Miss Hatton?" Fred Oaks demanded.

THE old man smiled wistfully. There was a touch of humor in his eyes, the pale brown eyes of the Deccani Brahman. His light skin, too, and his regular Aryan features told that he was not of southern India.

"I have seen sixty-five monsoons come and go, Sahib," he said. "As the seeing of the senses grows dim, the seeing of the mind grows sharper. Even a blind man sees more at sixty than a youth at twenty—or thirty. How old are you, Sahib?"

Fred ignored the question. He looked closely into the old man's face. He was positive the Brahman had been following him, yet he also knew that Shivaji Lal would tell nothing he did not want to; there was no way of browbeating him. He released his grip on the Brahman's shoulder.

"How do you know Miss Hatton is not at her brother's house?" he asked at last.

"Because she is at my house, Sahib."

"Why?"

"I do not know, Sahib. I saw her go in after I had left. I did not go back, because she seemed distressed. She seemed on the point of tears. A girl like Miss Hatton cries alone."

"Then why did she come to your house?"

"The shoulder of an old man is a friendly form of solitude. . . ."

"What's the matter with her brother's shoulder?"

The Brahman chuckled mirthlessly. "The shoulder of her brother the district officer," he said, "is designed only to bear the white man's burden. A girl does not cry upon the shoulder of a man whose veins run cold with the clear water of duty, and whose compassion is poisoned by the fever of ambition, whose—"

"Where's Mrs. Curring?" Fred interrupted.

The Brahman avoided his eyes. He hesitated a fraction of a second before he replied, "I cannot tell you, Sahib."

"You can't tell me—but you know where she is?"

"No, Sahib. I do not. Would you like to see Miss Hatton?"

"No."

"Nevertheless you will come to my house?"

Again Fred was about to say "No" when something in the Brahman's tone rang a warning bell in his subconscious. Virginia Hatton, the Brahman said, was on the point of tears. Perhaps she knew where Rhoda Curring had gone, after loading a revolver. . . .

"All right, Shivaji Lal, I'll come," he said.

The Brahman's house was not far from the temple, almost on the edge of the tree-studded green that contained the residences of the district officer and several other members of the tiny European colony. In contrast to the well-groomed European bungalows beyond, the Brahman's domicile was a hovel which nevertheless wore an air of neatness, despite the crazy angle of the doorway, the tired slant of the walls and the sagging bamboo ridgepole which gave the gray-tiled roof the appearance of being continually on the verge of cascading off the eaves. On the mailbox was a badly printed card which read: PUNDIT SHIVAJI LAL, B. A., Headmaster, Shakkarpur High School.

At the doorway, Fred stopped, again scrutinized the Brahman's face for some sign of guile. "You go first, Pundit-ji," he said.

Shivaji Lal backed away a step. He said: "I just now recall that I promised to visit my son and his wife who live next door. I will join you later. Please go in and make yourself at home."

Without waiting for a reply, he trudged down the dusty road and turned in at the next house.

With some misgivings, Fred Oaks watched him go. He was still afraid of an ambush. A few hours ago he was certain that no one in Shakkarpur knew enough about him to want to lay a trap for him. Tonight, however, Rhoda Curring had said he was no longer safe. He drew a deep breath, crossed the threshold, went up the wooden steps. He walked quietly, so that he reached the Brahman's more-than-modest sitting room without being observed. The room was literally bare, except for a gaudy blue painting of Krishna on one of the mud-plastered walls, a badly worn durrie rug on the floor and a single chair—the Brahman's only concession to an occasional European guest—in one corner.

Virginia Hatton sat in the chair, playing with a starved-looking kitten. She had her back three quarters turned to Fred, and the glow from the floating wick burning in a bowl of oil that stood in a wall niche wreathed her hair with deep, luminous golden brows, like sunlight shining through an old wine of Samos. Fred stood a moment, looking at the way the ends of her hair curled just above her young shoulders, remembering that it was as fine as gossamer to the touch.

He remembered, too, although he could see only the merest suggestion of her profile, that her patrician forehead would be high and pale; that her long, dark lashes would be lowered over surprisingly blue eyes—the soft, wistful eyes of a dreamer who looked with gentle, continual reproach at a world that would not share her dream; that her classic nose was straight, and her lips full and a little disdainful, as though challenging her elders to call her a mere child. Sitting very straight in her chair, she was almost stately, almost as self-consciously dignified as the long line of her empire-building forebears.

FRED OAKS silently closed the door behind him. The oil light flickered, dimmed and flared again. Virginia sprang up—and immediately her stateliness disappeared. The slim torso that a moment ago had been statuesque was now merely young and vital. Facing Fred in her simple blue dress, her bare legs and white shoes, she was even a little awkward, in an unaffected, boyish way. The whole vibrant poise of her body was eloquent with the appealing earnestness of the very young or the very sincere who have not yet seen enough mean and petty people to lose faith in human kind.

"You!" she said.

Fred came farther into the room. "Who were you expecting?" he asked.

"Where's Shivaji Lal?" Her tone was defiant.

"He's next door visiting his unsanctified, occidentalized son. Won't I do?"

Virginia stared at him for a moment. The kitten rubbed itself against her ankles, mewing for attention. She sat down. "Perhaps you will," she said. "Perhaps you know as much about it as Shivaji Lal. Is it true . . . is there going to be trouble?"

"What kind of trouble?"

"Serious trouble . . . between the Hindus and Moslems."

"There's been trouble between the Hindus and Moslems for the last eight hundred years," Fred declared. "Ever since the first sack of Delhi by Mohammed-ben-Sam."

"I mean now . . . here in Shakkarpur . . . perhaps tomorrow."

FRED sat on his haunches in front of the girl, Hindu-fashion.

"Why don't you ask your brother, the D. O.?" he said. "If there's going to be trouble, he'd ask for troops, wouldn't he?"

"That's just it. Reggie thinks it would be a reflection on his ability as an administrator to ask for troops. Ever since he settled the untouchables' uprising singlehanded last year, he thinks he's infallible. You don't know Reggie."

"Yes, I think I do know Reggie," Fred nodded. He was sure he knew Reginald Hatton. The D. O. was a congenital collector of kudos. He would make any sacrifice to be a hero. And it was his stiff-necked attitude that Fred was counting on for the success of his own mission of discord. Hatton would not call troops until it was too late to avoid bloodshed, and another Amritsar massacre at this time would be just the spark needed to touch off general disorders in India that would make the Palestine riots look like a cricket match.

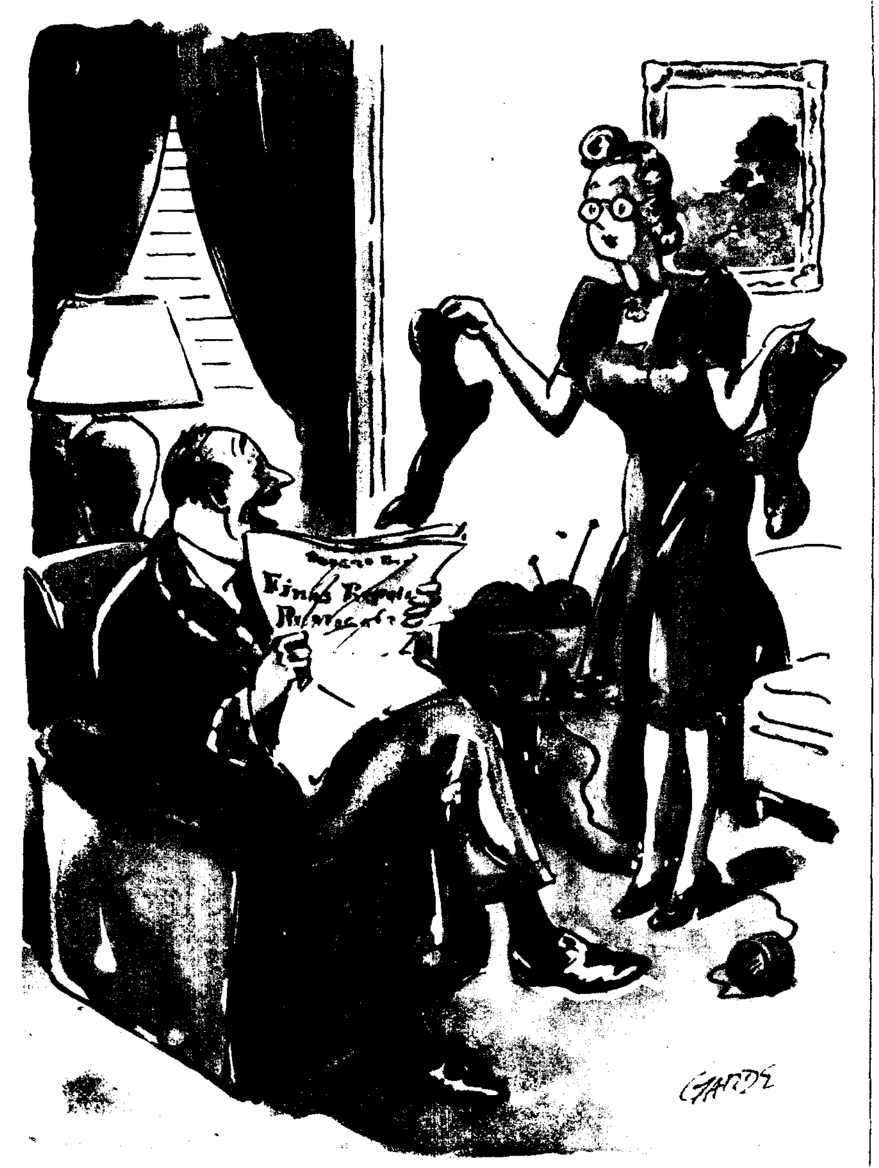
He continued: "Reggie is serving his apprenticeship to the glorious Hatton tradition before standing for parliament or going into the foreign office. He's a true son of Sir Godfrey Hatton, M.P., K.S.I., and what not, prospective cabinet minister, pillar of the Conservative party, frequent visitor to Cliveden, writer of letters to The Times which are published in full even though they run to three columns and nobody reads them but subeditors, compositors and proofreaders. . . ."

"Fred, I'm dreadfully worried," Virginia interrupted.

"Worried?" Fred laughed.

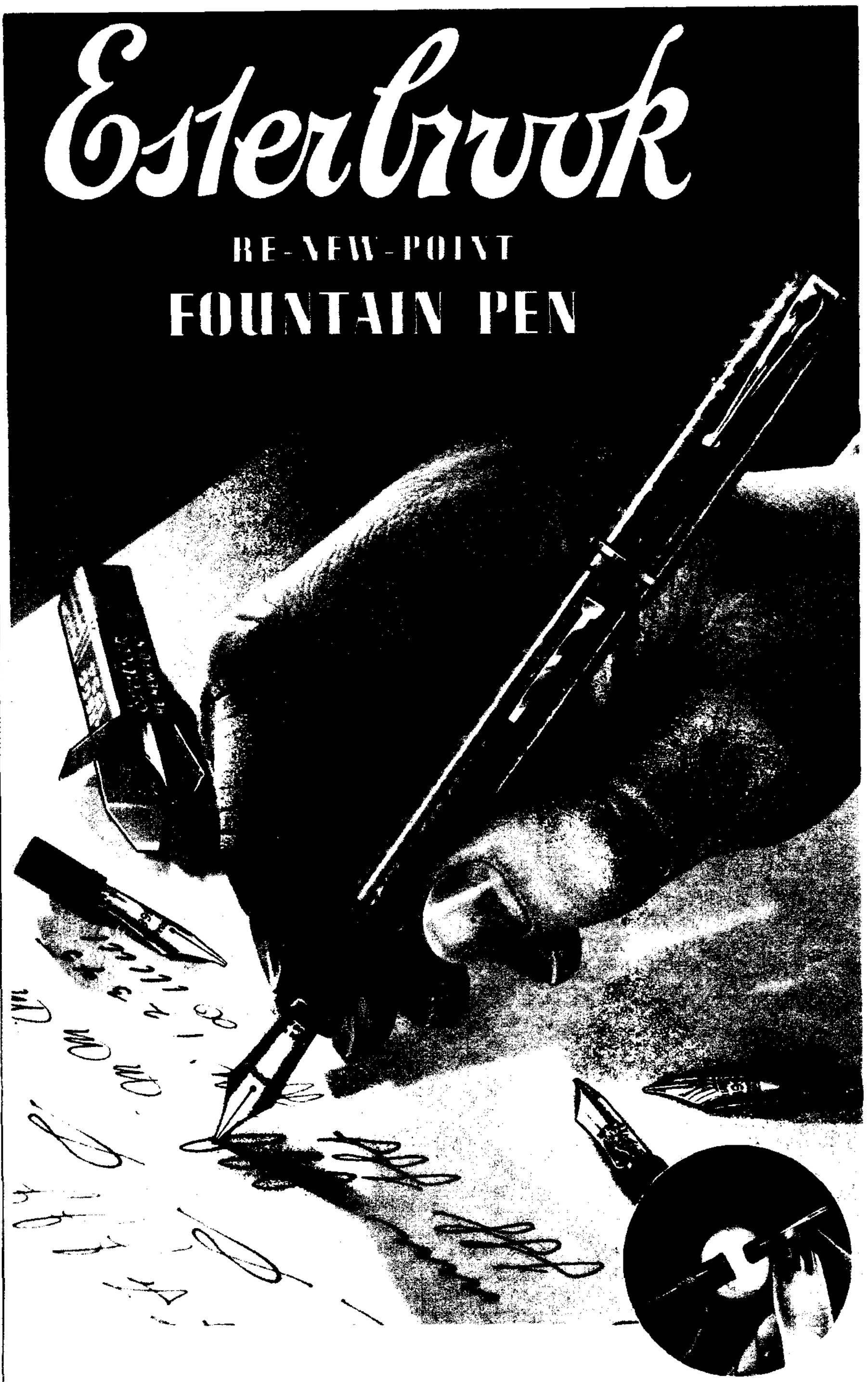
Virginia flushed. "What's so amusing?" she demanded.

"You are." Fred's laugh subsided into a sympathetic grin. "You were never so solicitous about the white man's burden before. On the contrary, you've always seemed to hold the unorthodox belief that Hindus are people. Almost everything you do is a discredit to your brother—in the eyes of the European colony. They think it's letting the Empire down for the sister of a district officer to have tea and crumpets with persons of an off-white color like Shivaji Lal or Hajji Ahmed. They consider you a radical because you go to Swaraj meetings and listen to speakers who damn Britain for destroying the traditional handicrafts of India with their Manchester white goods. And you help at Dr. Forsythe's clinic for untouchables, which is hardly a very genteel



"I'd suggest you send them to Russia if you want to help the Finns"

CHESTER GARDE



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occupation for an English lady. You—"

"Fred, you haven't been frank with me."

"Haven't I? How could I be franker? I told you that I was a blackguard, a scoundrel and a budmash. I gave you a brief and unattractive picture of my life. I told you about most of the unpleasant places I'd been—jails, expensive drawing rooms, sweating stokeholds. I told you I'd been in stinking swamps hiding from constabulary anxious to collect the price on my head, in hospital wards full of dying men, in—Well, in trouble, let's say, for most of my career. I've—"

"You didn't tell me you were in Spain—just before you came here."

"I see." Fred's smile faded. "Did your brother tell you that?"

"He didn't tell me . . . but he knows. You were in Spain fighting with Franco."

"Fighting is hardly the word. They did give me a uniform three sizes too big . . . and a Mauser rifle and some German ammunition. I was shot at, off and on, for several weeks, but—"

"Fred, you're in Shakkarpur to—to stir up trouble!"

"Am I?" No use trying to be facetious now. This was serious—deadly serious. "Is that what your brother thinks?"

"Yes."

THERE was a pause. Then he asked, "When is Mr. Hatton going to arrest me, Miss Hatton?"

She did not look at Fred as she said: "Tonight."

"You might tell your brother," Fred declared, "that it will take a bit of doing. Tell him Shivaji Lal's son has a writ all prepared. He's a lawyer, you know . . . Harvard, I think . . . and while he may not be as cantankerous as a Bengali lawyer, he can be extremely annoying. Your brother, in his capacity of magistrate, will of course have to honor the writ—unless he declares martial law or a state of emergency, which is exactly what he does not want to do."

"He may not be able to help himself. There's going to be war in Europe—very soon now."

"Going to be?" Fred laughed. "Europe hasn't been at peace since 1914."

"I don't mean the white war, or whatever you call it. I mean actual hostilities. England is going to fight. Reggie's had word."

"Well, well."

"Fred, it's going to be awful for you here . . . being a Nazi."

"I'm not a Nazi."

"A Fascist, then."

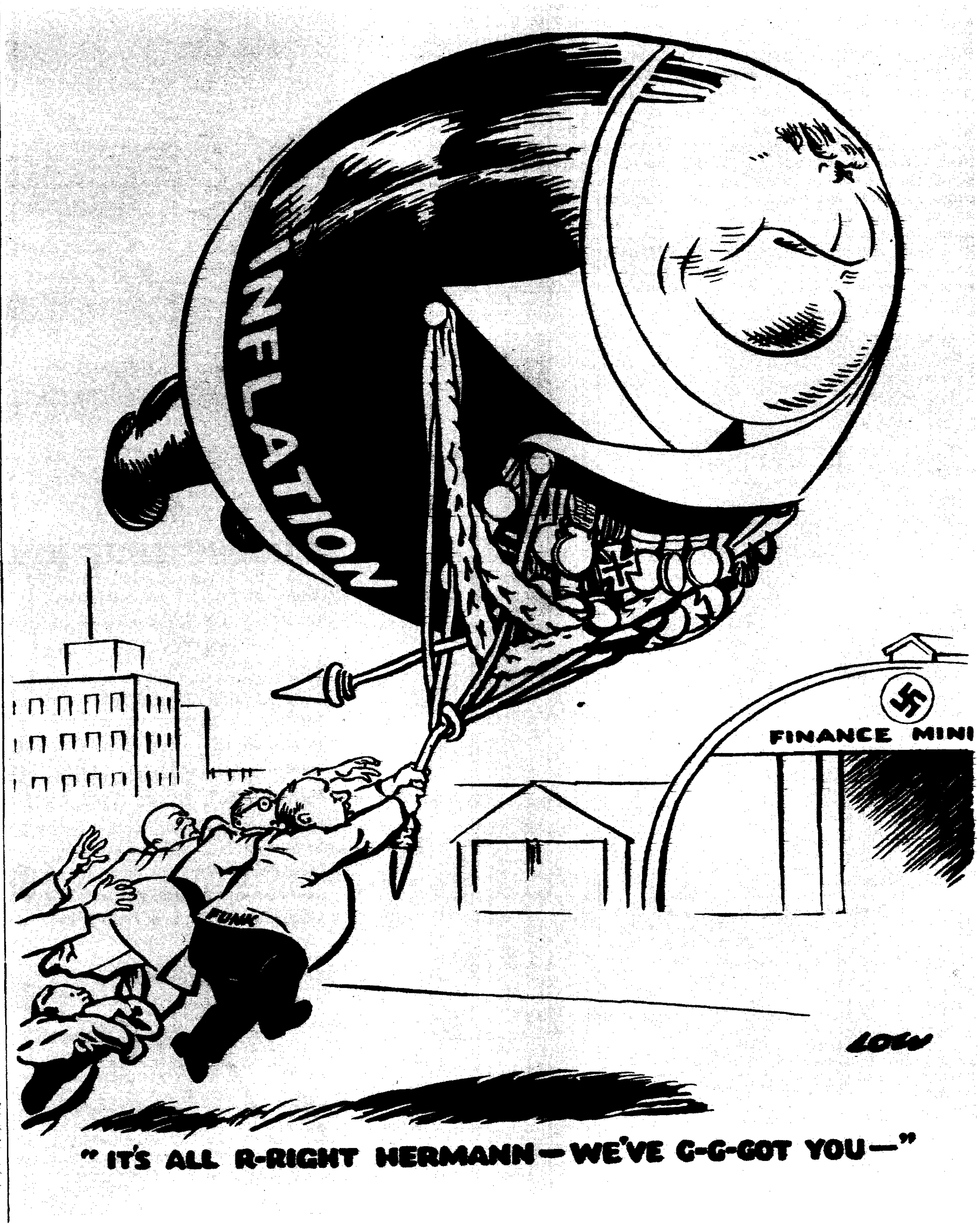
"I'm not a Fascist either, particularly. I have no political convictions."

"But you served with Franco. . . ."

"That was purely business—like selling motorcars . . . or machine guns. A man must live—and some men, according to Nietzsche, must live dangerously."

"Don't you believe in *anything* you do, Fred?"

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO



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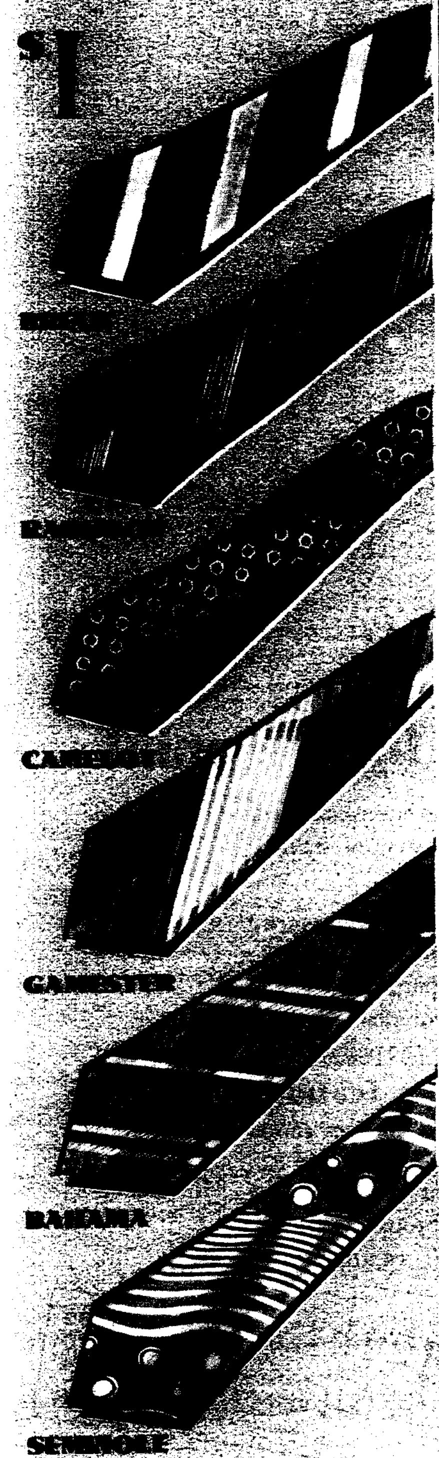

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"Nothing."

"Oh, Fred. . . ."

"We can't all be social-minded like you, Virginia. We can't all hypnotize ourselves with the idea that we have a message for humanity."

"If only you believed in—oh, even Fascism—I . . . I . . ."

"You might not detest me quite so much?"

"I do detest you, Fred. I can't help it. I detest everything you stand for."

"I don't stand for anything. That's the great advantage of my philosophy. But don't let that stop you. Go ahead and hate me. You undoubtedly have a great capacity for fine, virulent hate, and if you haven't enough reasons of your own, I can always give you a few more. May I see you home?"

"Thank you, but I'm waiting for Shivaji Lal."

"Better lock the door while you're waiting, then."

"Don't be ridiculous, Fred."

"I try not to be too ridiculous. But lock the door anyhow. Have you seen Rhoda Curring tonight?"

"No."

"Good. Don't see her. Keep the door locked. And if you won't let me see you home, let Shivaji Lal walk as far as your compound with you."

The girl looked at him with uncomprehending eyes, her lips parted. He started for the door.

Virginia arose from her chair, called sharply, "Where are you going?"

Some unaccustomed note in the girl's voice made Fred stop. He turned around.

"I'm going home," he said, "to be arrested. Good night, Virginia. See you in the district magistrate's court."

"Good night."

Fred touched his right hand to his forehead, smiled briefly, made a jaunty exit. He went quickly down the few stairs, cautiously opened the street door, looked in both directions. The sound of the milling crowd of pilgrims chanting devoutly before the Temple of Shiva came to his ears like the distant roar of the sea. Above it he imagined he could hear the shrill fanatical shouts of the Moslems in their mosque, a quarter of a mile away, working themselves into an intolerant climax for the fast of Muharram. And one sound which he did not imagine, but which came to his ears clearer and stronger and shriller than either, was the high, hollow piping of a bamboo flute, and it came from the house next door. It was, he knew, the class-conscious musicianship of Ahalya Bai Lal, overeducated and unorthodox daughter-in-law of the Brahman, playing the Internationale.

Fred hurried into the night.

GABRIEL, having installed Lucy Steel in the dilapidated, musty, mid-Victorian pile that was Seaside House, went off in search of Fred Oaks. He walked directly to the Curring bungalow, because previous research had disclosed that Fred was dining there tonight.

As he climbed the stairs to the Curring veranda, Gabriel was rehearsing his strategy. When he reached the top step, he heard a man's voice raised in ill-tempered monologue. He recognized the voice, even though it was changed by anger, and while he could not hear the entire harangue, he made out a few scattered phrases that startled him: ". . . kill me . . . one or the other . . . thought I didn't have the guts, eh? . . ." He knocked for a full minute before the tattoo of his knuckles against the frame of the screen door brought a response. James Curring himself opened the door.

"Greetings," said Gabriel. "I hope I'm not intruding."

Curring's cold, saturnine manner told him plainly that he was.

"How are you?" Curring said shortly.

"Fine," said Gabriel. He crossed the veranda, preceded Curring into the drawing room. He was anxious to see the object of Curring's angry vehemence, but he was disappointed. There was no one in the room. "How's Mrs. Curring?" Gabriel asked.

"Rhoda's quite well," said Curring. He was a tall, gray-haired man, with deep folds making sharp shadows on either side of his grim, thin-lipped mouth. He added curtly: "Sit down and have a drink, Gabriel."

"Thanks, I won't stay," Gabriel replied. "I just looked in to see if this fellow Fred Oaks was here."

"He's not here," Curring said.

"So I see." Gabriel nodded. "As a matter of fact, I didn't expect to see you here either, Mr. Curring. I heard you'd gone to the estates for a few days."

"I just got back," Curring answered.

THERE was an awkward pause. Gabriel thought he heard footsteps in the next room, but he wasn't sure until the door opened and Rhoda Curring came in. She was out of breath. Gabriel had the impression that her elbow trembled as the fingers of one hand hastily smoothed the unruly ends of her copper hair.

"Hello, Mr. Gabriel," Rhoda said. "How's the teak market?"

"Fine," said Gabriel. "I just dropped in to look for Fred Oaks."

"I haven't seen Fred today," Rhoda said. "He promised to stop by this evening, but he didn't come. He's probably with that Hatton girl."

Gabriel studied the peculiar expression in Rhoda's green eyes. She wasn't a very convincing liar, he mused. Her husband did much better; either that, or Curring was telling the truth.

"Well, I'll mosey on, then," Gabriel said. "Good night."

"Good night," said Rhoda.

Curring said nothing, but Gabriel felt his suspicious, resentful stare follow him out the door.

For the next twenty minutes Gabriel made the rounds of several likely places where he might find Fred Oaks. After an unsuccessful search, he returned to Seaside House to make excuses to Lucy Steel. He would tell her Fred was on his way. . . .

On the veranda of Seaside House, Gabriel met Alvin Brinker, manager of the Shakkarpur Bank. The pompous Brinker was pacing restlessly up and down, a Malacca cane hooked in the angle of his elbow, a cigar between his buck teeth, his baldish, oversized head a little on one side as though he were suffering from a perpetual stiff neck—which was impossible, because he had no neck to speak of. The glow from the end of the cigar made his sallow, wrinkled face seem sallower than ever, his tiny, piglike eyes brighter than they really were.

"Good evening," Brinker said. Then, quickly, as if eager to explain his presence in such an unlikely place as the outlandish Seaside House, he added: "I'm waiting here for the district officer."

The district officer himself emerged at that moment with the promptness of an actor who has been waiting in the wings for his cue.

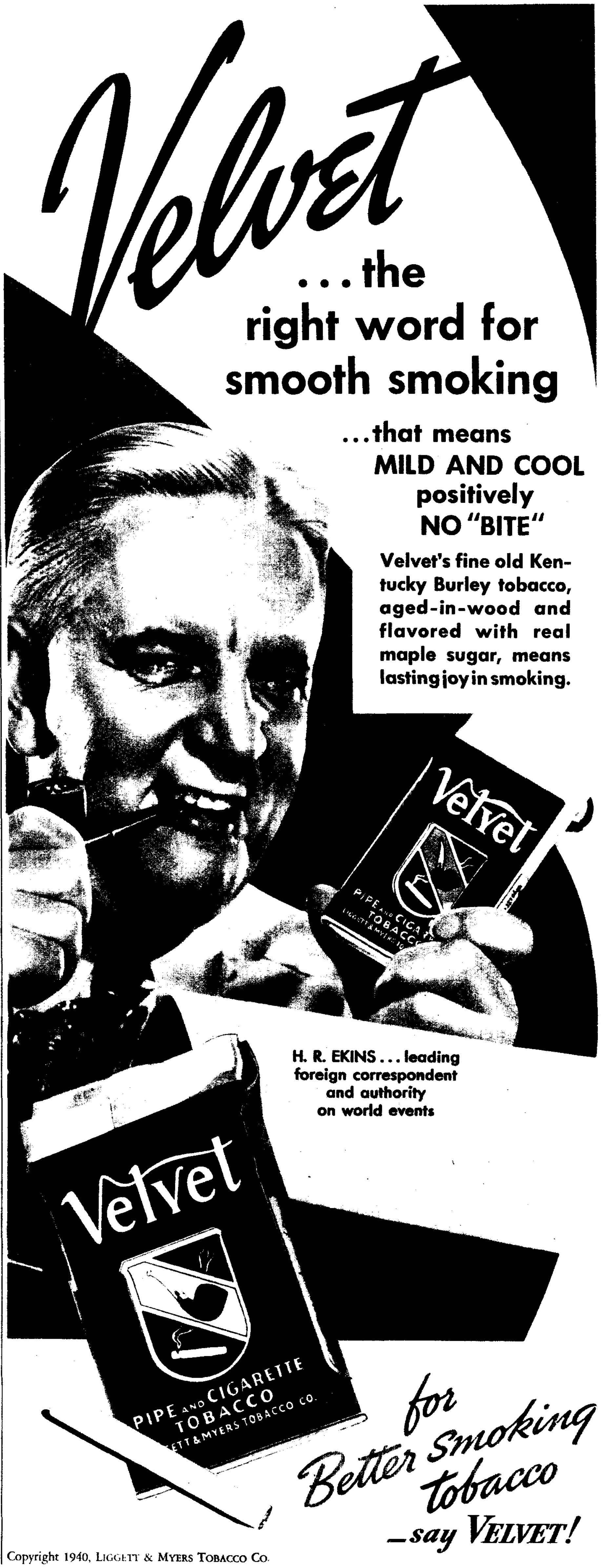
"Hello, Gabriel," said Reginald Hatton. "I've been looking for a compatriot of yours. Haven't seen Fred Oaks by any chance, have you?"

"No, I haven't," Gabriel replied.

"Miss Small says he's in, but there doesn't seem to be anyone in his room."

"What do you want with him?" Gabriel asked.

"Nothing important, really." Hatton's offhand manner was too studied. He continued, "Tomorrow will do just as well. There's no way he can get out of Shakkarpur any more tonight, unless he sprouts wings—which I doubt very



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much. By the way, who is the memsahib with the golden hair who came in on the Mail tonight?"

"Why ask me?"

"I understand she went directly to the dak bungalow."

"Oh, that's Miss Steel," Gabriel said. "She didn't know there was a hotel in town. I sent her to Seaside House. Thought she'd be more comfortable down here. Anyway, I've been vaccinated against blondes. Have you seen her?"

"No, but I thought you might know her," said the district officer. "I understood she was from the States. What's she doing in Shakkarpur, of all places?"

"Probably one of these lady authors," Gabriel ad-libbed. "America's full of them—"

"I say, Reggie," Brinker interrupted, poking Hatton playfully with the tip of his cane, "there's a bridge game waiting for us. Mrs. Brinker is going to give me the devil if we're any later."

"Sorry, old man." Hatton started off. "Well, cheer-ho, Gabriel."

" 'Night," said Gabriel.

He went immediately to Lucy Steel's room and entered without knocking. A damp, musty smell of long abandon pervaded the dim Victorian interior of the chamber. A kerosene lamp was burning on a marble-topped stand, and Lucy's elaborate cosmetic kit was spread out on the marble-topped dresser. Her suitcases were open. But Lucy Steel was not in the room.

Gabriel went out, shutting the door after him. He walked down the corridor, its dingy pink walls streaked with mildew, to Fred Oaks' room—three doors below and on the opposite side. He knocked insistently, got no answer. He tried the knob. The door was locked, but he had the distinct impression that there was someone on the other side. He was aware of the almost imperceptible sound of slow, cautious movements, of the rhythmic whisper of breathing. He took out the passkey which he had had the foresight to have made the day after his arrival, slipped it carefully into the lock. The rusty tumblers dropped into place with a protesting click—but he found it impossible to turn the knob. The latch was frozen, as though a strong hand were clamped desperately to the knob on the other side.

GABRIEL stomped away down the corridor, making all the noise that he plausibly could. Then he came back silently, leaned against the wall next to Oaks' door, and waited. It was five minutes before the door started to open, very slowly.

"Hello, Mr. Oaks!"

Gabriel wheeled out from the wall, had one foot inside the door before Fred could close it again.

"You surprise a man, to say the least," said Oaks. His face was more than surprised; it was anxious, almost haggard. He smiled, but the old, jaunty charm was not there. The smile was like something modeled in papier mâché by a not too skillful hand.

"I'd like to speak to you privately, Mr. Oaks," Gabriel said. "Shall we go into your room?"

"Let's not."

"It's pretty important, Mr. Oaks."

"We'll walk along the beach, then. It's damned hot in here."

"I had a hunch you might be hiding something pretty hot—the way you were hanging on the doorknob a few minutes ago."

"So that was you?" Fred laughed briefly. "Passkey?"

"Oh, no. Just a Yogi trick I've learned since coming to India. The triumph of mind over locksmiths. . . ."

"I suppose you have some Yogi gift of second sight, too—so you know what's inside the room."

"We Yogis are pretty clever," Gabriel said.

Fred Oaks searched the bland face of the detective for several long seconds. He seemed to be holding his breath. Suddenly he relaxed, breathed again. He said, "All right, come on in. We may as well get it over with as quickly as possible."

He flung the door wide. Gabriel walked in. The room was a replica of Lucy Steel's room: same marble-topped tables and commodes, same red plush chairs, same heavy Victorian walnut bed. The only difference that struck Gabriel at first glance was that the mosquito netting had already been let down and tucked in around the mattress. At second glance he noticed that the mosquito bar was imprinted with a curious design in red, a series of irregular crimson smudges. He took two rapid strides forward.

Through the haze of the netting he could see Lucy Steel lying in bed. The white sheet, drawn up under her chin and molding her ample contours, also bore a pattern in crimson—a crude, stiffly sketched interrogation mark. Lucy's eyes were closed as though in sleep.

But Lucy Steel was not asleep. To the practiced eyes of Bill Gabriel, the grayish pallor of her face, the eloquent rigidity of her well-rouged lips, strangely red against the ashen waxiness of her skin, meant only one thing.

Lucy Steel was dead.

"YOU work fast," Gabriel said.

"You talk fast," said Fred Oaks.

"You better think fast." A stubby finger of gun metal suddenly appeared in Gabriel's fist. "And you better hoist those mitts of yours even faster."

"Why?" asked Fred Oaks. His hands remained in his hip pockets.

"Because I say so. Come on—let's see your calloused palms."

Fred still did not move. His gaze would have been insolent were it not for the faint, knowing smile at the corners of his mouth. He said, "You should have parked that corn-fed American accent if you expected me to take you for a legal representative of George Rex, Emperor of India and the dominions beyond the seas."

"Can't you think of anybody but a cop who might want to pull a gun on you, Mr. Oaks?"

"No." Fred still refused to raise his hands. "Just what is your gun-toting racket, Mr. Gabriel?"

"I happen to be a private investigator," Gabriel said. "And the lady in bed there is my client."

"*Was* your client," Fred corrected. "Although I admit the relationship might have been fairly recent. The lady is still warm."

"She was hot an hour ago—when I saw her last. How long since you saw her last, Mr. Oaks? Alive, I mean."

"I never saw her before—alive."

Fred Oaks' voice was so deliberately even, pitched so carefully low with all emotion squeezed out of it, and his gaze was so steady that he seemed aggressively defensive; Gabriel decided at once that he was lying.

"You must be blind as a bat without your glasses, Mr. Oaks," he said. "How long since you saw her dead?"

"She was dead when I came in—about fifteen minutes ago."

"Were you here when the district officer knocked at your door?"

"Several people knocked at my door. I don't know who they were—except you."

"You know the lady's name, of course."

Fred Oaks moistened his lips. "No," he said.

"How do you know she's still warm? The mosquito bar's tucked in."

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GAUZTEX THE SELF ADHERING GAUZE

"I tucked it in," Fred declared.

"Was it down when you came into the room?"

"Yes, it was down."

"But you raised it—to investigate?"

"Wouldn't *you* investigate if you came home and found a strange blonde in your bed?"

Gabriel did not reply. He walked up to Fred slowly, stopped when he was two feet away. Then he kicked Fred violently in the shin.

Automatically Fred's hands emerged from his pockets. His right hand looped out. Gabriel ducked and lunged, his shoulders catching Fred low, at the off-balance limit of his swing. A second later, Fred was on the floor and Gabriel was sitting on top of him, quickly exploring his pockets, his armpits.

"All right. You can get up now," said Gabriel. "I just wanted to make sure you wouldn't pull a gun."

FRED got up. He brushed himself off as he was catching his breath. He didn't look at the detective as he said, "You know, Gabriel, I don't think I'm going to like you."

"Suit yourself," Gabriel shrugged. "Shall we have a look at the corpus delicti?"

"I've already looked," Fred replied.

"Then have a chair, if you don't mind."

Fred apparently did mind. He remained standing, lit a cigarette with a gesture of elegant insouciance.

Gabriel backed away from him until he was on the opposite side of the bed. The automatic and the tail of his glance were still very much occupied with Fred Oaks while his left hand carefully lifted the hem of the mosquito netting and hung it on the overhead frame. He looked down at Lucy Steel, and, in spite of himself, he said: "Poor Lucy!"

"Lucy?" The echo came from Fred Oaks with the spontaneity of an involuntary exclamation.

Gabriel looked up in time to catch a blur of vague, wordless questioning in Fred's eyes.

"Lucy Steel," said Gabriel. "Name mean anything to you?"

"Nothing."

"What was her name when you knew her?"

"I never saw her before, I told you."

"I know that's what you told me—only I don't have to believe it."

The brief exchange was enough to restore Gabriel's composure. He was all detective again, and the woman in bed was an impersonal object of investigation. He lifted the sheet, drew it back slightly. Then he had another shock.

Lucy Steel's body was nude.

He drew the sheet completely back, seeking a wound, some sign of what had killed Lucy. There was no mark on the body. The head and torso, as white and impersonal as alabaster, were without a blemish. There was only one thing that made Gabriel frown: Lucy still wore one stocking—a single stocking of sheer beige silk that was rolled down just below her left knee.

Gabriel pulled up the sheet again, and studied the question-mark pattern in red he had noticed earlier. It appeared to be blood, yet there was no blood on the body. Again he frowned.

"Aren't you going to call the police?" Fred Oaks asked casually. "It's usual, isn't it—even for a private dick?"

"Is it?"

"I don't think it will add anything to your reputation to turn over a ready-made solution to the constituted authorities. Not in Shakkarpur. There's not a newspaper correspondent within two hundred miles."

"So what?"

"So you're wasting your time, straight-arming innocent bystanders. Why don't you call the district officer, instead of stalking clues like a Junior G-man?"

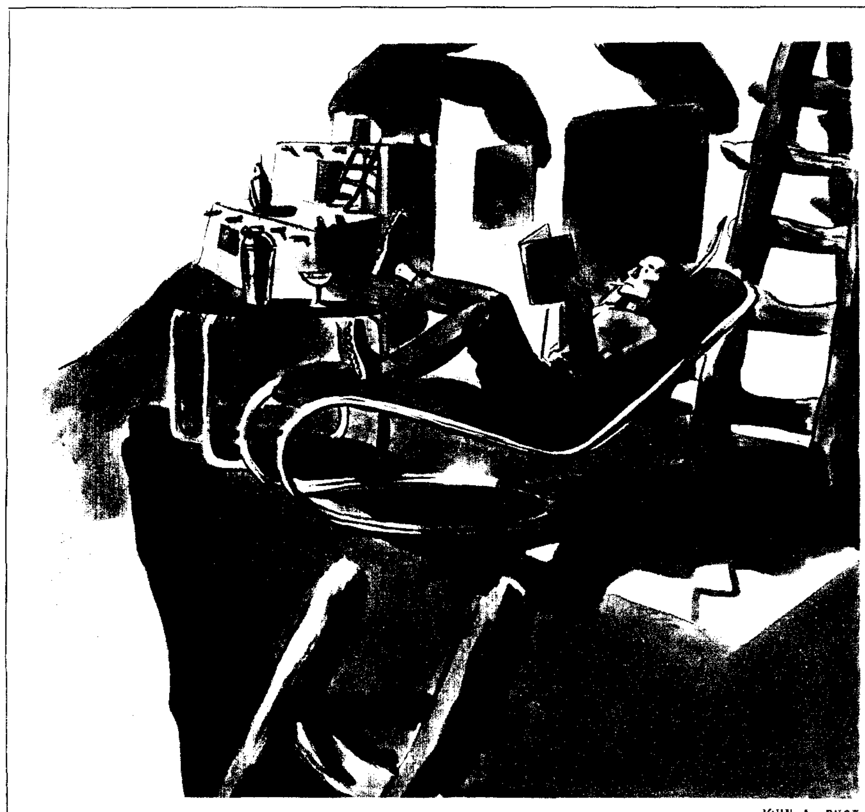
Bill Gabriel tried to scowl, but his mouth imitated a shark's about to gulp a small herring. It startled him to realize that Fred Oaks was right. What the hell *was* he doing, acting like a one-man homicide squad, when all he was now was a private detective out of a job? The momentum of professional habit had carried him knee-deep into the investigation of murder, but actually his mission had ended with the death of Lucy Steel. Or had it ended? After all, he still had three thousand dollars and his ticket home coming to him from Lucy, dead or alive. Until he collected, he supposed he was technically still in the employ of the dead woman. He'd stay on the job until he heard from Inspector Dumbarton, or from San Francisco.

"Look here, Oaks," Gabriel said. "Do you know why I came to Shakkarpur?"

"Sure," said Oaks. "Teak."

"I came here because Lucy Steel hired me to find you."

(To be continued next week)



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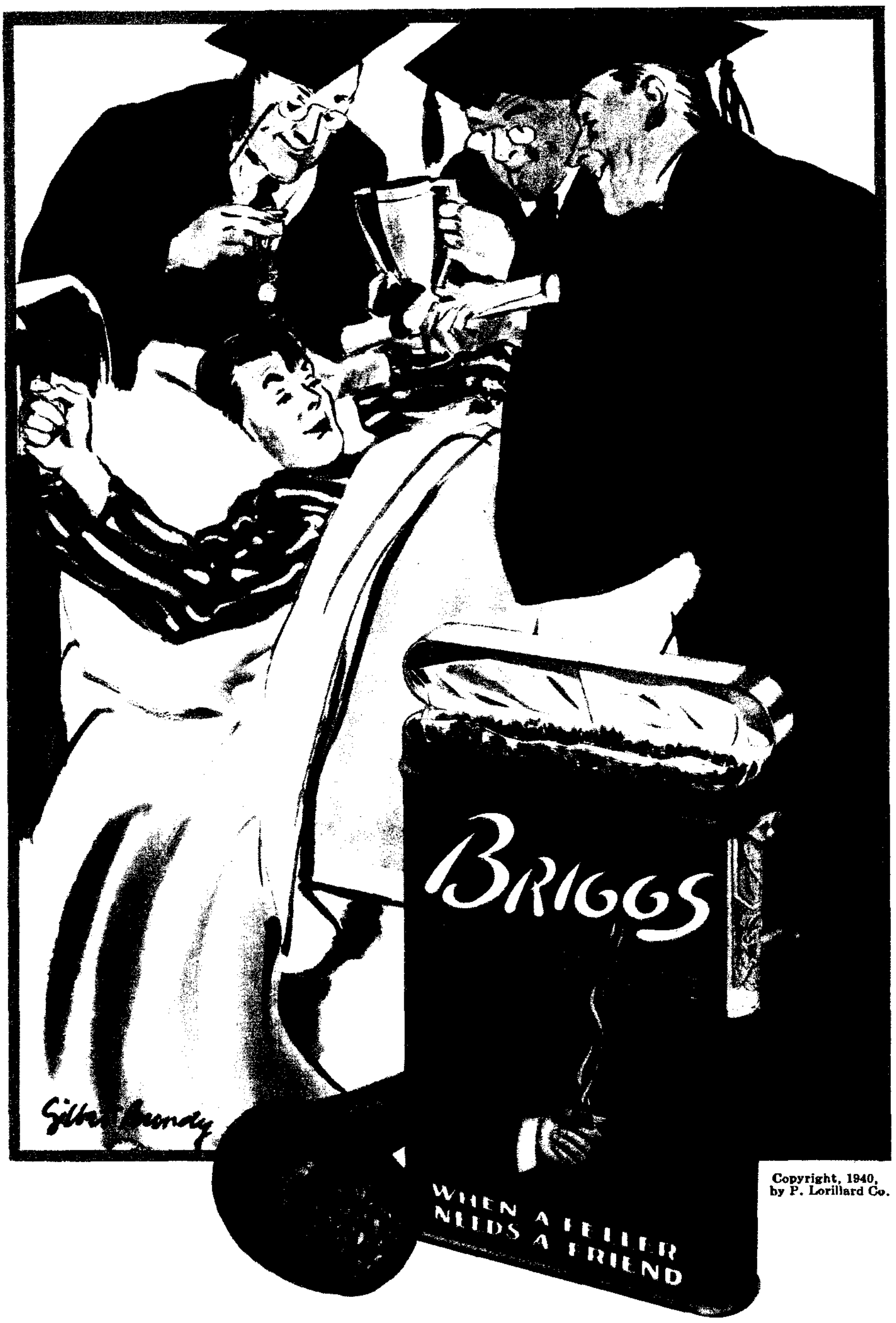
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Putt and Take

By Richard L. Neuberger

Bud Ward putted his way to the United States Amateur golf championship, and even the professionals concede he's their scoring equal. But he still has to win the local championship of Spokane County

PEOPLE began to regard Marvin (Bud) Ward as the prospective No. 1 Golfer of America after his performances in the 1938 Walker Cup matches. Ironically, that performance started like a colossal flop.

Ward, a curly-headed young fellow with big hands and a wide grin, strode up to the first tee at St. Andrews in Scotland and dubbed his drive into a creek. That looked bad; maybe homesickness had got him; he had come farther than anyone else to play in the matches—5,800 miles, nearly a fourth of the distance around the world, from his home town of Spokane in the far-off state of Washington.

The grin flattened into a grimace. "Not so good," Bud Ward muttered to himself. Then he took another ball from his bag and dropped it back of the brook where the first ball had disappeared. He banged it all the way to the green and ran down an eleven-foot putt, which gave him a par four despite the penalty stroke. That was too much for his opponent, Frank Pennink, one of Great Britain's best golfers. He three-putted and lost the hole. He kept on losing holes, too, as Ward traveled par-five holes in four and par-four holes in three. His putts trickled into the cup like jack rabbits scooting for their burrows.

When the eighteen holes were ended, the young man from the Far West had shot a 67, a stroke lower than the St. Andrews record of 68 set by another American, the great Bobby Jones, more than a decade earlier. Bud's final margin over Pennink, who never won a hole, was 12 up and 11 to go, one of the most decisive victories ever scored in a Walker Cup match. Not for a long time had the historic Scotch links seen golf like that. Ward snagged five birdies and on most greens the cup seemed magnetic to his ball. At the bristling 520-yard fifth hole, he sank a stupendous putt for an eagle three.

"Do ye mean to tell me," asked one incredulous native, "that yonder laddie isn't champion of your land?"

"Nope, he isn't," an American spectator answered.

But he is now. Last summer 26-year-old Bud Ward did what the country's golfers had been predicting he was certain to do eventually. He won the Amateur golf championship of the United States. He also came within two shots of being the first golfer since Bobby Jones was at his greatest to hold both Amateur and Open titles the same year.

In the 1939 National Open, Bud finished only a stroke out of top place. And although he did not win, his 285 total for the 72-hole pilgrimage was the best score ever made by an amateur golfer, even including Jones, in the history of the event.

On the last weary round of the Open trek, one of Bud's camel-backed approaches, soaring true to the green, hit a bystander and plopped over the brink of a deep trap. The experts believe that bit of hard luck cost him a sweep of America's major golf contests—that is, all the experts except Bud Ward. He thinks he could have suffered that misfortune and still taken the Open championship had he not foozled an easy par-three hole on the homestretch and chalked up an ugly five.

When he got back from the tournament, Bud told his friends, Al and Emery Zimmerman: "It was my own fault. If I'd used my clubs like I should on that short hole I'd have been okay. I tried some fancy stuff there and it licked me."

The Zimmerman brothers, a pair of youthful golf professionals in the Pacific Northwest, knew what Bud meant. They had been on the practice putting green at

Bud Ward, U. S. Amateur champion who broke the St. Andrews course record as a Walker Cup player with a 67 in 1938

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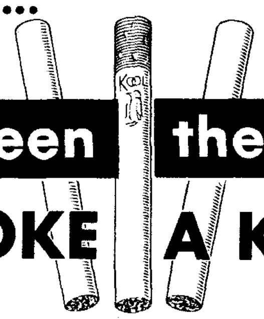

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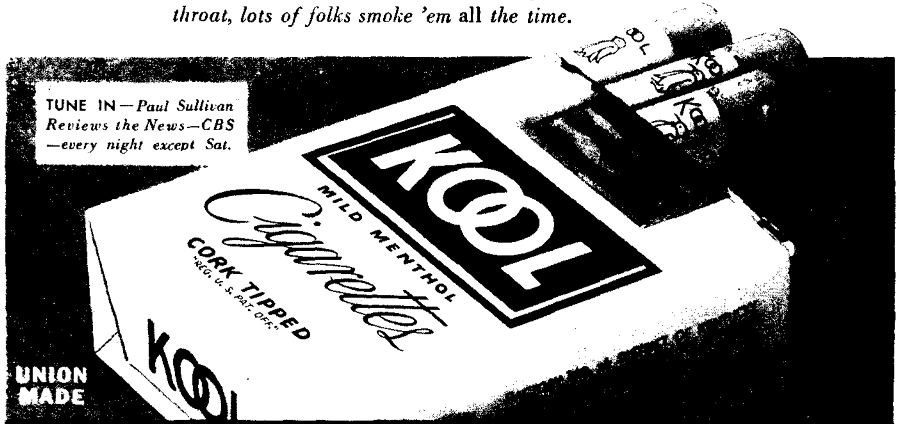

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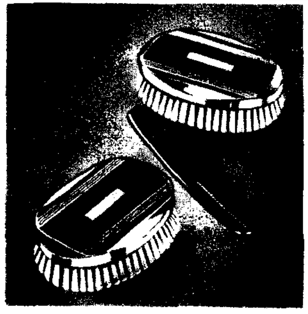

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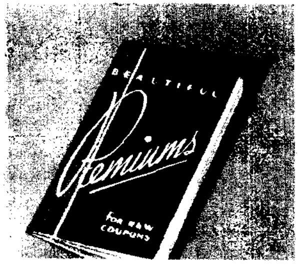

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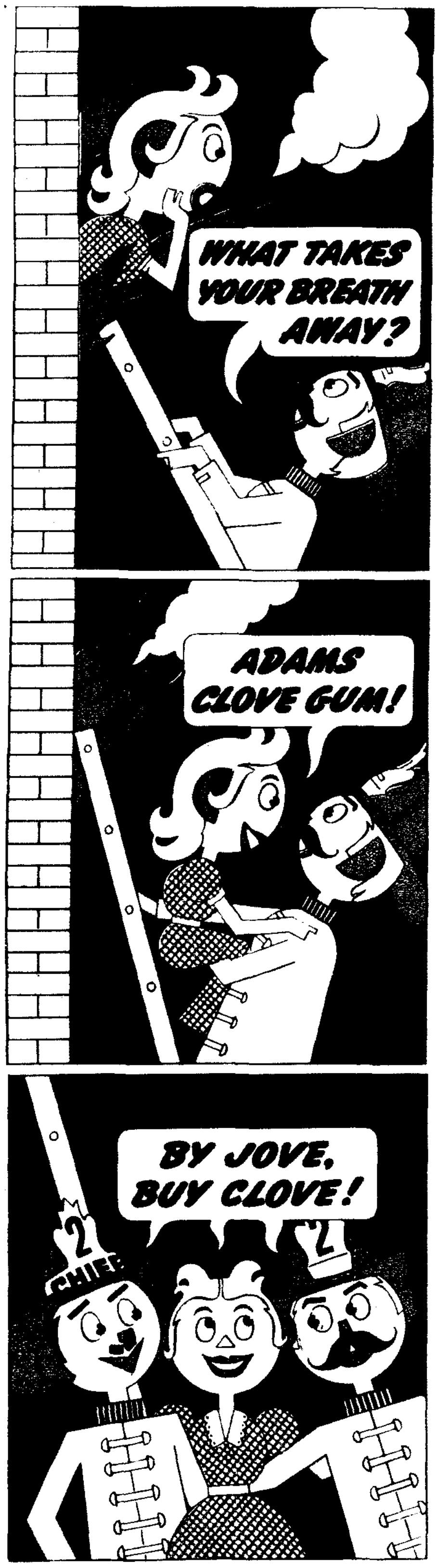
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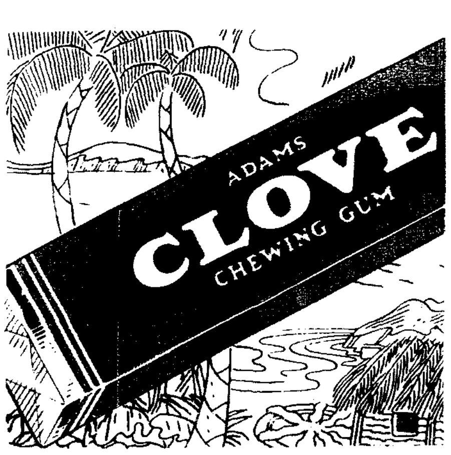


A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

Tacoma Country Club in 1930, waiting for a regional tournament to begin, when a boy of about high-school age walked up and dropped a handful of balls on the turf. He started knocking them at a hole twenty feet away. Not many of the balls dropped into the cup, but they all clustered around it like strawberries rimming a shortcake. The Zimmermans looked at each other, nodded knowingly and trudged across the green.

"A fellow's got the makings of a real golfer when he has the knack of putting just the right distance," said Al Zimmerman to no one in particular.

The boy glanced up. "Think so?" he asked hopefully.

"I know so," Emery Zimmerman chimed in.

Night after night in the kitchen of the Zimmerman home, Bud Ward and Al and Emery Zimmerman swung midirons and brassies, putted across the linoleum, talked golf and consumed the apple pie and milk that Mother Zimmerman left in the icebox.

Always Use the Right Club

Ward, an orphan, had to work for a living, but in his spare time and week ends he tried to improve his golf game. In the Washington capital of Olympia, where he was a filing clerk for the state tax commission, he often irritated his links companions by breaking up a match and going off on a lonely fairway to practice when one of his shots developed a hook or a slice. Once he lost a local tournament by using a mashie niblick, which he had not yet mastered, from just off the edge of a green instead of rolling the ball to the pin with a putter or a three-iron.

"It's better for me to get bum results with the right clubs than good results with the wrong ones," Bud explained. "I've got to have all the shots. Otherwise I'll never make a score much lower than I do right now."

Today, because he has all the shots, Bud Ward is a golfer's golfer. Long before the 171 competitors in last summer's National Amateur tournament teed off on Chicago's North Shore course, he was the favorite. Nine months ahead of time, Dick Metz picked him to be victorious. Frank Strafaci made him his choice in early spring. Practically the whole New York contingent journeyed to Chicago convinced the fellow to beat came from Spokane. Bobby Jones said Ward would win.

Seldom since the hey-day of Jones himself had other golfers agreed so conclusively on the probable champion. They were right, too—not only because Bud's tee, fairway and approach shots were as good as they thought they would be, but because his putting was even better.

William Tell's arrows or Kit Carson's bullets never traveled truer to the mark than did Bud Ward's putts that week he became the first Pacific Northwest golfer in 43 years of strenuous trying to win the American Amateur title. In his last two matches in the tournament he required only 104 putts to negotiate 66 holes. Against Art Doering, Jr., in the semifinals his putting was responsible for a score of 67, five under par, and in one red-hot splurge he put together two birdies and an eagle in succession. Appropriately, he ended the contest by holing putts of twenty feet and six feet on the final greens.

In the championship match with the New York State star, sinewy Ray Billows of Poughkeepsie, Bud's putter, "Madame X," produced 13 one-putt holes and on the twelfth green grooved a putt from sixty feet away. At one hole, where Billows' ball laid his a complete stymie, Bud chipped over it directly into the cup. Billows, twice runner-up for the national title, is no tenderfoot on the greens himself, but he could not equal miracles like that. He was overwhelmed 7 down and 5 to go, the sockdolager being an eight-foot putt that Bud knocked in for a birdie at the thirty-first hole.

As the ball plunked into the cup, O. B. Keeler, Bobby Jones' Boswell from Atlanta, gasped, "That's the greatest week of putting I've ever seen!"

Like a whole lot of championship golfers, Marvin (Bud) Ward, the new Amateur links sovereign of the United States, got his first glimpse of the sport in watching other people chop up fairways and botch ten-inch putts. He caddied at Mountain View course in Olympia, below the glacier-barricaded slopes of Mount Rainier, and there he played his first round in 1926. He was thirteen years old. Even then he had the first faint beginnings of the magic putting touch, and his score was 64 for nine holes—not bad as a start, and putting did it because the rest of his game was as wild as a rhinoceros.

"You'll do," said Benny Griffin, the Olympia city champion, after he had seen Bud play, and he cut down a set of clubs to Bud's size. The young golfer began to improve. Soon he could beat the men whose bags he toted. He played on his high-school golf team and he hitchhiked around the Northwest to compete in all sorts of tournaments. The Zimmerman brothers, Neil Christian and other professionals in the Columbia River country showed him how to get maximum effectiveness from his big hands and powerful wrists. His drives stopped nestling in hackberry trees and deep rough and began splitting the fairways 250 yards from the tee.

But it was his putting that marked him for the future. The handful of golf fans in the Northwest who knew Ward swore that once he arched his ball to the green he could hole it with broomstick or ax handle.

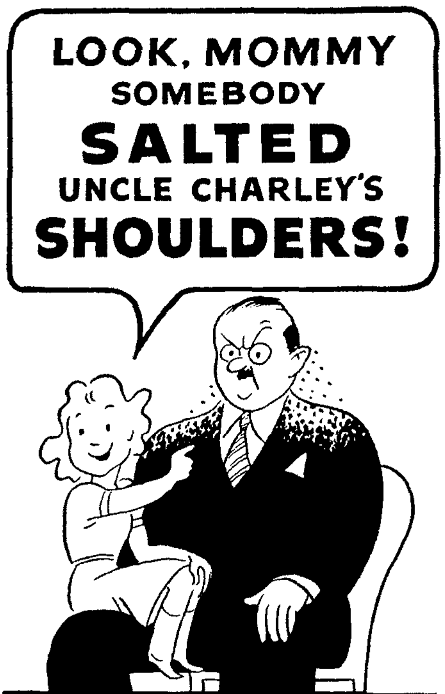
In 1937 the National Amateur tournament was played in the Columbia River Basin for the first time—at Portland, Oregon. It also was the first time the nation's golfers ever heard of Bud Ward. Until then he had not attracted much attention. He was a phenomenal putter and he had a lot of other workmanlike shots, yet he fell into spells of anger when his game went wrong. In practice he was perfect, but in matches merely mediocre. Where once he had been willing to sacrifice victory to use the right club or swing, he began to press his game and try to force results. Both his game and disposition frequently blew up.

But, gradually, he was subduing these tendencies. By the time of the Portland event he had made up his mind that if he conquered par decisively enough, mastery of any opponent would automatically follow. Bud also had discovered that one dubbed stroke was not Waterloo, and from then on his temper flared no more.

Fame at St. Andrews

As the tournament at Portland advanced, and America's best golfers knocked one another out of competition, an unfamiliar name kept bobbing up in the dwindling list of survivors. Who was this fellow Ward who had eliminated such luminaries as Freddy Haas and Dr. O. F. Willing? No one expected him to turn out to be a Washington State tax commission filing clerk on his vacation. The filing clerk went all the way to the semifinals. He lost to Johnny Goodman, the eventual champion, only one down in a desperate 36-hole match.

That performance assured Bud Ward, up till then unknown, a place on the American Walker Cup team. He was the least heralded member of the team, but contributed the most spectacular feat



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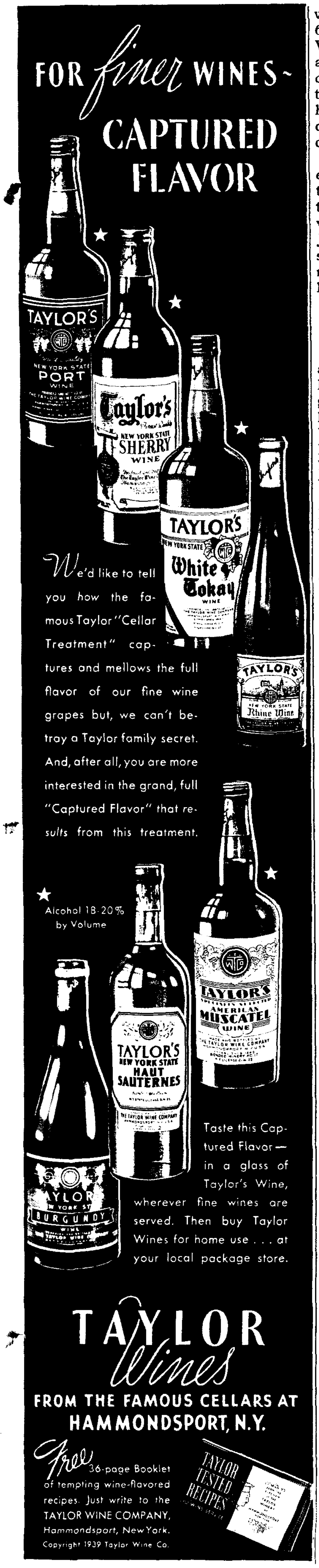
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when he journeyed over St. Andrews in 67 strokes. Since then he has won both Washington Amateur and Open titles and a lot of other cups. Of course, the climax was winning the National Amateur championship last summer. His exhibition at Portland pointed him in the direction of the Promised Land of Golfdom.

Ward is one of the few amateur golfers conceded by the professionals to be their scoring equal. It was a concession they had to make—after Bud spent his vacation with relatives in California last January, and finished near the top in several of the Southland's winter tourneys, ahead of a troupe of the country's leading professionals.

One of the Swingers

Some golfers are lambasting hitters and some are swingers. Bud Ward belongs in the latter group. He prefers to get his distance from the club head and his strong wrists and hands rather than by pouring his body into every stroke. For long shots off the fairway he obtains better results easing up on a four-wood than attempting to force a two-iron.

The most difficult shot for him is a long iron. So he has developed and improved his second woods, which are now among his best weapons. They often soar his ball to the apron of a par-five green in two, from where accurate pitching and putting grab off an eagle or a birdie.

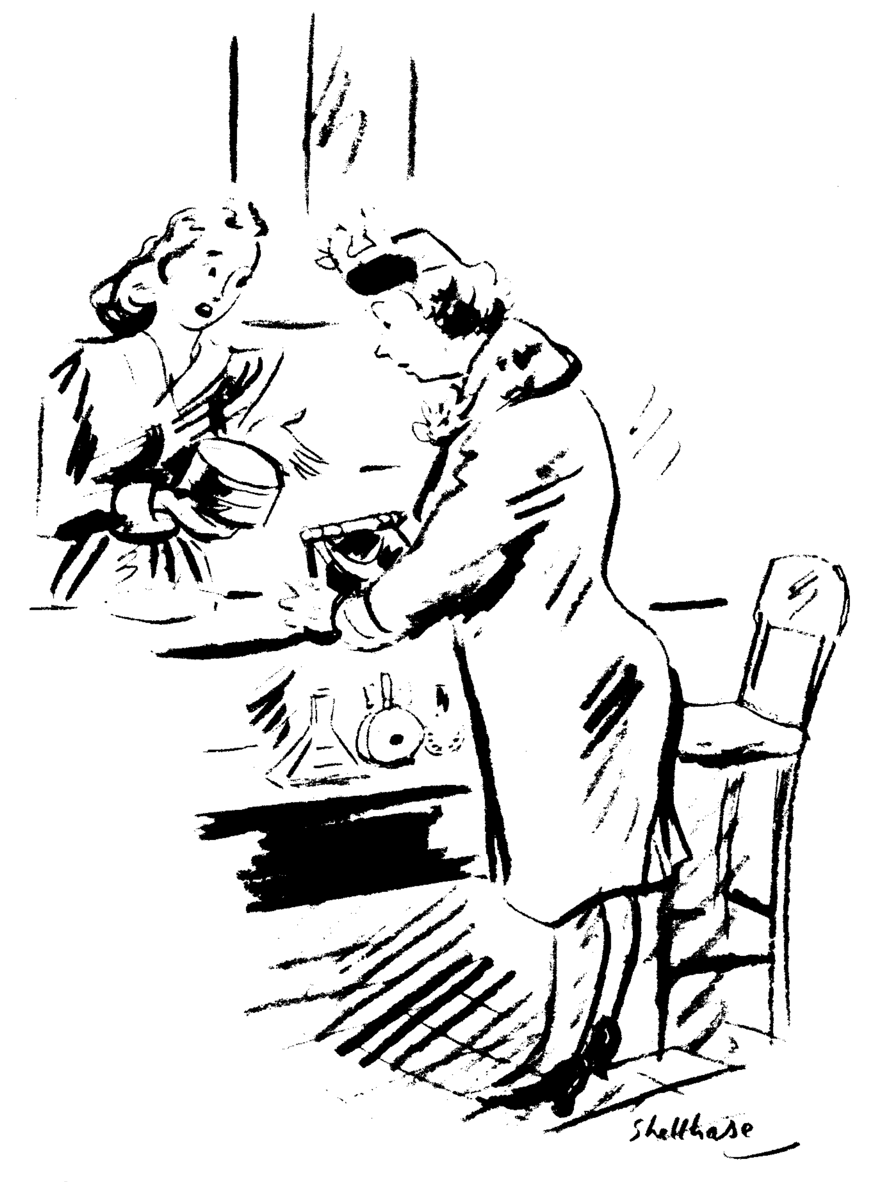
Bud, who is five feet ten inches tall and weighs 158 pounds, uses a fairly wide stance for wood shots. He narrows it down for irons and brings it in close for a pitch or a lob. Fatigue or weakness seldom hampers his strokes. He trains for golf almost as strictly as he once trained for basketball in high school, when he was an all-state forward. He says alcohol, rich desserts and thick gravies never blend very successfully with 36-hole matches or a steady putting touch.

Getting down crucial putts is a fetish with Bud. "I always try to remember," he says, "that an extra six-inch putt counts just the same on the score card as a 275-yard smash off the tee."

Bud moved from Olympia to Spokane not so long ago to become secretary of the Spokane Athletic Round Table. This is an organization sponsoring all sorts of stunts, such as offering a $1,000 prize to the football coach putting on the biggest moan and alibi about his team. When Bud came back with the National Amateur trophy, the Round Table had signs at the airport boosting him for mayor of Spokane.

Bud did not quit his clerkship in the tax commission and take the Round Table job until he had been assured by the United States Golf Association that it would interfere in no way with his amateur standing. Of course, he has had tempting offers to turn professional but wants to remain an amateur for a while, at least. Eventually he intends to go into business in Spokane.

There is another little chore, too, that Bud hopes to attend to while still an amateur. He is Amateur champion of the United States, but not of Spokane County. He was walloped in the finals of his local tournament by a young golfer named Ken Storey. Bud is going to try to take care of that next time, and he hopes his putting touch is right when he does. A champion cannot be without honor in his own county!



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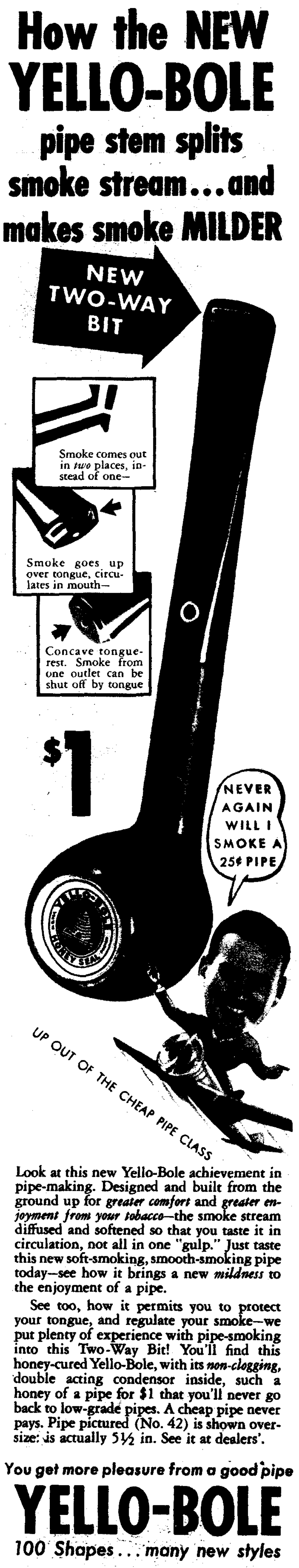
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NEW TWO-WAY BIT

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See too, how it permits you to protect your tongue, and regulate your smoke—we put plenty of experience with pipe-smoking into this Two-Way Bit! You'll find this honey-cured Yello-Bole, with its *non-clogging*, double acting condensor inside, such a honey of a pipe for $1 that you'll never go back to low-grade pipes. A cheap pipe never pays. Pipe pictured (No. 42) is shown oversize: is actually 5½ in. See it at dealers'.

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Food in the Bank

Continued from page 20

wrapped in waterproof paper, enough in each package to make a meal for the Pickering family. Each was dated and labeled as to contents. All these were listed on an inventory card. For this service the farmer, of course, paid a price. It cost him 3 cents a pound to have his lard rendered; cutting and wrapping came to 1 cent a pound; sausage grinding another cent.

After wrapping, the packages were placed in a wire basket and taken to the sharp-freeze room. In this place a minus-30-degree temperature is maintained. A day or so here froze the meat solidly. Then packages were moved to the locker room, which is held at zero. Attendants use a master key to get in Pickering's locker and store away his packaged pork for future use.

Vegetables require speedy, careful handling if garden freshness is to be preserved. This job usually falls to the housewife. Peas and asparagus will illustrate how it is done. Asparagus is gathered and carried to the kitchen, where it is cleaned. Then it is immersed in boiling water for two minutes. This is a vastly important step. This scalding inhibits the action of ferments which cause spoilage. Next the asparagus is dried and packed in containers—perhaps 1-quart waxed cartons. Peas are handled in much the same manner but packed in cheaper ice-cream buckets.

After packing, these vegetables are chilled in the home icebox until ready to be transported to the locker plant where they are placed in the sharp-freeze room for a few hours before being stored in the locker.

The lower the temperature maintained in the storage room, the better for the products. At 40° below zero the action of ferments ceases almost entirely, and vegetables and meats will keep indefinitely. But cost of maintaining such a temperature is far too high. Zero appears to be satisfactory from all points of view. At this level the action of ferments is only half what it is at 15 degrees F. Chemical action goes on but at too slow a pace to do much damage. Most foods will keep for six months to a year.

Some of the more complete locker plants have all the necessary equipment for the farm wife. She can bring her vegetables to the plant in baskets. A small fee permits her to use pea shellers, steam kettles, etc.

Fine for City Folks, Too

Although they were designed primarily for use by farmers, city and town people are renting about a quarter of the million lockers now in service. Since they don't raise their own food for storage, they must buy it. Boardinghouses, hospitals, hotels and clubs are enthusiastic locker users. Vegetables are picked up in the summer when they are cheap. Meats are ordinarily purchased from the manager of the locker plant. He will buy a carload of beef at wholesale prices and resell it to his patrons—charging a brokerage fee of 1 or 2 cents a pound. Then the locker-plant butcher will cut it up to the purchaser's specifications.

Memphis, Toledo, Des Moines, Lancaster, Pa., and other cities already have such storage places, and they are springing up elsewhere. Urbanites apparently like the idea of having a cache of food put away.

In most instances the city plants offer a variety of services that aren't encountered in rural districts. Some of them maintain a delivery service—charging a cent a pound. Others retail a complete line of commercial quick-frozen products. This allows patrons a variety of foods beyond those held in their lockers.

Packers are generally friendly to the idea. Farmers have never been important buyers of meat and the idea of selling several hundred pounds of beef at a time to city people has its appeal.

In off times these plants are adjuncts to other businesses. Cold-storage warehouses or ice-cream plants, for example. Many Midwest creameries have added locker plants and offer dairy farmers the advantages of home deliveries. Trucks that gather milk and cream from farms also deliver food from the farmer's locker. Even retail meat shops have added locker plants.

A New Big Business

Other plants are privately owned, or owned by co-operatives. Costs of construction vary, but $10,000 to $12,000 is a fair price for a plant containing 300 or 400 lockers. Owners or operators of these plants generally charge $10 to $12 a year locker rental. Extra income is derived from the service charges already mentioned. Some plants pick up enough extra money to pay their power bills by storing fur coats during the summer.

Almost anything can be stored—even butter and eggs—provided certain simple rules are followed; and provided the locker renter has taken care to select varieties of vegetables that are well adapted to freezing. Broccoli, corn on the cob, spinach, Brussels sprouts are excellent. Peaches require quick handling to prevent their turning black but raspberries, blueberries and strawberries handle nicely.

Berries and fruits are usually packed in dry sugar or sugar syrup. This keeps oxygen away from the surface so that they don't blacken. In some cases patrons prefer to bake fruits into pies, and then store the pies. Nearly all perishable foods can be handled in the locker plants, with the exception of tomatoes, pears and watermelons.

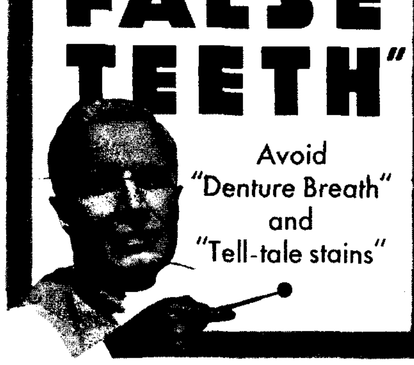
Greatest strides have been taken by the locker operators in the Midwest. The first plant in Iowa was built in the southwestern corner of the state at Creston in 1934. Today there are over 400. Illinois built its first one in 1935 and today has well over a hundred. The South is still virgin territory and so is New England. Last July, New England had but one plant—in Vermont. At that same time the entire South had but eleven. South Carolina, Kentucky and Louisiana were without locker plants.

Like any new industry, this one has had its share of scandals. Fly-by-night operators have installed plants with inadequate temperature controls and fluctuations have lowered the quality of foods. To save money, others have resorted to temperatures in the storage room that are far too high.

Breakdown of refrigeration machinery has caused total loss of all stored food. In at least one case faulty door locks and inadequate safety devices have caused death; one man was trapped inside the storeroom and froze. Better plants have alarm bells and luminous arrows which guide the way to exits in case lights go out.

These things, however, won't stop this lusty new industry. Too many advantages are to be derived when plants are well run. It keeps the women happy and saves money. And strawberry shortcake is nice this time of year, too.

Does your breath broadcast
"I WEAR FALSE TEETH"



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NO BRUSHING
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You'll get a real thrill out of fixing things this new CASCO way. There's no fuss, no muss, no gummy fingers. And you know the job's done *right.* CASCO FLEXIBLE CEMENT is a *standard industrial adhesive* now in handy tubes so *you* can use it. Sticks wood, paper, fabric, leather—to metal, plastics, glass, any household material. Resists heat, moisture, jolts. Large tube 25¢ at hardware stores.

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Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 21

"Tha's one way of espressin' it, Mistuh Gregg. If you'd on'y *say* you'd keep yo' eyes open fo' a job . . . even if you didn't really do it. . . ."

"All right, Frenzy. I've said so. Does that make you happy?"

"Yassuh, Mistuh Gregg—it sho does." And Frenzy was thinking: "Oh, boy . . . I can tell Joe that Mistuh Gregg said he's gwine git him a good job. He'll mebbe tell Fauna. Then p'raps . . ." Frenzy persisted: "Mistuh Gregg—maybe that groundkeeper job Willie Thomas used to have?"

"Maybe. . . ."

That was all Frenzy wanted. He was of no mind to help Joe Herring, or Fauna either, for that matter. And he knew that Mistuh Gregg—beset by his own troubles, would forget the conversation instantly. But he had something to go on. He saw himself selling Joe and Fauna on the idea. The groundkeeper's job with its twelve dollars a week and a cottage thrown in. Marriage a prerequisite. Ideal for a young married couple. Frenzy was smiling. "Ise gwine esplain to them that they got to git ma'ied fust. Then when Joe don't git that job . . . hot damn! I reckon that'll put me even fo' all what he done to me."

FRENZY watched the front door close behind the figure of his tall young employer. Gregg walked into the living room.

He was tired and worried and nervous. Mrs. Stuart watched him as he picked up a pipe and filled the bowl with tobacco. He dropped heavily into a club chair opposite her, and not until then did she speak:

"You're home early, Son."

"Yes . . . Lynn wouldn't see me." There were tight lines around his lips. "Sent word she wasn't feeling well . . . had a headache."

"That's more than likely, you know."

"I know . . . but I wanted to see her." He bit down hard on the stem of his pipe. "Today—in court—was pretty ghastly."

Mrs. Stuart nodded. Her voice was gentle and understanding: "Feel like talking, Son?"

He smiled gratefully. "You're a great guy, Mother." He hesitated, but only briefly. "There are two things I'd like to tell you. First, the story of how I met Lynn. . . ."

"I had wondered about that."

"And being what you are, you wouldn't ask questions." His eyes were affectionate. "Just for that you get it. . . ."

He told the story simply and directly; omitting nothing, adding nothing. There was silence when he finished—and then Mrs. Stuart said, "That's one of the things you wanted to tell me, Son. What was the other?"

He looked at her levelly. "I'm in love with Lynn Harrison."

She showed no surprise, and if there was fear in her eyes, she kept them carefully veiled. She only said, "I could see that, of course. And she—?"

"I think—under other circumstances . . ."

"She cares." Mrs. Stuart was careful—fearfully, maternally careful. "What's to be done about it, Son?"

"I don't know. I'm asking you for help. . . ."

"All we know between us," she said, "doesn't add up to very much."

"You have a woman's intuition. . . ."

"And it has me bewildered. I like Lynn. I believe in her. I know that she tried sincerely to keep you from getting mixed up in this. That's all fine and admirable. But . . ." She paused briefly. "I don't want to hurt you, Gregg."

"I can take it."

"The testimony today . . . it's rather difficult to reconcile that with the good opinion we have of Lynn."

Gregg asked, "Do you think she killed Madge?"

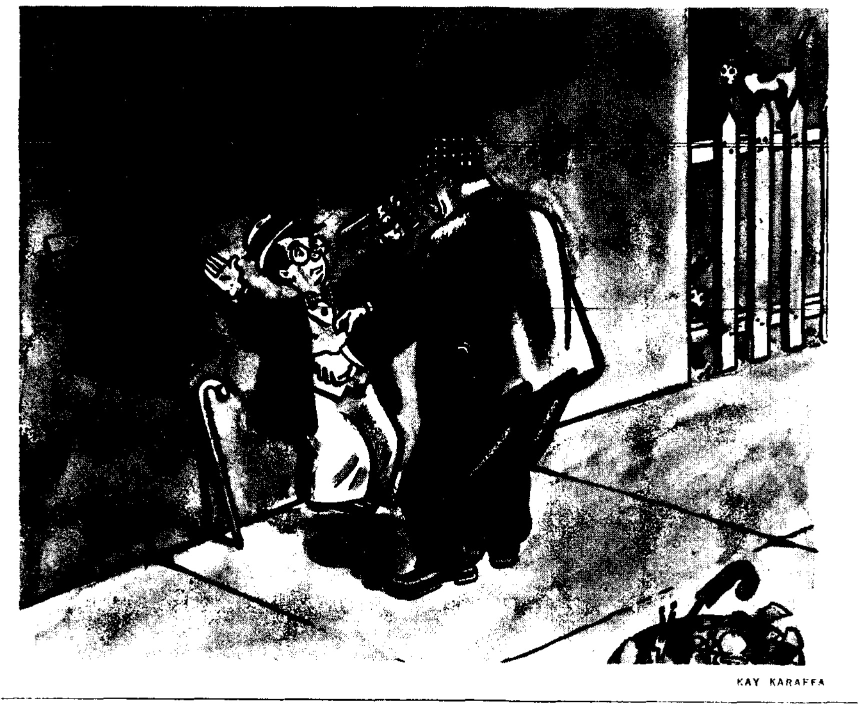
"Certainly not. But there doesn't seem to be much question of the fact that she's been mixed up with this Rick Norton since she was eighteen years old. And what you've just told me—"

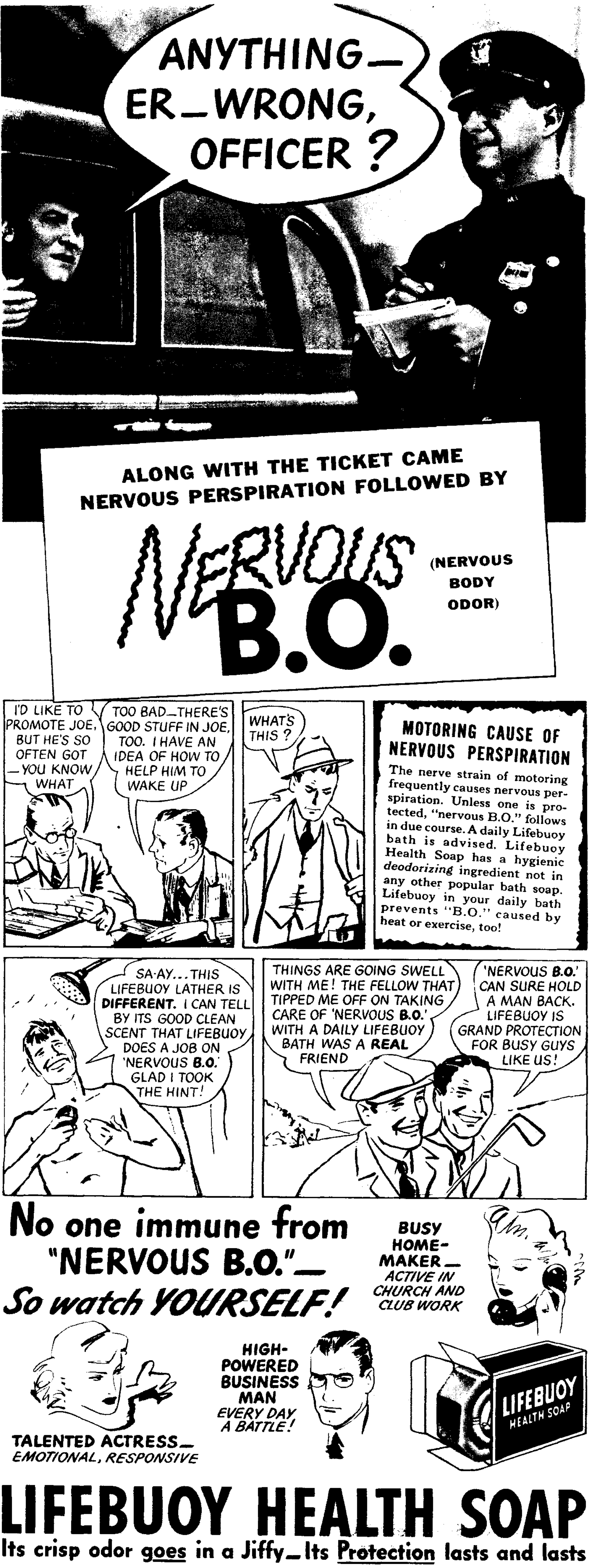
"I know. She *did* take part in that holdup on Long Island. And she *was* afraid to tell the police about it. That indicates that she was in pretty deep." He rose and walked up and down the room. "The thing is incredible. She—well, you can't imagine her . . ."

"Facts are rather stubborn things, aren't they, Son?"

"They frighten me. They seem to give Lynn a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality. We know that she was this man's

USEFUL EUSTACE


KAY KARAFFA



ANYTHING—ER—WRONG, OFFICER ?

ALONG WITH THE TICKET CAME NERVOUS PERSPIRATION FOLLOWED BY

NERVOUS B.O. (NERVOUS BODY ODOR)

I'D LIKE TO PROMOTE JOE, BUT HE'S SO OFTEN GOT —YOU KNOW WHAT
TOO BAD—THERE'S GOOD STUFF IN JOE, TOO. I HAVE AN IDEA OF HOW TO HELP HIM TO WAKE UP
WHAT'S THIS ?

MOTORING CAUSE OF NERVOUS PERSPIRATION

The nerve strain of motoring frequently causes nervous perspiration. Unless one is protected, "nervous B.O." follows in due course. A daily Lifebuoy bath is advised. Lifebuoy Health Soap has a hygienic *deodorizing* ingredient not in any other popular bath soap. Lifebuoy in your daily bath prevents "B.O." caused by heat or exercise, too!

SA-AY... THIS LIFEBUOY LATHER IS DIFFERENT. I CAN TELL BY ITS GOOD CLEAN SCENT THAT LIFEBUOY DOES A JOB ON 'NERVOUS B.O.' GLAD I TOOK THE HINT!
THINGS ARE GOING SWELL WITH ME! THE FELLOW THAT TIPPED ME OFF ON TAKING CARE OF 'NERVOUS B.O.' WITH A DAILY LIFEBUOY BATH WAS A REAL FRIEND
'NERVOUS B.O.' CAN SURE HOLD A MAN BACK. LIFEBUOY IS GRAND PROTECTION FOR BUSY GUYS LIKE US!

No one immune from "NERVOUS B.O."— So watch YOURSELF!

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TALENTED ACTRESS— *EMOTIONAL, RESPONSIVE*

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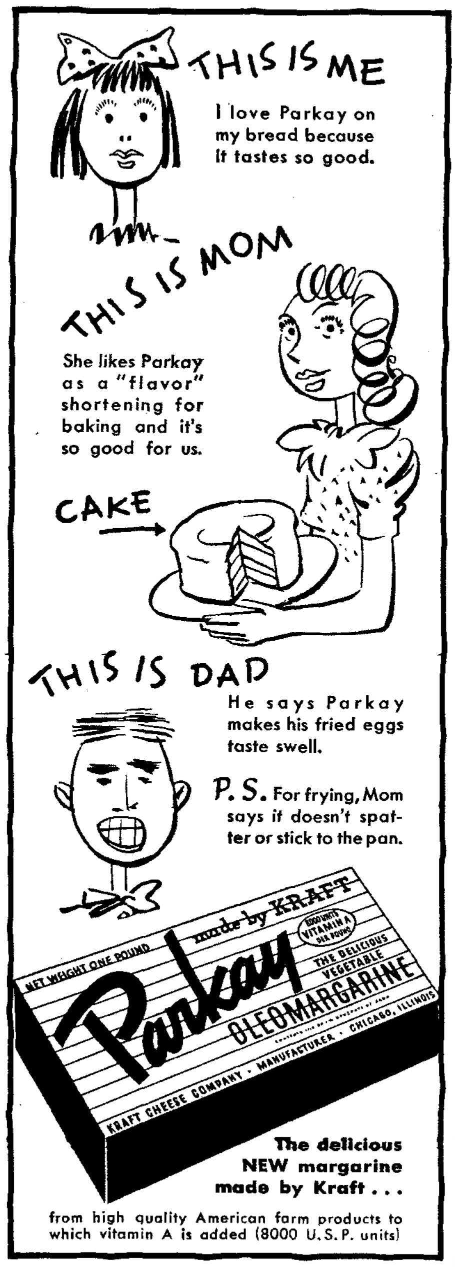
THIS IS ME

I love Parkay on my bread because it tastes so good.

THIS IS MOM

She likes Parkay as a "flavor" shortening for baking and it's so good for us.

CAKE

THIS IS DAD

He says Parkay makes his fried eggs taste swell.

P. S. For frying, Mom says it doesn't spatter or stick to the pan.

The delicious NEW margarine made by Kraft . . .

from high quality American farm products to which vitamin A is added (8000 U.S.P. units)
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8000 UNITS VITAMIN A PER POUND
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THE DELICIOUS VEGETABLE OLEOMARGARINE
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22	.79	31	1.00	40	1.35	49	1.95
23	.81	32	1.03	41	1.39	50	2.04
24	.83	33	1.06	42	1.45	51	2.15
25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51	52	2.27
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57	53	2.39
27	.90	36	1.16	45	1.64	54	2.53
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companion on the night he committed the crime for which he was sent to prison in Ohio. We know that she sheltered him—or was with him frequently—in New York when she must have known that he was an escaped convict. We know that during that time she acted as go-between in a kidnaping and as decoy in a holdup. We can't believe it, and yet we know it's true. It doesn't blend with the rest of the picture."

"As, for instance?"

"That from the first she tried to keep me out of this. That she has refused to marry me. Those things indicate decency and sportsmanship. They don't tie in with all this other stuff. It's got me looping . . . and I thought maybe you could think of an answer."

Mrs. Stuart shook her head. She said, "I'm sorry you care for her so deeply, Son. But you do—and that's that." She studied his face intently for a moment, then ventured: "I had thought perhaps it might be Carol Faulkner. . . ."

"I knew you hoped that. But it isn't Carol." He put his pipe down on the table. "I think Winthrop is putting me on the stand tomorrow morning. I look forward to it with no pleasure."

"Because you vouched for Lynn here?"

"That's part of it. And also because he'll ask questions . . . questions that I can't very well answer."

"What are you going to say?"

"I don't know."

GREGG STUART took the stand and swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Sue Manning whispered to Spike Warren, "He could tell lies and it'd still be okay by me."

Spike grunted, "That's the trouble with you innocent kids. You fall for a sweet smile and lean flanks."

"Sure do." Miss Manning scrutinized her companion carefully. "Maybe that's why you miss out. . . ."

Winthrop was suave and gentle. His introductory questions were conventional:

"What is your name?"

"Gregg Stuart."

"Where do you live?"

"New York City."

"You are a member of the Karnak Hunt Club?"

"Yes."

"What is your profession, Mr. Stuart?"

"Architect."

Gregg was tense and wary. He had taken the stand with one single idea in mind: to weigh each word carefully, to be alert for verbal traps. He had an abiding respect for this florid prosecutor.

"How long have you been in Karnak this trip, Mr. Stuart?"

"I got here about three days before Thanksgiving."

"Drive down?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"No."

"Who was with you?"

"My man—Frenzy—drove the car. Miss Lynn Harrison and Miss Toby Fuller accompanied me."

"Miss Fuller? Where is she now?"

"I don't know."

"When is the last time you saw her?"

"The night of November twenty-eighth."

"The night Mrs. Andrews was killed?"

"Yes."

"Before or after the killing?"

"Before."

"And since then you haven't heard of, or from her?"

"No."

"Thank you, Mr. Stuart." Winthrop glanced at the jury and then back to his witness. "Have you known Miss Lynn Harrison very long, Mr. Stuart?"

Gregg hesitated. Then he answered, "No. Not very."

"How long?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Try to think. Please. It's very important."

"I haven't known her very long. That's all I can say."

"But you know her very well?"

"Yes."

"She has been a guest in your house here?"

"She has been a guest in my mother's house."

"A nice distinction, Mr. Stuart. Thank you. Now try to refresh your memory, please. Just how long before you started for Karnak with Miss Harrison had you met her?"

"I've answered that question. It wasn't long."

"Could it possibly be that you only met her the night before you started for Karnak?"

Gregg's face was flushed. He said angrily, "I don't know what you're driving at."

"But I do—and for the present, that is sufficient. I am asking you whether or not you met Miss Harrison for the first time the night before you started for Karnak? Or, to be specific, on the night when it has been proved that Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were held up and robbed on Long Island?"

"I answered that question. I don't remember precisely when I met Miss Harrison."

Winthrop looked long at Lynn Harrison's taut figure. She was leaning forward at the counsel table staring at Gregg—almost pleading with him. Then the solicitor gestured to the jury as though to say, "You see what's going on, gentlemen. The witness is trying to protect the defendant."

"Did you see her at all that Thursday night—the night the holdup occurred?"

"I don't know anything about the holdup, except what I've heard here."

"Miss Harrison is your guest, so naturally—"

Gregg said impulsively, "I don't like your manner."

Lee Winthrop smiled triumphantly. This was what he had been waiting for. He turned to the bench: "Your Honor, may I call the attention of the court to the hostility of this witness. And it *is* hostility, not merely reluctance. I wish, therefore, to ask permission to cross-examine him."

Judge Mayberry deliberated for a moment, and then nodded. "You may cross-examine, Mr. Solicitor." And at the press table Sue Manning said, "Score a big one for Mister Winthrop. Now we'll get good copy."

The solicitor shed his mantle of suavity. Now that he had the greater latitude of cross-examination . . . the privilege of asking leading questions . . . he made no pretense of friendliness. His voice was full and loud. He said, "Isn't it true, Mr. Stuart, that, as a matter of fact, you have known Miss Harrison only a very short time?"

"I told you—"

"Isn't it true that you met her for the first time the night before you started for Karnak?"

"*No!*" The word was explosive.

"And you're not trying to protect this most attractive young lady who is your house guest here?"

"No."

LEE shrugged. "Tell me this, Mr. Stuart: is your memory good enough to remember Thanksgiving night — the dance that was held at the lodge?"

"I suppose so."

"Oh, you only suppose. You're not sure?"

"I remember the dance."

"Thank you very, *very* much. You escorted Miss Harrison to that dance, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were there?"

"Yes."

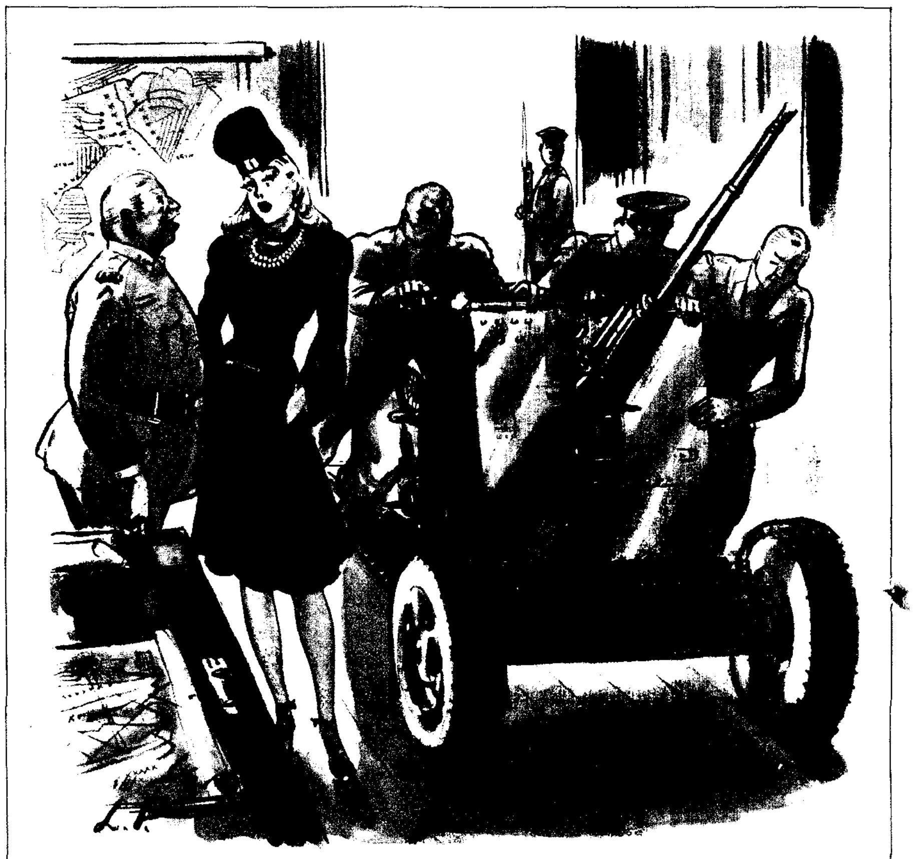
"Do you happen to recall any conversation you had with them with reference to Miss Harrison?"

"No."

"You don't remember that you asked them why they were staring at Miss Harrison, and they said they had noticed a startling resemblance to a woman who had assisted in robbing them on the highways of Long Island?"

Gregg's face was white, and his eyes were hot. He said, desperately, "I can't remember exact conversations."

"Of course not. I'd hardly expect you to, under these circumstances. But just the same I'm asking you again



"No, no, I just wanted the plans for their new gun"

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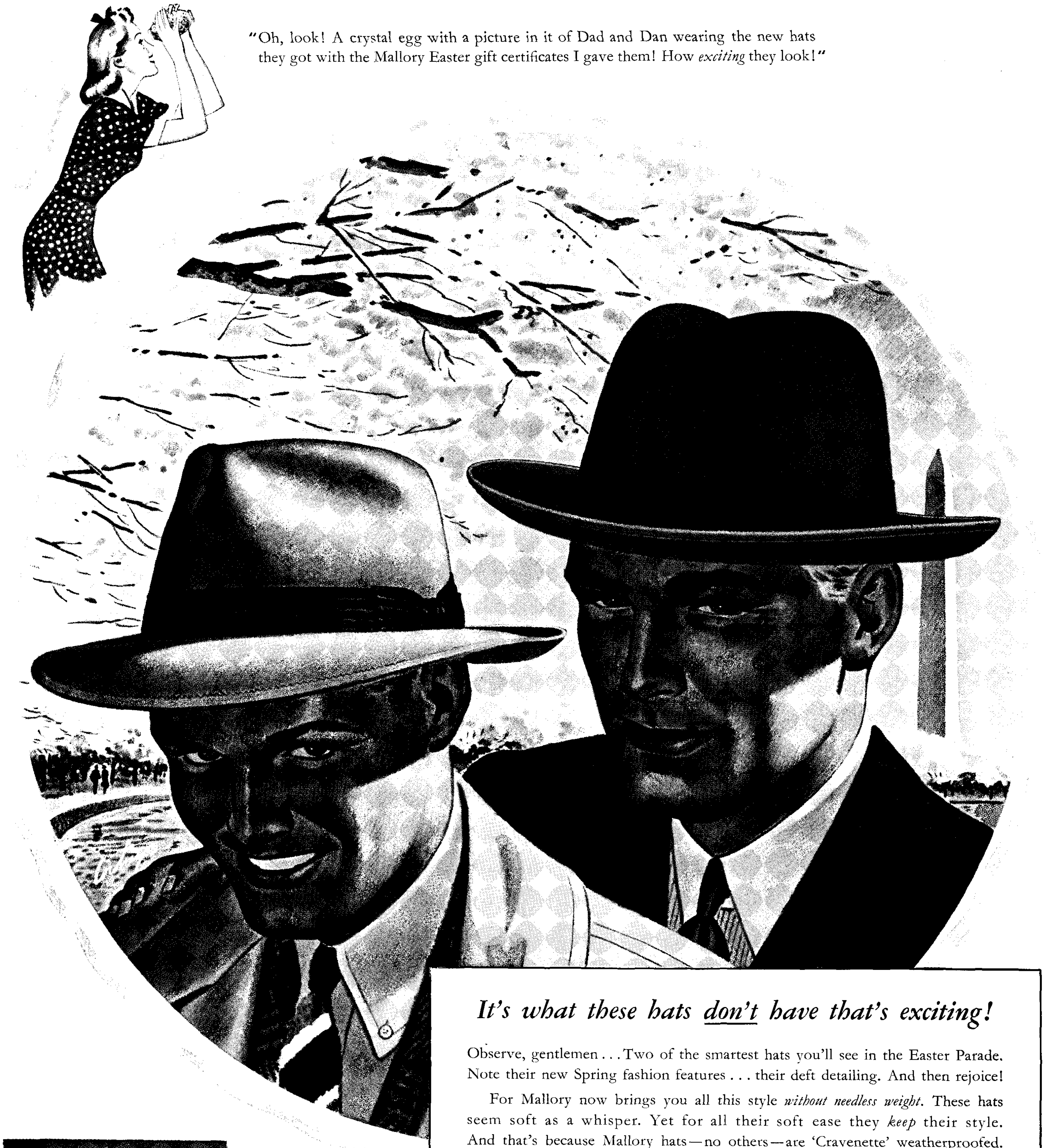

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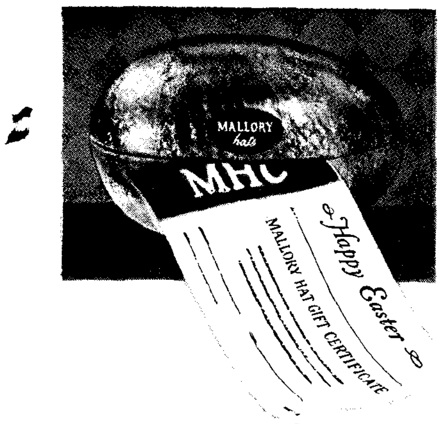

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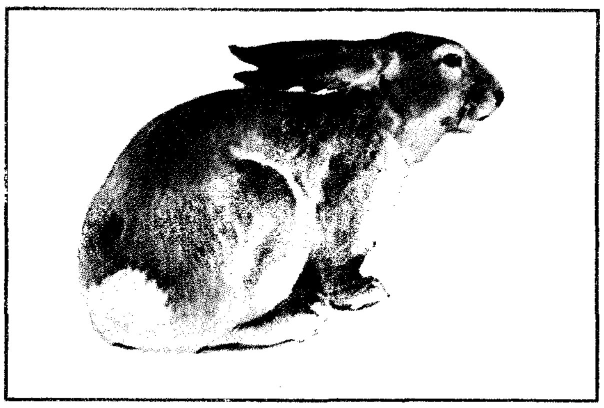

LEFT: One of the most perfect examples of Nature's use of Protective Blending is the case of the Snowshoe Rabbit. In the summer, when the forest is in full leaf, this animal wears a neutral brown coat.

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whether it isn't true that Mr. Andrews, and—what is much more important—Mrs. Andrews, commented on this resemblance to the woman bandit?"

"I don't remember."

"You are under oath, Mr. Stuart."

"I know that," snapped Gregg, "and I still don't remember."

"You have known Miss Harrison for some time, you say. May I inquire how well you have known her?"

"Well enough to invite her to my home."

"A rather vague statement, Mr. Stuart." Lee Winthrop mopped his forehead impressively with a silk handkerchief. "You heard Frenzy Gillings testify that the first time he saw Miss Harrison was the morning after the Long Island holdup. You heard him say that she was at your apartment for breakfast. Is that true, Mr. Stuart?"

JASON MARSH rose. "Your Honor, I fail to see the purpose of this line of examination."

"May it please the court"—Winthrop was quite at ease—"I am trying to do my duty by uncovering the truth in this case. I do not believe this witness is telling the truth. I believe he is making a deliberate effort to shield the defendant, and I believe he was with her the night of the Long Island holdup. I propose to prove that they were together, and to extract from him some of the truth regarding her actions that night."

Judge Mayberry said, "You may proceed, Mr. Winthrop."

Jason Marsh snapped, "Exception!" and sat down.

"Isn't it true that on the night in question, Miss Harrison was at your apartment? Isn't it true that she spent the night there with you?"

"I resent that."

"That's your privilege. But I'm still asking the question. Did she or did she not spend the night with you?"

"She did not."

"Oh. . . . She wasn't at your apartment all night?"

"You are insinuating—"

"I'm insinuating nothing. I'm asking."

Gregg stared levelly at the solicitor. Then he said coldly, "She did not spend that night in my apartment."

"Thank you." Winthrop smiled and finished: "Very gallant, Mr. Stuart, very gallant."

Sue Manning commented, "Winthrop's having fun. But little Gregg ain't."

"*Isn't,*" corrected Spike. "He sure ain't."

"Get an earful of our dear D. A. now. He's detouring."

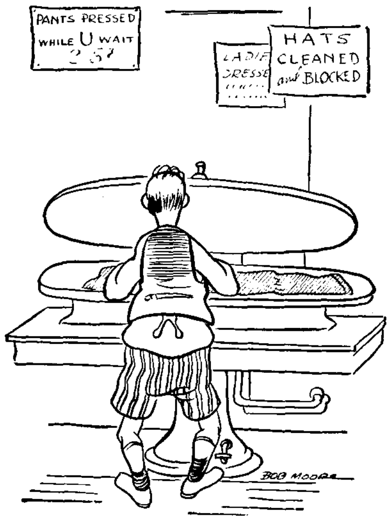
Winthrop said, "Mr. Stuart, you sponsored Miss Harrison here, didn't you?"

"She has been my guest."

"So far as you know, she had no friends in the Karnak Hunt Club, except yourself, did she?"

"No."

"You introduced her there socially?"



"Yes."

"She and Miss Toby Fuller?"

"Yes."

"And you've known Miss Harrison a long time—long enough to vouch for her to people like—well, we'll say, like Mrs. Andrews. Correct?"

Gregg's cheeks flushed. He half rose from his chair and then sank back; but his long, strong fingers were holding the sides of it so that the knuckles showed white. Except for one person, everyone was looking at him. The single exception was Sue Manning. Her bright, sparkling blue eyes had seen something else and she commented on it to Spike Warren. She said, "Snap out of it and give a look where it means something."

"Huh? What gives?"

"Lynn Harrison. She's about to erupt."

Lynn was talking eagerly, passionately, with Jason Marsh. He was shaking his head violently, and his eyes were angry. "Pyrotechnics," said Miss Manning. "Fireworks to you, Spike."

Others were looking at her now. Magically, Gregg Stuart had been forgotten. Winthrop was waiting expectantly. "I told you the guy was bright," said Sue. "He's been playing for this."

Lynn Harrison was on her feet: slim and straight and very beautiful. There was a brief instant of silence, then a whispered entreaty from Jason as he put his hand on her wrist. Lynn shook that hand off and spoke directly to Judge Mayberry.

"Your Honor," she said clearly, "may I ask a question?"

Jason protested: "This is highly irregular."

The judge said, "Miss Harrison is on trial, Mr. Marsh. She may appeal to the court if she wishes." Jason subsided, but with ill grace. Judge Mayberry asked quietly, "What is it, Miss Harrison?"

Sue Manning answered the question, in a whisper to Spike Warren: "Pretty nifty, what? Stuart has been perjuring himself trying to help her. Now she's sticking her own chin out to help him."

LYNN said quietly, "I understand, Your Honor, that I have the privilege of testifying if I wish to."

"Certainly."

"I would like to testify."

Judge Mayberry spoke quietly: "If you wish to—you may, Miss Harrison. But that cannot be until after the state closes its case."

Lee Winthrop said smugly, "If Miss Harrison would like to take the stand, Your Honor—the state will rest."

The judge spoke carefully: "Mr. Marsh, have you explained to your client that she cannot be compelled to testify—but that if she does, she will be subject to cross-examination, the same as any other witness?"

"I've told her that, Your Honor."

"Have you explained that her failure to testify—if she so elects—cannot be commented upon, or considered by the jury?"

"I told her."

Lynn said, "He advised me *not* to testify. I'm doing this because I want to. Because"—she hesitated—"because I must."

"That is your privilege, Miss Harrison. I have simply explained your rights . . . and the rights you confer upon the solicitor if you take the stand as a defense witness."

"Thank you, Judge. I still want to testify."

"Under those conditions," repeated Winthrop, "the state rests."

The judge looked inquiringly at Jason Marsh. The little man said, "She has made her choice, Your Honor. May I suggest a recess until after lunch?"

"Certainly." Judge Mayberry announced that court would reconvene at one o'clock. There was a scraping of

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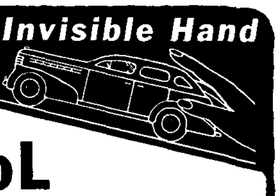

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chairs, a buzz of excited conjecture from the spectators. Sue Manning said, "Winthrop is ready to eat his mouse."

At the counsel table Jason Marsh was talking to Lynn Harrison. He said coldly, "You did this yourself, you know."

"I know that, Mr. Marsh."

"And you realize what will happen?"

Her eyes asked the question: "What?"

"When Lee Winthrop cross-examines you, Miss Harrison—he'll tear you to pieces."

IN ALL those faces turned toward her, Lynn Harrison looked down from the witness stand and saw only a few.

She saw Gregg Stuart, gray eyes somber and troubled; she saw Mrs. Stuart, kindly and sympathetic and worried—not alone for Lynn but for her son as well; she saw Carol Faulkner, trim and attractive—the girl Gregg might have married; she saw the too-long hair and floridly handsome face of Lee Winthrop and the wizened countenance of her attorney.

And she saw Wally Andrews, his once moonlike face graven with lines of suffering. A few friends sat with Wally, as though trying to make things easier for him. Only once did he look at Lynn; briefly, incredulously, as though to ask mutely how anyone could have killed Madge. His eyes haunted her; she tried to shut them out, because looking at them made her ordeal so much more difficult.

Jason Marsh showed no trace of the annoyance he had exhibited at the morning session. His great reputation had been well earned, and since he was faced with a difficult problem, he approached it in the best way. His manner was quiet, courteous, friendly . . . and with just that slight hint of deference that he might exhibit socially to a most charming young lady.

"Your name?"

"Lynn Harrison."

"Age?"

"Twenty-four."

"Where is your home, Miss Harrison?"

"I live in New York."

"Where were you raised?"

"In Ohio. Not far from Columbus."

Sue Manning said to her nearest companion at the press table: "I'm jittery, Spike."

"That makes us unanimous."

"We're going to get all the answers now."

Jason was speaking:

"What is your profession, Miss Harrison?"

"I am art director at a commercial art studio."

"And before that?"

"I worked at the same place. Before that I graduated from the state university."

Jason questioned directly, simply and impressively:

"Did you ever know a man named Rick Norton?"

There was a moment of tense silence through which her answer came:

"Yes."

"Will you kindly tell us when and how you met him, and your relationship to him?"

She spoke carefully but clearly, as though her speech had been rehearsed:

"I was eighteen years old and a junior at the university when I met Rick Norton. He was six years older than I. He was attractive and pleasant, and very nice to me. I never knew just what he did for a living. I took it for granted that he had an income."

"Was he a student?"

"No."

"Were you in love with him?"

"I thought so—then."

"Explain that, please."

"I had never been in love. I didn't know much about it. He seemed generous, sophisticated and understanding. I thought I was in love with him; that's all I can say."

"Did you expect to marry him?"

"I suppose I did. But it was indefinite because I wanted to graduate first."

"Will you please tell us what happened the night you were with this man Norton . . . the night some sort of a crime is supposed to have been committed?"

Briefly, Lynn glanced at Gregg Stuart. She wished that he wouldn't look so tense, so miserable. She was talking at—and for—him, praying that he would understand and believe. She tried to concentrate on what she was saying; she struggled to remember Jason's lunchtime warning: "Your only chance is to make the jury believe you." Well, she was trying, trying desperately.

"Rick came by my sorority house in his car. We went for a drive, as we often did. He stopped at a sandwich stand out in the country and ordered. Across the road, about a hundred yards ahead, was a filling station. It was late. Rick said the man who ran the station owed him some money, and said he was going over to collect. I waited in the car."

"Go ahead, please."

"He was only inside the gas station a few minutes. Then he came out and hurried back to the car. He seemed under a strain and drove away very fast. I asked him what was the matter and he said he was worried. He said that he had walked into the filling station and found the proprietor on the floor. Somebody had attacked him, had hit him over the head. Rick explained that he didn't want it known that he had been there because lots of folks knew that the man owed him money, and Rick told me that he had threatened to beat the man up if he didn't pay. He said if it were known that he had been there, and the man was found in that condition—he'd be suspected."

"You believed him?"

"Certainly. And I was worried for him. I promised not to say anything about having been with him on that road that night."

"WHAT happened then, Miss Harrison?"

"Two days later I read that Rick Norton had been arrested for assault with intent to murder, plus robbery. It seems that whoever had assaulted the gas-station man had also robbed him. The police questioned me, and later—when they tried Rick—I was chief witness for the state."

"What did you testify?"

"The truth. Just exactly what happened that night. I believed he was innocent. I kept trying to tell them that—that I knew Rick hadn't done it. But they wouldn't let me talk about what I believed; they kept holding me down to facts."

"He was convicted?"

"Yes. On my testimony, really. A boy at the sandwich stand had seen Rick and me, and had identified Rick. That's why they happened to arrest him. Rick was sent to the penitentiary. It was horrible. . . ."

"What was horrible, Miss Harrison?"

"My feelings." She was speaking *clearly, but with a distinct effort.* "I thought I was in love with him. I believed he was innocent. Apparently my honest testimony was sending an innocent man to prison. I—I . . . well, I almost had a breakdown. I thought it was a terrible miscarriage of justice. I felt that it was my fault. . . . I knew that without my testimony, he couldn't have been convicted. I hated the law and the way it worked. I believed that he was innocent."

"And after Rick went to prison?"

"I tried to do things to get him out—to see people. They told me that his reputation had never been very good. I

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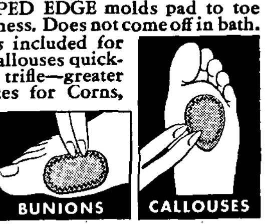

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didn't get anywhere. Then I threw myself into my work. I studied hard. I graduated in June of the following year."

"You saw Rick in prison?"

"Several times. I was desperately sorry for him."

"And after your graduation?"

"My parents had died. I went to New York and got a job with my present firm. I was fortunate. I became art director about eighteen months ago."

"When did you next see Rick?"

"Last August."

"Where?"

"In New York."

Spike Warren spoke to Sue. "You're a sort of a dame," he said, "how do you figure this?"

"Sounds reasonable."

"Sure. But is it?"

"I'd feel that way if I felt that way: sending a guy to the hoosegow when I thought he was innocent. I sure would. Anybody but you."

JASON MARSH shifted slightly. He asked, "All this time, Miss Harrison—did you continue to think you were in love with Rick Norton?"

Lynn's face flushed and she shook her head. Once more she was talking to Gregg Stuart—hoping that he would believe: "No, I didn't."

"When did your feelings change?"

"I don't know. Six months later—maybe a year. I couldn't say the exact time."

"What, then, were your feelings toward him?"

"Sympathy. Friendship. Loyalty. But my eighteen-year-old infatuation had passed."

"You still believed him innocent?"

"Yes. I was sure. And I was willing to do anything in the world to help him."

"Now then . . . you say the next time you saw Rick was this past August in New York City?"

"Yes."

"Please tell us the circumstances of that meeting."

"He was waiting for me one evening outside the studio. He looked pretty bad. He had changed a lot."

"You were surprised to see him?"

"Naturally." She drew a deep breath. "He told me he had escaped. That he was being hunted."

"How did you react to that?"

"I was frightened. But I offered to help him."

"Why—when you knew he was an escaped convict?"

"Because I felt that he had no business being a convict. I was still convinced of his innocence, and therefore I felt that he had a right to be free."

"Were you in love with him then?"

"No. I told him so, quite frankly. But I was even more sorry for him; I felt more responsible than ever; I was more anxious to help."

"How did you help him?"

"I loaned him money: not much, because I didn't have much, but enough to enable him to go to a little hotel, and to live. He was afraid to get a job. His situation seemed unfair and pitiful. I went places with him in a little second-hand car he bought: he argued that they wouldn't be looking for a young man and a girl; that he was safer with me than when he was alone. He seemed grim and hard . . . but I blamed all that on the prison."

"Did he meet any of your friends?"

"Only one. I introduced him to Toby Fuller."

"Did you tell her about him?"

"No. Of course not. She met him simply as a friend of mine. They liked each other—a great deal. I didn't worry about that, then."

"But you have, since?"

"Yes. . . ."

"Miss Harrison: There has been some evidence about your alleged complicity in a kidnaping case involving Mr. Norman Bailey, whose testimony you have heard. Will you please tell the jury the truth about that?"

She nodded. "One day Rick told me that this Mr. Bailey had an important letter for him, and asked if I'd pick it up during my lunch hour. He said he was afraid to go to anyone's office that way. That seemed natural enough, and it also seemed natural when he instructed me not to answer any questions about where he was. So I did it. Mr. Bailey gave me a large manila envelope and I walked out. That was all."

"DID you know what was in that envelope?"

"No."

"Did you have any faintest idea that it was connected with a kidnaping, or that Rick Norton had been involved in a kidnaping?"

"No. I knew he was a fugitive. But I didn't believe he was a criminal, or ever had been."

"Do you now believe that he is a criminal?"

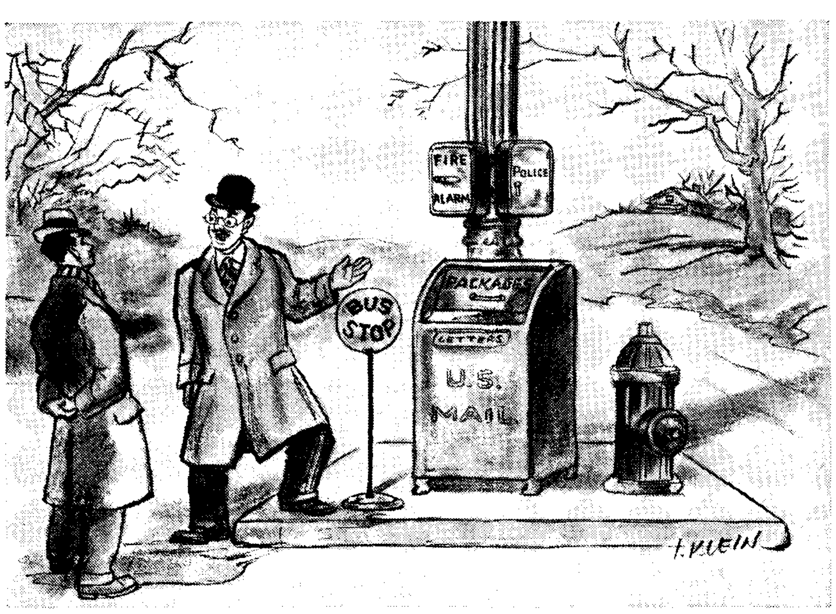
She said, sharply, "I know it."

"When did you find that out?"

Her eyes were steady. "The night Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were robbed on Long Island."

There was a sudden shuffling of feet in the courtroom, a clearing of throats, a straining forward. Jason Marsh said, "Tell us about that night, please."

(To be continued next week)



"This, sir, is our civic center . . ." I. KLEIN

These folks hardly ever works late, since installin' that new

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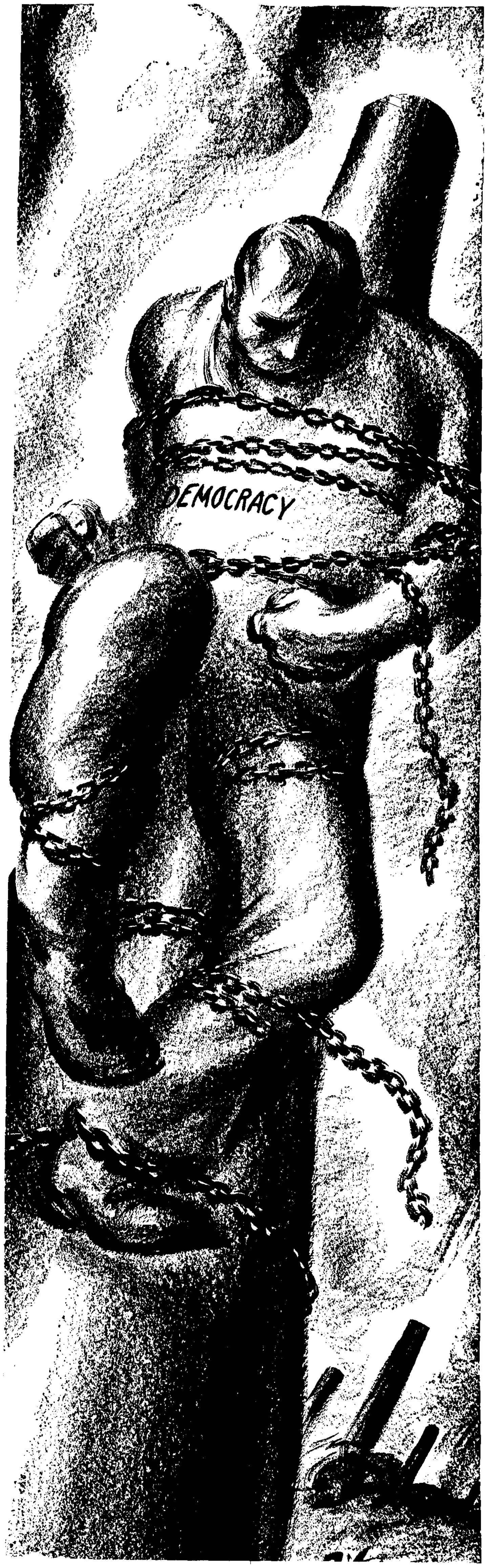


DEMOCRACY CAN TAKE IT

WE'RE warned a lot by sincere people that if we should go to war we'd have to check our democracy at war's door, put on the harness of a military dictatorship, keep it for the duration and most likely have to fight a revolution to get back our democracy after the war.

Maybe so. Certainly the National Defense Act, plus the M-day laws ready to be jammed through Congress the moment we get into a war, make up an elaborate blueprint for a military dictatorship. And certainly we have no desire to see this country risk its democracy in a war.

For all that, our fears for democracy under the strain of war have been lessening of late.

In democratic Great Britain, the best newspapers' columns are still open to such vitriolic objectors to this war or the way it is being fought as G. Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Liddell Hart, A. P. Herbert and other amateur tacticians, military critics and pacifists.

Democratic France went into this war very totalityrannically, if we may coin a word. France started out by suppressing or chaining opposition papers, and by jugging people who murmured about any detail of the war effort or talked defeatism of any kind. Latest advices are that France is loosening up—because, we should think, most Frenchmen won't stand for any more of that stuff than their common sense tells them is necessary.

We have a growing hunch that the same thing would happen here. Some of the generals and all the jingoes and 200-percenters would clap the strait jacket on freedom of speech and press at the beginning of the war, and would try to *clap it even on freedom* of thought.

Pretty soon, though, we think, some powerful newspaper or magazine publisher or some radio mogul would get hot under the collar about some mustn't-print or mustn't-say order issued by some little squirt of a bureaucrat doped with the perfume of his own importance. There would be a fierce fight, in the courts (or maybe the court-martial) and in the rest of the press and on the networks. Maybe we're unduly optimistic, but we can't picture anything winning this fight except common sense—the common sense that almost always emerges from free popular discussion of any issue.

Before the war was very old, we believe we'd be right back where we are now as regards the essentials of our democracy, with nothing but actually necessary wartime modifications of democracy galling us.

It looks more and more, as this war goes along, as if democracy is made of as tough and durable stuff as its old-time believers always said; as if some of us have been doing too much worrying about its fragility.

Democracy has stood the strains of world war, peace, panic and ferocious antidemocratic propaganda in Britain, France and the United States. It has stood almost the same strains in Scandinavia. When these lines were written, democracy was still making monkeys—frozen-dead monkeys, mainly—of the Russian totalitarians in Finland.

All of which would indicate that democracy is the hardest-to-crack social system yet invented, once a whole people have had a thorough taste of it.

OKAY, ELEANOR

IT CAME over us just now that it's been year since we've heard or read a joke or a snee about Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, or seen on cartooned.

Those who oppose her nowadays do so o political grounds—and pay her the complimen of taking her with the deadly seriousness on accords to an astute and dangerous politician.

The jibes are long dead—the ones about Mrs Roosevelt down a coal mine, or about My Day From the elegant clubs where the old walruse sit and rumble-bumble, to those same coa mines, Mrs. Roosevelt is liked, respected an admired. Even when she goes off the deep en for some completely discredited mob such a the Communists in the American Youth Congress, nobody that we know of seriously complains. It is understood as being just Mrs Roosevelt's way. The heart of gold is merel throbbing again; the integrity merely showin itself fullface and unafraid.

It is by her complete integrity that Mrs Roosevelt has sold the whole country on her—to our credit, it might be added, as well as t hers.

LOOK AT THE OTHER SIDE

DO YOUR mental muscles feel stiff? A your convictions, hates, resentment tooling a deep crease between your [illegible] brows? Do you feel sometimes as if you coul scream at this world and all the rot that's in it

Here's a suggestion. It may do you good t pick out your pet hate or your deepest convi tion, and force yourself to think just the othe way for, say, four or five minutes.

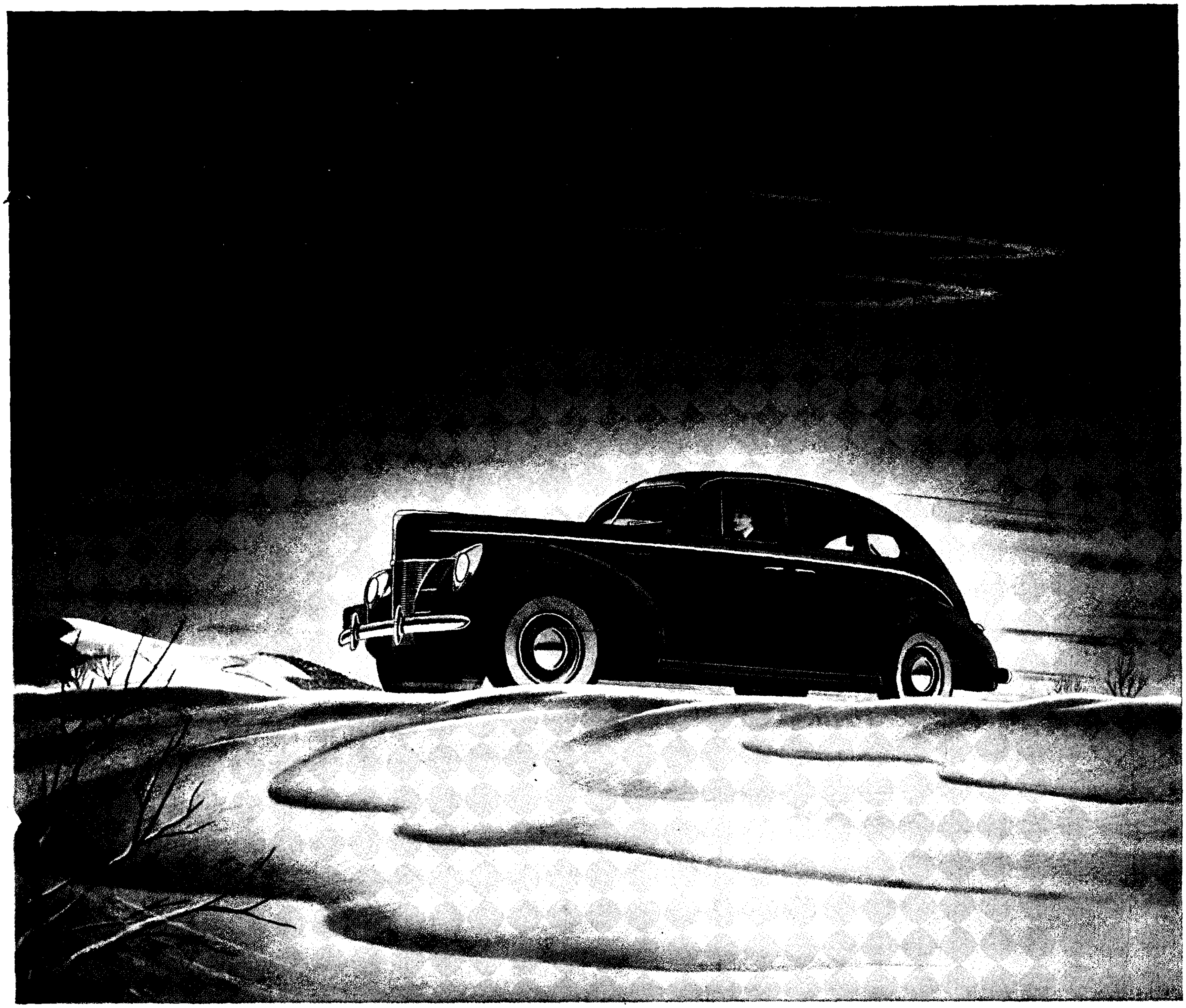
Suppose you detest John L. Lewis, just f instance, above anybody else now treading th mortal earth. Well, for just five minutes, te yourself with all the earnestness and resolutio you can call up that you admire Mr. Lewi think he's great, believe he's got somethin nobody else has.

Or let's say you see red when anybody say a kind word for private enterprise, individu initiative, low taxes and a minimum of gover ment in business. Maybe you're right; who a we to say you aren't? But just for the ment and spiritual relaxation of it, try giving fi minutes or so to an effort to force yourself look at these issues from the other side. K yourself for just that little time into being sincere a conservative as possible.

You can always go back at the end of such period to hating John L. Lewis or the compet tive system, or whatever you hate most.

But during that period you've been relaxin your mental and spiritual muscles, so to spe —same principle as flexing and relaxing mu cles for exercise.

Give it a try. Our estimate is that six out every eight persons who do so will feel mental refreshed and rejuvenated after each sessi of this kind of mind-limbering; and that an body who makes a practice of it will gradual deepen and broaden his or her whole outlo on life.



We curved a wheel to hush a WHISPER!

It seems like a little thing—changing the curve of a bright steel wheel to hush the hum of tires. But it's typical of the careful research that has made the 1940 Ford V-8 cars so *quiet*.

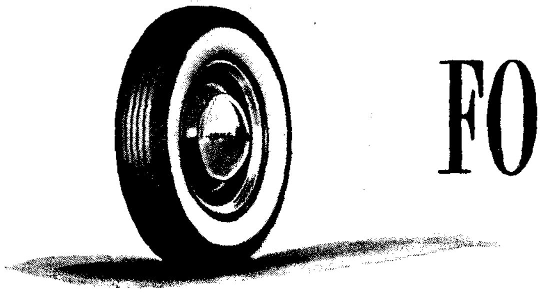
Of course, you have to know what a noise is before you can get rid of it. Ford engineers spent months sleuthing for the sources of the smallest sounds.

They applied sensitive stethoscopes and microphones all over moving cars—even rode in roomy luggage compartments with sound-detecting equipment. They tested many types of soundproofing materials—found some fifteen times as effective as others!

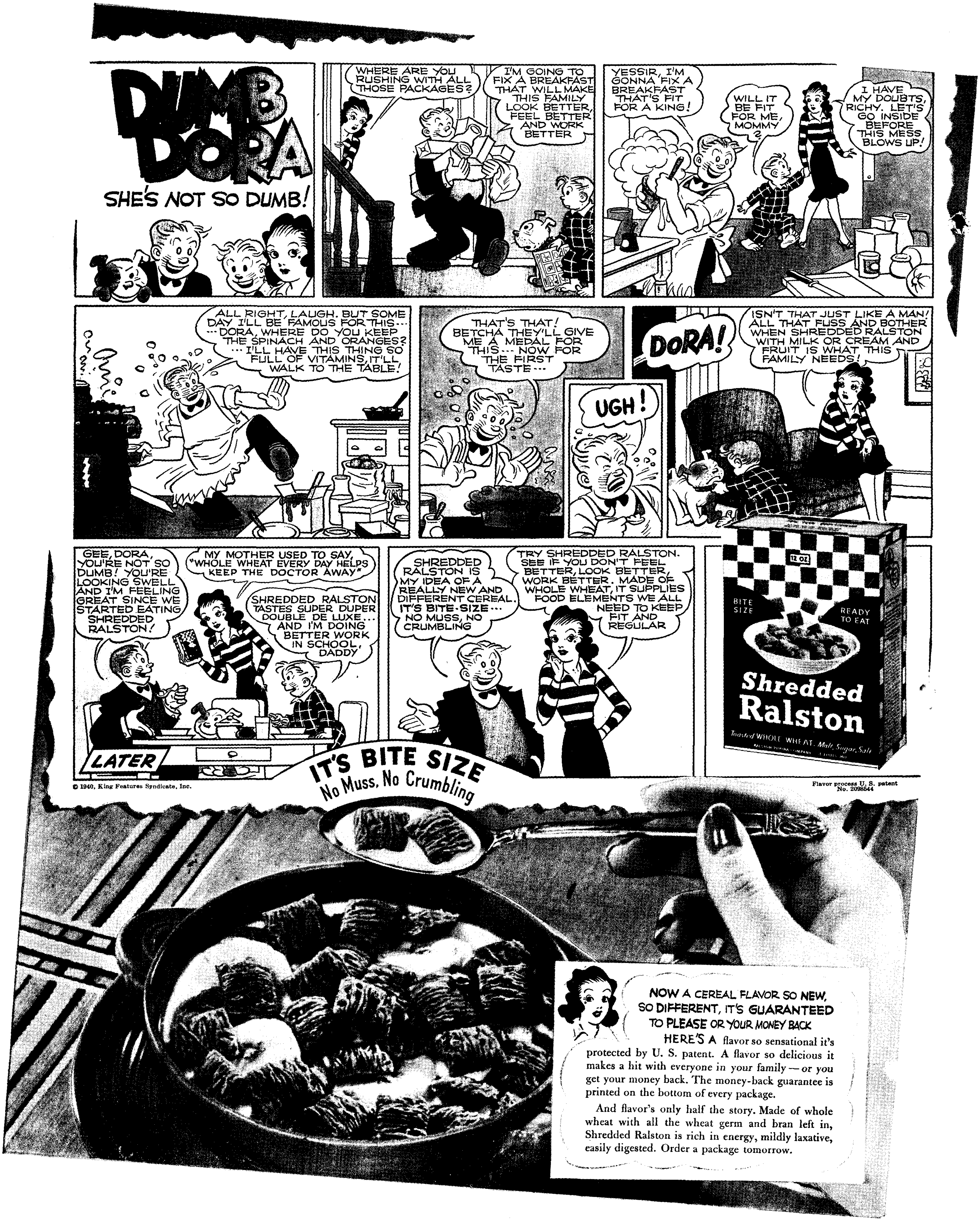
The new Finger-Tip Gearshift and improved transmission eliminated sources of noise. Ingenious rubber joints were built into choke and throttle rods to keep operating sounds from being carried up into the body.

Years ago motorists expected to pay a high price for quiet operation. But the low-priced Ford today is engineered and built for the quiet you expect in a quality car.

Quiet makes a smooth ride seem even more comfortable. It adds to the comfort provided by improved cushions, springs and shock absorbers—accents the smoothness of the famous Ford V-8 engine. *Extra quiet, extra comfort, extra cylinders reflect the extra value built into every inch of this big, modern car!*



FORD V-8


DUMB DORA
SHE'S NOT SO DUMB!
WHERE ARE YOU RUSHING WITH ALL THOSE PACKAGES?
I'M GOING TO FIX A BREAKFAST THAT WILL MAKE THIS FAMILY LOOK BETTER, FEEL BETTER AND WORK BETTER
YESSIR, I'M GONNA FIX A BREAKFAST THAT'S FIT FOR A KING!
WILL IT BE FIT FOR ME, MOMMY?
I HAVE MY DOUBTS, RICHY. LET'S GO INSIDE BEFORE THIS MESS BLOWS UP!
ALL RIGHT, LAUGH. BUT SOME DAY I'LL BE FAMOUS FOR THIS··· ···DORA, WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE SPINACH AND ORANGES? ···I'LL HAVE THIS THING SO FULL OF VITAMINS, IT'LL WALK TO THE TABLE!
THAT'S THAT! BETCHA THEY'LL GIVE ME A MEDAL FOR THIS··· NOW FOR THE FIRST TASTE···
UGH!
DORA!
ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A MAN! ALL THAT FUSS AND BOTHER WHEN SHREDDED RALSTON WITH MILK OR CREAM AND FRUIT IS WHAT THIS FAMILY NEEDS!
GEE, DORA, YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB! YOU'RE LOOKING SWELL AND I'M FEELING GREAT SINCE WE STARTED EATING SHREDDED RALSTON!
MY MOTHER USED TO SAY, "WHOLE WHEAT EVERY DAY HELPS KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY"
SHREDDED RALSTON TASTES SUPER DUPER DOUBLE DE LUXE... AND I'M DOING BETTER WORK IN SCHOOL, DADDY
LATER
SHREDDED RALSTON IS MY IDEA OF A REALLY NEW AND DIFFERENT CEREAL. IT'S BITE-SIZE··· NO MUSS, NO CRUMBLING
TRY SHREDDED RALSTON. SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER, LOOK BETTER, WORK BETTER. MADE OF WHOLE WHEAT, IT SUPPLIES FOOD ELEMENTS WE ALL NEED TO KEEP FIT AND REGULAR
12 OZ
BITE SIZE
READY TO EAT
Shredded Ralston
Toasted WHOLE WHEAT · Malt, Sugar, Salt
IT'S BITE SIZE
No Muss, No Crumbling

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